THE SOVLES EXERCISE,

In the daily Contemplation of our Saviours Birth, Life, Paſsion, and Reſurrection.

By
WILLIAM VAVGHAN, Knight.

LONDON,
Printed by *Thomas* and *Rich. Cotes*, for *Humphrey Blunden*, and are to be ſold at his ſhoppe in *Cornehill*, at the ſigne of the Caſtle,
1641.

1. 9. 6

cr
Y

THE SOVLES EXERCISE,

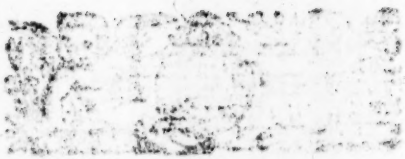
In the daily Contemplation of our Savior

Birth, Life, Passion, and Resurrection.

By

[illegible] Knight.

LONDON,
[illegible]



TO THE

KINGS

MOST EXCELLENT

MAIESTY.

1.

WHile *Mammon* blurr'd *the Word* within
our *West*,
Which roſe, like *Lightning*, from the
radiant *Eaſt*,
God lent me *Zeale*, and clear'd my *Inward* ſight
To draw the Type of our Incarnate Light.

2.

Within this *Map your Royall Grace* ſhall find
Some *Sparkes* to raiſe a true *Nathaniels* mind
Above the *Clouds*, in ſpite of *tempting vice*,
By the review of *the Soules Exerciſe*.

3.

Here Men may ſee in *Chriſtian Cryſtall glaſſe*,
That None from Earth ſhall up to *Heaven* paſſe,
Unleſſe they be *Refin'd*, and from *Above*
Baptiz'd with *Flaming zeale* and *ſtreaming Love*.

4.

Here *wrangling Wits* and *Make-bates* may behold,
What ſhall become of them who plot for *Gold*
To crucifie *the Sonne of God* againe,
By wronging of his Members, *Saints* for *Gaine*.

5.

Here *Age* may learne ſome harmeleſſe *Rapſody*
To rap the Soules of *Youth* with *Melody*,
Like that which *Saul* found for his *Malady*,
Except they ſtop their Eares, and raving dy.

6.

Here *Peace* is taught, Old *Simeons* ſwanlike ſong,
To wavering Minds, to Sick Folkes, & the ſtrong,
With Notice cleare (to ſpeake it without boaſt)
Why Some receive? Some loſe *the Holy Ghoſt*;

What

7.

What Milder means can be for *Jarres* Correction
Then *Christ his Cratch, Life, Crosse, and Resurrection*
In *Numbers* sung with an attracting voyce?
Since *Babes* and *Bees* are charm'd with tinkling (Noise?

8.

What more can please the *Fancies curious Tast*
Than *Types* before the *Understanding* plac't
In *tuned Forme*? the Senses to rouze up
When surfeited with *Copious prose* they droup?

9.

Nay Soules perhaps, which *Sermons* faile to win,
They may Convert, asswage, or scare from Sin,
If, as *Raines* many Drops hard *Marble* pierce,
The *Agents* play on them with fluent Verse.

10.

So *Moses, Miriam, Job*, and *Debora*,
When *Hebers wife* had hammer'd *Sisera*,
So *David* did, and *Jeremias* call
Men to praise *God* by vowes *Numericall*.

11.

The like rare *Sound* ſhapes the *New Teſtament*,
In *Zacharies* and *Maries Raviſhment*,
In *Simeons Ode*, and in *Our Saviours* Deed,
Who ſung a *Pſalme*, ere He in *Sweat* did bleed.

12.

The *Soule*, ſome write, *conſiſts of Harmony*:
And that *good Angels ſing*, none can deny,
Witneſſe their Muſick, which Saint *John* deſcribes.
Who then dares breake on *Sions Muſe* his Jibes?

13.

Among the *Acts* which *Canterburies Sire*,
Grave Cuthert made, within the *Churches Quire*,
He will'd his *Clergie* every day to ſing
In *Saxon Tongue*, the Praiſe of *Heavens King*.

14.

Among the *Gifts* ranke of *Scholaſticke* Scope,
Which grace *Great Urban*, now the *Romaine Pope*,
His *Booke of Poems* wins him moſt renowne;
The *Laureat Wreath* excells his *Triple Crowne*.

Put

15.

But if my *Layes* ſeeme to ſome *Worldlings* light,
Excuſe the *Scribe*, *O Britaines ſweete Delight*,
Say that he aim'd at *Love*, not bubbling Fame,
Reward, nor Strife, nor *Juſtice* to defame.

16.

My *Straine* is plaine, the *Matter* moſt ſublime,
No *Levite* I. Then what doth grace my Rime?
With willing mind the *New-mans* praiſe I ſing,
For moulding in *ſhrewd times* ſo *milde a King*.
Whom with his *Royall Spouſe* and *Hopefull Fruite*,
Like *Saints*, I pray the *New-mans Lord* to ſuite.
Amen.

So Prayes your

Majeſties moſt

Humble Subject,

William Vaughan.

The Preface.

To the Queenes moſt Excellent Majeſty.

ACcept, *great Queen*, from a poore *Cambrian Knight*
This ſparkling Pile, wherewith the *Soules* delight,
You may diſcerne an *Empreſſe moſt divine*,
The Glory of the Gender Feminine,
The Lady Grace, I meane, *Gods gracious Light*,
Which ſaves Mankind from a *deſpairing* plight,
If they in Will their Outward Man reſiſt,
And daily waigh the Birth and Death of *Chriſt*,
But ſince we are bath'd in her ſtreaming *Love*,
I know you will my *New-mans Flames* approve;
Cull out the beſt, which with *Gods Word* agree;
And leave the reſt, as *Fire-drakes* unto me.

If I ſing well, as *Seraphins* require,
Then take my *Sparklings* like *Nehemies Fire*,

Which

Which in the *Pit* lay hid, late found againe,
Not kindled by the *New-mans Zeale* in vaine,
But for a Pious end: by *Numbers dint*
Our Saviours Forme in *weakelings* to imprint.
This *Forme* through *worldly fraud* lay hidden long
None durst translate it to the *Mother tongue*,
Untill the *Lord* of his unbounded *Grace*,
In pitty of his *Churches* wretched Case,
Lookt downe of late on his *two Prophets slaine*,
And breath'd New life into their Corpse againe.
With *Heavenly Oyle* He sent the *Holy Ghost*
To scoure *Faiths rust*, when we were almost lost,
Lost through our *sloth* and *Pride*, neere in *Despaire*
To be snatcht up by *Fiends* into the *Aire*,
There, till *Doomes-day* to *Goblin* it at least,
Or, which is worse, with *Tophets Dampe* to feast.

But if my *Tune*, like gaggling Noise of *Geese*,
Displease, I then reserve it as a *Peece*,
Or *Fragment* fit for some *Sidanens Eare*
Of sleighted Wales, with *hooboobs Bray* to feare
Night-walkers from purloyning of her *Flocke*.
Rather then I become a *flouting-stocke*
To *English wits*, I will at night retire,
(*Contrez le sen*) put out my *Light and Fire*,
And live immur'd, as in a *Cynicks Cell*,
Untill I can in sweeter *Layes* excell.

How-

Howere this proves, May it at *your Feete*,
Not daring *ſtarres* with *gloxing phraze* to greete,
Nor ſtare too long upon the *Sun-ſhine Light*,
Leaſt I be chang'd into a *Bird of Night*;
Or as *Old Poets faign'd of Niobe*,
Conteſting with a *Goddeſſe*, leaſt I be
Tranſmuted to a *ſtone*, or ſtupid wight,
For thruſting forth to *Your Majeſticke ſight*,
This Ghoſtly taske, my New-mans Exerciſe,
With Oaten Pipe, and in a poore diſguiſe,
Before I know your Pleaſure and your Will,
Whether you can affect a *Mountaine Quill*,
And brooke that a *rude Bardh*, or *Corydon*
Should ſcrew his *Songs* with your *Court-Helicon*.
Sometime *Great Dames the Bloſſomes of the Field*
Have ~~paralell'd with thoſe which *Gardens* yeeld~~;
So though by Fits or Chance I may expoſe
Old Edens Good and Ill, the Thorne as Roſe:
Shall a few *Slips of thorny Doubts* downewaigh
My New-mans Hopes more faire then *Flowers in* (*May*?

But leaſt ſome ſay, that *Sybill*-like I rave,
Or that I doe the *Higher Thrones* outbrave;
I here ſubmit, and humbly ſue to ſing
Theſe *Layes*: *A Cat may looke upon a King*.
Both Towne and Countrey ſtrive for Courtly Grace:
And ſhall not I then wiſh to ſee your Face?

To

To see of Kings the Daughter, Sister, Wife,
And Mother borne to calme great Nations strife?
Not fawning wise, but hoping that you stand
For *Our New man*, I long *to kisse your Hand*;
Like *Philips Greekes, who Christ desir'd to see,*
Like *One, who to that end climb'd up a Tree.*

And thus I bid *Great Britaines Queene Adieu,*
With *Sacrifice, my vowes*, and *Service* due.

To

To the Princes Highneſſe.

MOſt Noble Prince, *Great Britaines Royall Heire,*
The Hope of Wales, where firſt I breathed Aire,
And where I live from Troubles Home-retir'd,
But never for your Good with *Prayers* tir'd:
If harſh my *Tune* ſeemes to your tender Ear,
Let *Your mild Grace* with my plain meaning beare,
As well becauſe the matter I rehearſe,
Requires bare naked *Truth* in ſimple Verſe;
As that I might the *vulgar ſort* allure,
To *our New-man* from their *Old wayes* impure,
Since Gentle words may for their *Babes* afford
A winning Call to *Jordans Bathing Ford*;
And that I might hold on my *Countries Guiſe*,
Courſe Ruſſet, yet ſincere, without diſguiſe
Of *Art or Senſe*, leſt that you might ſuſpect,
That I on *Truth* no *Exerciſe* erect,
For if I cring'd with *Charmes* adulterate
Of *Pick-thank Soothes*, or borrowed *Termes of ſtate*,

I should then cast before your Eyes a *Mist*,
Not spreading *Truth*, like an *Evangelist*,
For *Christian Peace* with pure *Devotions Flame*,
But *Wilde conceites* blowne up for *worldly Fame*;
And so, instead of noysing her Effects,
I wrong her worth, and shew my owne defects.
Truth is the *Starre*, which grac'd my *New-Mans*
Flame;
O would I could to you so blaze her Fame,
As once fell out before the *Persian King*,
When her Renowne *Salathiels Sonne* did ring
With such a Peale, that all the *Court* confest
Truth onely Great, fit for a *Monarches* Breast!

Our Onely God Created but *One Sunne*
From *Pole* to *Pole*, Times yearely Race to runne:
No more lent *He* then this *Gift Uniforme*,
One Truth, to sway our Soules, and to informe
All Adams Seed of the Right way to Heaven,
One safe High way, not Labyrinth'd, but *Even*.
This Royall Way is Jesus Christ alone,
Who left us *Truth* our Discords to atone,
To guide our steps into his *Churches Fold*
Without *hard Yokes*, or selling soules for *gold*;
And to confound, as with a *Lightning Sword*,
The Obstinate by his *Mysterious Word*.
Upon this *Words bright Substance* we depend,
Fixing on *Christ* our *Faith* and Soveraigne End,

With

With *Will* prepar'd, enfranchiſed by *Grace*,
His holy Life and *Goſpels Light* to trace,
And to take up with *zeale* (when ſo he pleaſe)
His *Croſſe* and *bitter Cup* before ſoft Eaſe.
Beſides this *Way*, to gaine the Top of *Heaven*,
All Paths like *Quicke ſands* are, or puft up Leaven;
Of which falſe ſteps are *Ladders* for the *Turkes*
From *Mecha* rapt, and thoſe *ſtupendious Workes*
Father'd on *Saints* by Men poſſeſt with *Fiends*,
In *Legends* fam'd for baſe *Simonious* ends,
Not for *One Faith*, *one God*, *one Advocate*,
But *many Chriſts*, and *Idols* to create.

To ſhun ſuch Bogges, *By-wayes*, and Fallacies,
I have ſet forth *the Soules ſweet Exerciſe*,
Kindled by *Truth*, *Jehovahs boſome Daughter*,
Who by his *Son* wrapt in the *Scriptures* brought
By her *mild Rayes* reflecting on my *ſtrains* (her.
Your Grace may reap ſome fruit. And for my pains
Sweet Prince, I crave no other recompence,
Then that you take them into your Defence,
With my true vowes; till in your riper Age
You them oppoſe againſt the *Old Mans* Rage.

The

The preface to the Reader.

Our New-mans Lord be prays'd for evermore,
Who with *New Layes* augmented hath our
And by his *Rayes* hath lately rais'd my *wit*(ſtore
To *Sacrifice* above *Acquired* skill.
He ſtirr'd me up with *Zeale, on Sions ſtage*
To act a Part, though in my *drouping Age*,
Having outgone the *ſtep* which *Sages* call
Lifes Fatall Yeare, the Clima ctericall.
My *Morals* He turn'd to *Diviner* wayes,
My *Romane Dactyles* into *Engliſh Layes.*
My rugged *Proſe* He chang'd to *Smoother Lines*,
That with *New-ſtraines* I might win *Libertines*,
Maugre his Spleene, who doth this *Worke* confine:
Will Poets preach, or ſing of things Divine?
Shall Knights uſurpe the place of Clergie men?
To praiſe Gods Church? or Chriſt his Life to pen?

He may as well *Apollinarius* taxe,
Or as enrag'd againſt Old *Ephres* waxe,
Both which by *Tunes* on *Grecian Lyre* did ſtrive
To ſettle *Faith* in *the Church Primitive.*

He

He may aſwell blame *Nazianzens* Quill,
Prudentius, *Claudians*, or S. *Auſtines* skill,
As ſtrike at *Poets* for recalling Soules
From *Darkneſſe* unto *Light* by Sacred Scrowles.
Were *Sions Muſe* to *Clearks* alone entail'd,
The *Criticke* might with *Semeies ſting* have rail'd
On the ſweet *Poſthume of our Royall James*,
Which raviſh *Engliſh Eares* with *Davids Pſalmes*.
He might with *Theons Tooth* good *Bartas* bite,
Or for *Doomeſ-Day our Noble Sterline* ſmite.
Or if he feares to hit ſo high a Mark,
Why claimes he not *Zoiles priviledge*, to bark
At *Him*, whoſe worth deſerves *Uliſſes* ſtyle?
Whom *Grotius* taught *Chriſts Paſſion* to compile?
Our ſtarres late grac't *my Raptures of the Bride*:
How then dare *Momes the Bridegroomes praiſe* de-
(ride?

But *can a Prophet riſe from Galilee*?
Or *Wa'es* in Tune ſhape *Truths Evangelee*?
Or can her *Geeſe* compare with *Eng'iſh Swans*?
To ſing *good Newes* to Contrite *Publicans*?
To paint ſuch *Flights* no Mortall ſhould preſume,
Unleſſe his Pen were of a *Cherubs* Plume,
Unleſſe *the Poet* rapt above *the Pole*
Charme Men from *Jarres*, & *Fiends* from taking
(*Toll*.

So that the End be good, *Truth* ought to paſſe,
Though by a *Scythian* nois'd, or *Balaams Aſſe*,

And whilſt we not *Diviner Flames* profane
With falſe *Poetique Dreames*, *Devotions Bane.*
There is no Sexe in Soules. Aſwell the *Leaſt*
As *Greateſt* here ſhall ſhine at *Chriſt his Feaſt.*
At the *Lambs Feaſt* where *Saints* for ever ſing,
The Simpleſt Swaine on Earth joyes as the King.
Now if our *Wales* ſuch *Novelties* relates,
Diſdaine them not, *Yee Noble Engliſh States,*
But pry into them, (like her *Silver Mine,*)
For which of late her *Alpes* yee undermine.
And ſince yee ſee her *Wombe* and *Bowels* yeeld
Lime, *Coale*, and *Marle* to raiſe the wearied *Field*:
Then why likewiſe may not her *Streames* affoord
Some *Swans*, aſwell as *Thames*, or *Humbers Foord*?
If not to chaunt their *Native Melody*,
At leaſt to tune a harmeleſſe *Rhapſody*, (drawne
Whereby from *Fiends* ſome *Converts* may bee
To ranſome *Wares*, which they had left in pawn

That with our *Head the Members* ſympathize,
God breathes into mens Hearts *New Faculcies*,
For *when his Sonne aſcended up on High*,
He captive led our Wils Captivity,
Renew'd of *Grace* our *Charters Liberties*,
And gave rare *Gifts* with *Flaming Novelties*,
Which if ſome hide, or *Miſer* like engroſſe
They fruſtrate make their *Freedome by the Croſſe*,
Leaſt therefore I encurre that Prejudice

I publiſh here my *New-mans Exerciſe*,
With this true *Warning ſhot*, or *Tolling Bell*,
That the *Old Man*, *Yee Readers*, firſt expell,
Before yee mend theſe *Raptures*, or proſcribe
With *Catoes* Broach or Brand a *Chriſtian Scribe*
By a *non licet*, leaſt your *Negatiue*
Barre that which ſorts with *Saints Affirmatiue*:
That *this my Worke in ſubſtance comprehends*
An Offering which to Chriſt his Glory tends;
Not Noiſed forth, like *Chymiques Quinteſſence*;
For ſordid Gaine, but *ſtrife and Carnall Sence*,
(The *Gangrenes* of this Age) to cauterize,
I freely vent my *Soules Weekes Exerciſe*.
And though my *Tone*, like *Gileads ſhibboleth*,
Suits not nice Tongues, nor *Davids Leckes* your Breath,
Yet doth my *Muſe* with *Englands Faith* agree,
And hopes by *Trance our Saviour Chriſt* to ſee
In *Bethlems Cratch*, and on *Mount Calvary*;
His Riſing vp, *and Triumph* I deſcry,
And blunder forth by the like Myſtery.
But with ſharpe *Hounds*, my *Muſe*, and *Memory*,
I'le firſt aſſay *Old Reinards Brood* to ſtoup.
View then the *Game*: Behold, *the Hunt is up*.

THE SOVLES EXERCISE.

The Argument.

Before the Great and Fearefull Day of Doome,
Which by true Signes *neere paſt will ſhortly come*,
Great Brittain's *warn'd the* Old Mans *tricks to ſcan*,
And with more Love *to lodge* the Inward Man.

O That Men would think on *the Latter day*!
Whoſe *Signes* began with Horror and Diſmay,
Since *Sathan* was let looſe to rack and ſcorch
With *Martyrs Flame* our late *Reformed Church*!
No *Preterperfect* nor the *Future Tenſe*,
But then the *Præſent* ſuits the Creatures Sence,
When *Time ſhall be no more*, but ever *Light*
Or ever *Darke*. From this *Perpetuall Night*

Of Sadneſſe, *Lord*, defend my Spotted Soule,
That cannot at Will *the Gates of Hell* controule,
And by ſweet *Trance* canſt ope the *Milk-white way*,
To lead my ſteps to that *Eternall Day*. (Praiſe
How oft haſt thou from *Weaklings* rays'd thee
Then grant me *Grace* to warble out theſe *Layes*;
Which I began with *th'Hunt is up* to day:
That I may chaſe *Hels Inſtruments* away,
The wily Foxe, the Wolfe, and ravenous Beare;
But not with *Talpes* poore filly *Sheepe* to feare,
Nor to diſturbe, like *Taverns roaring Boyes*,
Good *Chriſtians* Nightly Reſt with *Helliſh* Noiſe,
Or with baſe *Fidlers Tunes*, who gape for *Gaine*
Their Luſts from *Strangers Windows* to maintaine.
(Fly *Buffoons* hence; no flouts, nor wanton glance,
Nor ſcuffling Tones, ſuit with our *Newmans trance*)
Not for *wits Froth*, nor *Poets potting Pen*,
Nor for *Old Dreames* ſhall any *Godly* men
Taxe me withall. My ayme is *Libertines*
And *Sluggards* to rouze up by *Chriſtian* Lines;
And that *th'Elect* of *Brittaines Ile* may bluſh
To jarre for *Trifles*, Niffles, or a Ruſh;
At leaſt, to let them know, that we ſhould ſide
With *him*, whoſe Rights with *Mammon* they di-
But let *Divines* without Scholaſtick Cavell (vide
And *Politicks* without damn'd *Machiavell*,
Tell us how comes *Mankind* ſo prone to *Evill*?
Ilt from *Old Adam*? Cuſtome? or the Divell?

O

Or rather from this *mixt Triplicity*
By *Gods just Doome* for mens Impiety?
Our *States-men* ſtand here gravel'd, nor define
Can *Nature* ſuch deepe Points, but the *Divine*
On theſe Reſolves aſſures our Pilgrimage:
That, to ſecure from *the Old Creatures* Rage
Our New-mans Sparke, we muſt contend & buckle
With *Men* & *Fiends*, ere *Grace* this Infant ſuckle;
We muſt Believe, and Pray, do Fruitfull Workes,
And cruſh the *Snake*, which in our boſome lurkes.
For theſe Attempts, *the Serpent* to unmaske
In *Eden* firſt *Mans Croſſe row* is: my Taske.

The two, from whom our *Heralds* all agree
With one Conſent to draw Mens Pedegree.
Be they Crown'd Kings, or Subjects, bond, or (Free,
Adam and Eve, the Male & Female Tree,
Were form'd by *Him*, who *both the Globs* Created,
Whereof the *One* with Goodly Rights eſtated
God gave to them from Taxe or Tribute free;
And ſo their Race enjoyed it, till the Fee
By *Giants* wav'd and *Nembrods Tyranny*.
The upper like a *Spangled Canopy* (wonder,
With *Chriſtall* propt, to lift their minds with
He left for Breath, for Heat, to ſeat them vnder;
And to obſerve the Influence, Motion, Height,
Not racking *Starres* with *Negromanticke* Sleight?
Becauſe *Man* ſhould with *Angels* linkt in One

Harmonious League on *God* depend alone,
To do his Will, who rais'd him from the dust,
To praise his Name, without the least distrust,
Not Creatures, Thrones, or *Principalities*,
Nor courting other *Gods* with *Sacrifice*,
(For who would sue to an *Inferiour Lord*,
The King in place that heareth every word)
God for this *End*, and for his *Glories* sake
Assigned *Man* his Comforts to partake.
He left all things to his *Elections* Sway,
Except *One Tree in Eden* to assay,
And try by One Command his Creatures mind,
Whether he would proye Constant, or Unkind:
Yea, *God* forbad to tast the *Curious Tree*
Of Good and Ill, because He did foresee
"That *Longing Fits* in Maladies would end,
"That *worldly Craft* did restlesse Cares portend,
"That *Innocence* once lost, Man would divide
"*Christs Soveraignty*, and with the *Divell* side;
"That he the *Golden meane* would soone neglect,
"And fall into *Excesse*, or the *defect*;
"That *Will uncurb'd* to damned Actions tends,
"That *Pride* much knowledge puffes, shame *Pride* attends,
"For when *good knowledge* with the Ill did match,
"Then they began a *Mungrell Brood* to hatch,
"Like those who heretofore with *Pagan Rite*
"And *Schoolemens Glosse* disguis'd *Gods holy Light*.

Al-

Although such *Plagues* ensued by the *Breach*
Of *Gods Command*, yet doth *Experience* teach
The *Fruit* it selfe so strange in Operation,
Perhaps might bring with it some Alteration,
And helpe the *Humours* to exasperate,
As the *Breach* did the *Souls* contaminate:
"So *Meales* without *Thanksgiving* cause disease,
"And *Physicke* with *Gods blessing* turnes to Ease.
Do not all things on which our Bodies feed,
Blood, Choler, Fleame, and Melancholy breed?
Do not we see, that things *Inanimate*,
As *Roots* and *Gummes*; nay *Minerals*, abate
Or raise the force of things more excellent?
Doth not dimm'd Eyes *the Saphire blew* content?
And *Hemlocks Juice*, like *Vapors of strong Wine*,
Disturbe the Braine, and *Humour Christaline*?
Doth not the *Jet* insult upon a *Straw*?
As *Steele* is by the *Loadstone* kept in awe?
What *Franticke Lust* comes by *Cantharides*?
What *Flames* by *Circes charm'd Hippomanes*?
How luckily *Quicksilver* mortifi'd
Hath for the *Wormes*, and the *great Poxe* bin tri'd?
Yet *Sublimate* doth like to *Hell* inflame,
To Poyson turnes, and kils the *Vitall Flame*.
How have the *Lungs* by *Orpiment* beene cur'd?
And the *Faint Heart* by *Liquid Gold* secur'd?
How forcible 'gainst *Plagues* and *Feavers* are,

Mirrhe

Mirrhe, Saffron, Aloes, Stibium, Bezoar?
Garlicke allayes *raw Ayre* and *watrish Food*,
But Mads like *Wine*, the *Dry Braine*, and the *Blood*.
Wine-bibbers know, that *Vines* with *Coleworts* war;
As rampant Lust is cool'd by *Nenuphar*.
Sometimes I saw a *Glutton* croſt in Will,
His Trencher daub'd with *Colloquintids Pill*.
How by the *Sunne Glasse* things remote may fire,
To yeeld the reason, would not *Reason* tire?
Or why *Tobacco*, or the *Vomick Nut*,
Opium, or *Henbane*, do the Sences glut?
Or why the *Juice of Spurge*, or *Tithimall*,
Held to the Gummes, cause all the *Teeth* to fall?
If such as these with us worke *Miracles*,
And *growing plants* yet more, what Obstacles
Can *Atheists* plead to barre Our Fatall Tree?
Or that of *Life*? but that it grew so free?
Whereby on Man no *ferall Deaths disease*,
The *Fruite* once tane by him, could ever seize,
Untill *God* did th' *impaled Garden* fence,
Or drowne it by the *Flood* for *Lusts* Offence?
This *Fruit* we reap't by knowing *Good* and *Ill*,
When as the *Precepts Breach* defil'd the *will*.

But to returne where now I did digresse,
Man stayd not long before he did transgresse,
And violate the *Law* with *Carnall* sence,
Slighting his *Makers Love* and Providence.

Man

Man had large *Grace* and *Freedome of Election*,
But he of *Both* did quickly make defection,
He knew th'Events, the Covenant, his Doome
For Life or Death, and what would sure become
Of him, and his, if he *Gods will* transgrest,
Yet would he be of *Knowledge* more possest
Than well became a Creature limited:
Yea, and perhaps the *Woman* coveted,
Assoone as *Sathan* told his *formall Tale*,
With *Carnall taste* that *fruit* of sugred Bale,
And longed too, because she was forbidden;
Or else because, like to a *Guest unbidden*,
The Tempter, which is likely, watcht the houre,
When she was lesse Devout, ere he could powre
His Bane on her in a *Corporeall shape*,
That in the *Fit* shee for the *fruit* might gape.
She sooner might all Enemies withstand
Than *Pythons mists* unseene alwayes at hand.
"Wher once he welcom finds he ther doth bring
"Moe *Spirits* like himselfe that Soule to sting:
"As to a *Frier* chanc'd, who *tempted* chose
"Once rather to be *drunke* than Soule to lose:
"By *Lust* or *Murthers* Choyce. But by that *feate*,
He *whoor'd*, and *slew* the *Husband* in his heat.
So *Sathan* playes at this time with us all,
Old Adams seede; he knowes in Generall,
That we by Nature fraile and wavering are,
Lustfull, and Proud, then in particular

He

" He knows to what vain *pleasure* more than other
" We are most prone, whilst we *Devotion* smother;
" Which so observ'd by him with damned Craft,
" He Guilds that *Pleasure* faire before his shafts
" He shoots, from which, ô *Christ*, we have no fence
" Nor helpe, but thy deare *Crosse* and *Innocence*
To put them by with daily watch and Cares,
Least like to *Eve* he catch us unawares.

When *Sathan* saw that *God* to *Man* assign'd
The worlds whole Rule, he by a masked kind
Of shape devis'd with *Lies* to tempt *Eves* mind,
And by her meanes her *Husbands* wits to blind.
O subtle *Fiends* inevitable Fetch!
Above a *Cheaters* or *Projectors* reach!
To set upon the *weakest of the Twaine*,
Before he dar'd the Husband in to traine!
He knew the power of a *Favorite*,
And what *Mans second selfe*, the *Night-Crow* might
Suggest to bring strange matters to effect.
This mov'd *the Fiend* the *Woman* to select,
And worke upon her Frailties imperfection,
Because he knew the *Man* had more perfection.
He knew the *Man* had more Composed wit,
More ancient, stay'd, and harder to be hit:
He knew the *Woman* had a moyster Braine,
More shallow, nice, and of a smoother graine,
" More pliant than the *Male* to be allur'd

With

« With *Tales* and *Toyes*, whereof he ſtood aſſur'd.
« Therefore, *Yee Men*, beware of *Womens* guiles;
« Take heed, *Yee Women*, of Old *Sathans* wiles,
« Tempt not your *Husbands* unto vanity,
« To *Idols*, Pride, nor ſloths Infirmity:
« And let us hence both *Men* and *Women* all
« The *Divell* chaſe, the Author of our Fall.
He grudg'd to ſee thoſe of an *Earthly Feature*
Above him ſet, ſometimes a *Heavenly Creature*;
That *Humane-kind*, ſuch Creatures New & ſtrange
Should breathe that Aire, where he did hope to range,
Rage & *deſpight* to have *Man* thrown below
Or at the leaſt in *Furies* fell his Fellow,
Wrought on his *Spirit*, all to Vengeance bent,
Till at the laſt he got his Lewd Intent.
About that time more *Wiſe* than any *Beaſt*
With ſpeckled skin, like Golden Damaske dreſt,
The Serpent ſtalk't in *Edens Paradiſe*,
Him *Sathan* ſeaz'd, and in his ſhapes diſguiſe
Thus with his *Charmes* to hide his cunning Hate,
He tempted *Eve* in abſence of her *Mate*:
Faire Dame, more fit for thy ſweet Beauties Grace,
As *Goddeſſe*, to poſſeſſe the Higheſt Place,
And all the world to Rule, then to be curb'd
Of thy *Freewill*, or in thy *Choice* diſturb'd:
Hath *God* forbidden you that *Fruit* to taſte?
The fruit of Knowledge which ſhall ever laſt?
Which *Life renewes*, and makes an *Ideot* wiſe?

Eate

Eate it, and spare not; Be not too *Precise*.
Yee shall not Die: that's but a scaring Crow
To bleare your sight, least you this secret know.
For *God* well knowes, that tasting of this *Tree*,
You like Himselfe will soone *Immortall* be.
The woman fir'd with Sathans faire discourse
Resisted not, but ranne th'Ambitious Course
Of *Lucifer* (who climb'd the highest staire
Of *Mysteries*) *built Castles in the Ayre*,
And rapt with false Imaginary Toyes
Of being *wise*, *like God*, with hope of Joyes,
She started not with that odde *Tree* to grapple,
But thence she pluckt, what *God* forbad, the *Apple*;
One, *two*, or *more*, as likt her *Palate* best,
With whose sweete Taste her *Husband* she possest:
As likewise with the vertue of the *Fruite*,
Which did with their *high towring Fancies* suit.
Ev's haughty mind was soon, too soon persaw-
And *Adams* too, wherby they were degraded(ded
Of *Innocence*, true Joyes, and Quiet Life,
Made Slaves to Vices, Death, and Endlesse strife.
The *Devill* too, which ranged then unbound,
With *borrow'd shape*, in stricter Chains was bound
Yet mounting and descending with his *Mates*,
To try and sting, as *Faith* grows, or abates.

Hence *Passions* from *Hels poyson* soone began
To make *Young Adam an Old worldly man*: (since
With

With vaine Proud thoughts his *Seede* were ever
Swolne, & ban'd in every *State* & *Province*. (since
The Elder Part against *the New* rebels
With wily Plots, till *Grace* the *Foxe* expels.
Hence spring those *Plagues* which now defile the
"*Cold Charity, nur sly and needlesse Dearth*, (Earth:
"*Distrust of God, Ambition, Simony*,
"*Base Idlenesse, Carowsing, Gluttony*,
"*Damn'd mungrell Matches, Saints with Reprobates*,
"*High purchast Names, Envy in all Estates*,
"*Malice, Law-suites, Deceits, and Avarice*,
"*Pride, Thriftlesse Pompe, and every other vice*:
Whose foule Excesse, like *Fire's* abuse, I blame,
So to prepare roome for *Devotions Flame*.
For such as those, the *first Old world* was drown'd
As *Our* shall shortly burne about us round:
For such, *the Lord* our *Tongues* did first confound
At *Babels Towre* from *one Harmonious* sound.
For such as those, the *Hebrews* were rejected,
And unto such are most of us subjected
By that *Old Pythons Sathans* subtilty,
Unlesse *Faith* helpe and true *Humility*:
We are indeed beset by *him*, that speaks,
(Reaks,
And through a thousand throats now playes the
In tempted Braines suborning men for *Pelfe*
To sell *the Spirits Gifts*, yea *Heaven* it selfe,
Our mother Eve in *Serpents shape* he tempted,

To

To gull and gaine. How shall our *Earthlings* now
Escape? when that *Bad Humours* overflow
The *Bodies State*? when *Tares* do over top
The Gospels Seede? and when we see him hop,
Sweare, and Carowse, even on *the Sabaoth Day*?
And every *other Day* to catch some Prey?

O wits bewitcht by the false *Serpents* Art!
Who sacrifice to *Fiends* your Noblest Part!
"Ther's nothing more than *Prayer* which they
feare,
"Because they know *that's musick in Gods Eare.*
"When they heare *Abbaes Peale* ring from Mans
Heart,
"With hate of present sinne, they soone depart,
"And leave the *Forts*, which they usurped then,
"*The Humours, Braine, and Heart of Man* I meane.
And where they finde no *Catechizing* is,
Nor *weekely Sermons* us'd, but All amisse (spoiles,
For want of Meanes, *Gods Tythes* kept backe like
There, *Sports* with *Oathes*, with *Healths* they min-
gle brovles.
"But *woe* to them, who do *Gods Tythes* ingrosse,
"Whereby ensues of *Christian Soules* such losse:
"If Curst they were, who ravish'd them at first,
"Who dimme *Faiths Light*, are they not more ac-
curst?
"Transferring by those *Preyes* to yawning *Hell*,
Like

"Like *Antichriſt*, more Soules than Tongue can (tell?

And here with drery eyes I muſt lament
The Fate of my poore *Native Soile* neere rent
By *Fiends* a ſunder through the *Words* defect:
For though the *Tithes* ſome Annually collect
Amounting in each *Pariſh* to the *ſumme*
Of bundreds twice, yet the poore *Curates* roome
Is ſcarcely worth *nine* or *ten pounds a yeare*;
Nay, ſome there be, which counting that too dear
Hire *yearely Cocks for halfe that ſum to crow*, (know.
And what *Soule-food* ſuch creatures chaunt you
Nor *Pariſh-poore* helpe they, nor *Churches Rate*,
But as it were in ſinne Inveterate,
Cloath with *Church-goods* their *Sacrilegious backs*,
Not dreaming once of *Hell*, or inward Racks,
For their converting *Tythes* to private ſtore,
Which were ordain'd for *Churchmen* & the *Poore*;
"Nor weighing yet what *Temporall* deſpight,
"And fearefull plagues on *tythe-ingroſſers* light,
"Upon their *houſe*, and *Crime-partaking fry*
Here in this world, to rot their memory.
And ſome of theſe *I* knew in *Jayles* to lye
For *Treaſon:*, *Debts*; and ſome die ſodainly.
And ſome likewiſe I knew, their Widows, Heires
And Children tir'd with Broyles & *Law-affaires*.
Take Learnings hire away, Learning decayes,
Unleſſe *Gods Spirit* by unuſuall wayes,

Immediately to bring rare things to passe,
Inspire some wits with *new Cæ'estiall grace*;
But if *both* faile, what *Chaos* may ensue,
Ile leave to scan till *Time* brings them to Rue,
And waile with howling paine and sonle-sicke
groane,
Alacke the Day that we our Mothers moane
Contemn'd, and pill'd her bare, since Saracens,
Her dues to keepe, fear'd like the Pestilence.
"*All Labourers* deserve their *Day-reward*,
"But much more *they*, who watch the soule to
To this I adde the scandall and offence, (guard.
Which they procure to *sects* of tender sence,
Who taxe *our Church*, *and Levites Common-weale*
With *Jeroboams Plot*, and want of *zeale*,
For gracing *Clerkes* of blind inferior ranke,
As though we had no *Church*, but *Babels Banke*
On Willow trees our Trumpets up to hang,
Or *those sad Layes*, *which there the Captives sang*,
Denouncing Fate, *farre worse then Iewries woes*,
With Plagues to light on Sions jeering foes.
So *Romish Scribes* quip us with *scurrile songs*
Unjustly for conniving at such wrongs,
And twit *our Church* with *Coblers* and *Sow-gelders*,
When as the fault lies not upon our *Elders*,
But on some *graceless* greedy minded wights,
Who seizing on the *Tithes* put out our *Lights*;
As formerly their *Monkish Hypocrites*,

Had

Had like to *Kites* ſnatcht up thoſe *Tithing Rights*,
(So *Popes* were taxt for granting *Tythes* and *Tolles*
To men more fit to feed their *Mules* then *Soules*)
So though *Carmarthins Clerkes* for *Pariſhes*
Enrowl'd *foureſcore*, yet *fifty three* of theſe
The *Popes* for Drones *improperly* aſſign'd
Their Tythes which were of *Old* by *Cæſars* ſign'd
For *painefull Bees*, and made *Authenticall*
To their ſole uſe by *Councells Generall*.
Whence *Sions Vines*, like *Oſneyes*, nipt at firſt
By *Wolſey* in the *Spring* quencht *Henries* thirſt
In *Summers* rage; and ſerv'd in *Autumne* ſince
As *baites* for *ſinne*: but now gone from the *Prince*
To *Chapmens* hands in time of *Winters cold*,
Church-Farmes by them are dearely ſet and ſold,
With ſmall regard to *Clerkes*, or the *New-borne*,
As if *Hels-ſtormes* their conſciences had torne;
Hence grow *Mault-wormes*, *unlicenc'd Ale and Beere*,
With *Shifts* to rack for what men farm'd ſo deere.
O would theſe *Lines* like pricking *Goades* might prove,
To ſtirre up *zeale* with more *Seraphicke Love*,
Or now at laſt, that ſome would imitate
Thoſe *few*, which rendred backe unto *the State*,
Tith-ſpoyles, as did the *Noble Huntington*,
And in our dayes *Religious Dodington*.
For I avow, they *Achans ſtile* deſerve,
Who rob the *Church*, & her good *Shepherds* ſtarve;

Or cause in them the *New-mans zeale* to freeze,
By their unjust purloyning of her *Fleece*:
I speake not of that *Fleece*, which *Orpheus* sung,
But of true *Prophets there* by *worldlings* wrung
Of their *Fee simple rights*, and lawfull Fees,
Not due to *Drones*, but to *industrious Bees*,
Whose *Art* spreads *Sermons* forth, like *Chrysostomes*,
Sweeter than *Honey*, or the *Honey-combes*;
For if they starve, how can the *Flocks* survive?
How can they rise to *Faith*? in *Knowledge* thrive?
Since *Faith by hearing springs*, *Love by Gods word*?
Since both waxe dark, where *Prophets* are abhor'd?
Hearts unprepar'd for *vowes* and *Fasting* dy,
Or rave with *Pride*, or pine with *Malady*: (sold,
And then their soules, like *Slaves*, are bought and
When *Sathans* Ambush breaks into the *Hold*
For want of *Guides*, and watchfull *Centinels*,
Whose Meanes were stopt by worldly *Machivils*.

Our *Parliament* mov'd with their *Brethrens* teares,
Their Civill Iarres, their grievances and feares,
Proclaim'd some publicke *Fasts* for *Sacrifice*,
With vowes of late for their enormious vice,
That so they might *the wrath of God allay*,
And by good *Jacobs Ladder* make their way
With *Abstinence* to stint the *fuming blood*,
As with *Soule-sighes*, *our Angell Guardians Food*.
But if the *Shepheards* Limbes with *Frost* benumme

Lye

Lye languishing, or of the *Palsie* dumbe;
How shall their *Flocks* the use of *Fasts* discerne?
Or learn what may the minds true health concern
How shall they *Fast*? and feele for *Discord* griefe?
If they be barr'd of *Sermons*, Soules relieſe?
How shall they *Fast* from inbred *Avarice*,
If none shew them the way to *Sacrifice*?
How shall they *fast from foule Conspiracies*?
From *Rapines*, *Bribes*, *Deceits*, *and Piracies*?
How shall they stand secure from *Perjurers*?
If no man them from cursed *Oathes* deterrs?
And when such *Slaves uncatechized* sweare,
Who lives not of *falſe prooſes* in dayly feare?
How shall our *Juries* wave *Knights of the Poſt*,
If they as theſe contemne *the holy Ghoſt*?
How shall we scape theſe laſt nam'd *Philiſtines*,
Dwelling in *Meſech*, or with *Libertines*?
Hence I collect, that there enſues this curſe: (*worſe.*
"*Where Teaching failes, there Soules grow worſe and*
Proud Nemrod will not leave his ruffling Port,
Nor crouch to *Chriſt* in *Penitentiall* ſort
With vile *Attire*, much leſſe with *inward Shrift*,
As for ſinnes Guilt hath been old *Suppliants* drift;
But fool'd by *Luſt*, he knowes *Dame Pleaſures houſe*,
More than *Gods Church*; or the *Old man* to touſe;
Nay, in the *Church* he dares his *Bravery*
Of *Plumes* to ſhew, or rather *Ravery*.
The *Drunkard* ſtill goes on to play the Sott,

And more then *Fasting Rules*, to ply the *Pot*.
By heath'nish *healths*, mad fits, and lavish cost,
Polluting *gifts breath'd from the Holy Ghost*,
"So that *moist* vapours to the *Head* ascend,
"And *Rheums* from thence into the *lungs* descend
"The *fourefold humours* foame, the *blood* inflames,
"More capable of *Pestilentiall Flames*,
"Then of mild Natures heat, vowd for impression
"Of *Gifts divine*, to hinder *Fiends* Oppression.
Our *Gluttons* will not cease to breake the *Law*,
Nor spare *one dish*, to ransome *Lazars* Jaw,
But what the Earth, the Sea, and Aire produce,
Their *Panders* dresse for their full panches use,
With *Spice* exchang'd for *Englands deareſt wealth*,
Without regard to Soules or Bodies health.
For which delight, *Dayes Fasting* to prophane
Some wish they had *the long necke of a Crane*,
That so they might, like to the ravenous *Wolfe*,
Powre downe more store into the *Gurmands gulfe*;
And though their *penance* were to take a *Purge*,
To have the *Cramping Gout*, or the like scourge,
"Yet will they feed on *Cates varieties*
"At the same meale in spight of Maladies,
"Of *Lawes*, advice of friends, *Physitians* threats,
"And the *repugnant* Nature of the meates. (fence
Nay, though they know some *meats* may cause of-
Unto the *Weake*, the *Old man* will dispence,
That on a *Friday* in a *Papists* sight,

They

They feast on *Flesh*, his Conscience to despight,
Against the rules of Civill Modesty.
As if they meant their Neighbours *Swine* to tye
To *Meazeld troughs* against the Owners Will,
Who bred them up with other kind of *Swill*
As bad perhaps as *Sugar-sops* or *Fish*,
Which raise up *Lust* more than the *fleshy dish*:
Of old it was not so; Good *Christians* then,
In feeding with the *Jewes*, like *Prudent* men,
Abstain'd from *Porke* and *puddings stuft with Blood*,
They liv'd content with their *Mosaicall Food*;
To win weak soules to *Christ* they seem'd content
With all things, *except sinne*, *indifferent*, (lawes
For whose deare sake, they would each *Countryes*
Observe, and weare a *Fooles coate*, were there cause.
And so sometimes we play the *Humouristes*,
Faiths essence sav'd, to raise up *Catechists*.
But since our *Head* commands a *Publicke Fast*,
How dare the *Members* gape for much Repast?
But mutually *joyne* with their *Christian mates*
Of the same *Church* to calm the threatning Fates?
On *Jonathan* a thundring sentence past,
Because he brake unwittingly a *Fast*:
And shall our *Gulles* unpunished escape?
Who wilfully commit an *Heath'nish Rape*?
And violate the *Law* with *carnall taste*,
Out of crosse-spleene, conceite, and wanton waste?
Nor for restraint of Wind, necessity,

Or for raw Ayre, but of meere Vanity?
A little serves the *Hungry Maw* to heale:
Why then will they devoure more at a *Meale*
" Than *twice five ounces of substantiall Food*?
And *so much weight of drinke* to do them good?
More frugall yet, when *Fasting dayes* commence,
(Least *Fumes* oppresse the Braine, *Sleepe* presse th
To keepe in plight thereby the *Bodies Frame* (senc
For the *Soules Feast*, and *Belly Gods* to shame?
Such *Food*, as will not over soone corrupt,
Bisket, *Rice*, *Pulse*, or soft *Panades* supt?
" A smal thing cheeres the heart, & Midriffe calm
" As *wines one draught kept Timothy from Qualmes.*
Why then will *Christians* play the *Epicures*?
And frustrate make the Soules and Bodies Cures?
By causing *Fumes* to breath up to the Braine,
Where they beget the Soules and Bodies paine?
" *Excesse of Meats* beyond the *Golden Meane*
" Turnes into *Fat, and Excrements* uncleane;
" It taints the blood, breeds *Dropsies*, *Feavers*, *Gout*
" Or *duls the wit*, and makes them *heavy Louts*,
" Unweildy for *Faiths Active Qualities*
" To please our *God* with humble *Sacrifice*.
Of *Vessels* some are *Rough*, some *Porcellane*,
Of *Bodies*, some turne *Pure* and some *Prophane*:
Note this in *Beasts*, their *dung* lets us to weet (sweet
That *Swine* and *Dogs* smell *raneke*, the *Stags* more
Now *Gryllus* chuse thy *mould*, *Hogs*, *Stags*, or *Dogs*.

If

If *Stags* be ſcant, *Dogges* ſtinke, then take the *Hogs*,
And wallow in his *mire*, untill thou feele
The meazell'd Plague, and like a *Dizzard* reele.
Theſe *Points*, and others moe *graue Levites* preach
Where they enjoy their *Rights*, & how the breach
Of *Faſting* comes, which makes me tel my friends:
"*He, that neglects the Churches moane, offends.*
For which, and the like crimes, he ought to ſob,
Who thinkes it no offence *Gods Tythes* to rob.

" The *Arts contempt*, and robbing them of *Hire*,
" Cauſe many Plots and ſtrange combuſtions fire
" In humane breaſts, *Divines* to Simonize,
" And other Wits to raile and Libellize
" At *Lawes* or *Times*; or elſe they fly from home,
" To *Doway*, *Spaine*, Saint *Omers*, or to *Rome*:
Whence what enſues I leave for *Politiques*
To judge, while others turne *home-Empiriques*,
Falſe Sycophants, or *Mountebanks*, to ſeeme
More wiſe or skilfull in the worlds eſteeme,
When to themſelves they guilty are of *fraud*.
But *Need* allures *dame Beauty*, like a *Baud*,
To proſtitute, or rather want of *Grace*,
That makes the *Whore*, the *Modeſt* to outface,
Yet now I hope our *forraigne-built Plantations*
Will *Britaine* free from many Imputations,
When *Drones* remov'd, the reſt more elbow roome
Shall have to thrive, like *Honey-Bees*, at home,

Abate

Unlesse (which God avert) the *Pestilence*,
Abate our *swarmes*, and crosse good mens Intents.
Mean time *the world* on wheels runs mad, by *fiends*
And *furies* led, whom they mistake for *friends*:
One while they tempt to *Apish imitation*,
Whilst *Pygmies* swell with *Gyants transformation*,
With *curld bold Ruffians Haire, immodest face*,
Proud costly robes, with Gold and needlesse Lace,
And *thriftlesse puffes* winkt at perhaps to raigne,
For *Trades increase*, *Customes*, or *Mercers* gaine.
For whose support with rich Caparizons
Toades with *Coach-mares* make oft comparisons,
By these *our Off-springs tainted Proselytes*
Turne *Harpyes*, *Peacockes*, or *Hermaphrodites*,
By these *high sailes* hath *Hospitality*
Sunke in deepe Gulfes with *Christian Charity*.
The multitude of sinners gone amisse,
Makes sinne to seeme the lesse, and so doth *this*.
Another while our *Gentry* with delights
They traine to tread *Gods gifts* with *dogs* & *kites*;
Or else to gape for Others goods at *Play*,
Oft to the losse of their owne worldly stay,
Whilst *Satans wily fiends subordinates*
Confirme such *Gamesters* for his *Reprobates*,
But late they triumph'd when against the *Rheume*
Some did create a *God* of *Indian Fume*,
Whereby men craz'd their memory and wits,
And parcht their *Vitall Blood* more then befits.

O

O Cuſtome charm'd, beſotting Chriſtendome!
Beſotting Braines againſt the *day of Doome!*
Tobaccoes ſmoake no other Humour drawes
Then *Spawling*, which it ſelfe doth chiefly cauſe,
Nor doth this *Hells evaporating Puffe*,
End here, although worſe then a *Candles ſnuffe*,
To qualify *the Dampiſh ſooty Braine*,
It muſt be moiſtned oft for *Tavernes* Gaine,
With *Wine* or *Beere*, that the *heate Naturall*
May ſwim with *Flegme*, as the *Moiſt Radicall*
Lies dampt with drouth of ſenſe-benumming ſmoake,
And this they doe ſo long, untill the *Heate*
Of Nature failes, corrupt with *ſulphures ſweate*:
The Braine thus ſoild, how ſhall *Gods grace* erect
The Spirits Temple in the *Intellect*?
By hearing Faith gets roome: but if by *fits*
Their ſenſes quaile, their quailing hurts the wits.
"Then let this be in *Braſſe*, or *Marble* plac't:
"*Who ſmoakes Tobacco much, he doates at laſt.*

"Who can deny but *Satan* in our Age
"Is let more looſe with violence to rage?
"And with his *Angels* daily goes about
"To batter *Faith*? and true *Zeale* to roote out?
"He is let looſe to range about at Pleaſure,
"And more then *Love* pricks men to dreame of *Treaſure*.

We

"We prate of *Faith*, but *Pride* eates up the *fruites*,
"We talke of *Peace*, but that ends in *Law-suites*.
For feare of *humane Plots Saints* oft are dumbe,
And *Love* is by the *Dragons wiles* become
A thing of naught, a *Cypher* without fellowes,
Whilst *Golden hopes* of *Lucre* blow the bellowes.
As *Passengers* their ship being weake and riven,
To *sundry Coasts* for many *Leagues* are driven
Of gusts and stormes, of Gulfes they make report,
Before they can arrive at *Safeties Port*:
So now are *Saints* by *Gog* and *Magog* vext,
And glad to fly with *civill Broyles* perplext
Out of their *Native soyle* to *Strangers Armes*
For refuge against *Mars* his fierce alarmes.
As witnesse now of late the *Valtoline*;
France, Belgia, Hesse, all Dutchland, and the Rhine.
So *others* are by *suits* and *quarrells faign'd*
To sundry Courts for many miles constrain'd,
Through thicke and thin to travell for small cause,
Under pretext to answer breach of Lawes,
To lose their precious time and spend the same
In *strife*, which *Christ* injoyn'd to *Holy flame*,
To satisfy *Officialls* greedy willes
More than need is for *moulture to their Mil's*,
As *our King James of famous memory*,
With lightning glaunce checkt this foule injury,
Our *coyne* by bribing Tongues grows scant of late;
And men for want of meanes waxe desperate.

How

How many *Motions* do some make in vaine?
And *endlesse Pleas* with inward joy retaine?
Such *Sophisters* in Paper-length to draw,
And spin *rich Suites* will white the *blackest Daw*,
And blurre the *Candor* of the holyest man;
But seldome helpe to save the weake and wan.
But *O*! are not those *Christians* whom they gull?
Christians they are, *O worldlings*, whom ye Lull
A sleepe to feed upon, like *Canniballs*,
They looke not like those *Popes* or *Cardinalls*,
Or those *great mighty men*, whose *flesh* and *Soules*,
Are to be prey'd on by the *Mysticke Foules*
At Gods triumphant Supper; No, these are
Your Brethren, whom to pill and poll ye dare:
"Like to the *Aierie fiends* typ'd by those *fowles*
"Who feed upon the jarres of *carnall* Soules,
"On whose weake passions, wits, and fits ye work
"Whilst under *Sugred Pills* doth *danger* lurke.
Who knowes not that the *fiends of Hell* rejoyce
At these your broiles? to heare your screaming noise?
Therefore *repent*, before this *waning light*
Shuts up the world with terrours of the *Night*:
Be sparing of your *Crotchets* for his sake,
Who spar'd not on himselfe our sinnes to take,
Let to your brawles *fixe months* a period fixe;
Submit to friends award without *Law-tricks*,
Or *costly fees*, what ye suggest for wrong,

Nor

Not vaunting of a *Mercenary tongue.*
I need not warne our *Graveſt Counſellours,*
Who for the *New-man* ſpend more pretious
In grieving at debates then taking Fees, (houres
For they decline *Gods wrathfull cup of Lees*;
But I exclaime, and raiſe with *Hue and Cry*
My *Wits* againſt our *Petty-fogging fry,*
Thoſe Mountebankes, that Hollow-hearted crue,
Which cogge with *Truth*, and ſtir up *Guls* to ſue;
Who make no Conſcience in an honeſt cauſe,
To vexe *Good men*, and ſcandalize the *Lawes.*
Such men I onely blurre. Let *Honey Bees*
Live by their *painefull Hire*, and *well-gain'd Fees:*
I envy not their *Station*, nor their ſtore,
But pray that they in *Grace* grow more and more.
I wiſh to them all Happineſſe and Joy,
That they with *Love* their Labours fruite enjoy.
For unto ſuch our *Patriots Common-weale,*
Can not more portions then they merit deale,
Yea, *thoſe ripe ſilver haires I honour* moſt,
Who with *good Lawes* helpe to entrench *Gods hoſt*
From raving *Ravening Wolves*, which but for them
Had long ſince ſpoyl'd our *Texts*, & ſtil contemne
Our Clergies Rites reform'd, and their intents,
Supported by our *Chriſtian Parliaments,*
Theſe were indeed the *Champions of our State,*
Againſt *Romes Bulles* and the degenerate
From their *Allegeance* to our *Native Prince;*

They

They *Abbots sloth*, and *Legates* did convince,
By casting out Romes painted *Wares* and *Trash*,
For which brave *Act*, and memorable Lash,
Besides *the Gospels Light*, *God* yet is pleas'd,
To leave their *Ranke* a prop for the diseas'd:
So some are blest with an *Immortall* Lot,
Whilst *useless Drones*, like *shooting Meteors*, rot.
They merit too in *Britaines Orbe* to shine,
Like *Starres*, that move in the *Ecliptick Line*.
" Who waigh the *Lawes* with Reason, Right, and Ruth,
" And at the first acquaint men with the *Truth*.
" What the *Event* will be, what danger lies,
" For daring *Justice* with surmized *Lies*.
And specially, those *Lawyers* I commend,
Who *Clients suites* with expedition end!
Scan well my *Layes*, ye *Masters of the Law*,
And ye, that be their *Clients*, stand in awe
Of *Judgement* justly due for your dis-union,
For your contempt of *Love* and *Christian Union*.
" *Be slow to wrath, speake faire, doe good to all*;
" *Forgive your foes, and raise up them that fall*,
" Look that false *Mammons wiles* tempt not your zeale,
" Lest for your bribes *Astræas Common-weale*
" Grow to contempt, like that *Monasticke state*
" Of *Ghostly forme*, which ye suppresst of late.
" Through *many tongues the devill* moves despight,
" And yet may seeme an *Angell of the Light*.

That

That *Spirit*, which through *Ahabs Prophets* spake,
Now tempts most men in *falshood* to partake,
And likewise workes in nimble factious pates,
That they for *cursed hire* spread more debates,
Which but for their suggestions would expire,
Or dormant lye, as under ashes Fire.
God loves a mild, a free, and open heart,
Which melts like wax, to see his neighbors smart.

As I went on our *discords* to attone,
My *Zeale* broke forth into a *Prophets Tone*:
Unkennell ye that *old and crafty Fox*
Whom having catcht, cease not to thumpe & box
Him other whiles. If for the *Palsies griefe*,
To nose his scent, ye yeeld him some releife,
Be sure in *Chaines* to keepe him alwayes bound,
For if let loose, and he abroad be found,
Your *tender Lambes*, the hope of all your flocke,
Can never scape, nor well endure the shocke
Of his slye trickes; O therefore let him now
Be wisely lookt unto, that he may bow, (cure
Make roome for *Lambes* from spoyle and theft se-
Wash, rince, and scoure, and keep your vessels pure,
Flay not Christs sheepe; but feed them without strife,
As he for you hath sacrific'd his life.
"Let none *Gods place of judgement* undertake
"For *Coine*; but for true zeale, & Conscience sake.
"Let none for *wealth* accept a *Benefice*.

For

"For the *Soules gaine* was *Christ* his chiefest prize.
"Let *Dives* bid his *golden gods avant*,
"Cashiering quite all things extravagant.
Let *Christian Dames* leave off the *Peacockes traine*,
And now resume their *modest Garbes* againe.
"*Let Souldiers of the Fort, Ship, Tent or Toung*,
"*Live with their hires content, not offering wrong.*
Let them of all degrees, both Old and Young,
Both High and Low, of Sexes weake and strong,
Let all Repent, before th'Eternall Day
Breakes forth, which shortly without more delay
Will *fatally* conclude their civill jarres,
Their greedy wiles, their Pomp, and bloody wars.
But put the case, that *Day* comes not so soone,
As *Fooles* conceive, yet *Orbed*, like the *Moone*, (ons
Mans braine receives the forme of glistering noti-
Except betimes he curbes the *Old mans* motions,
Whence if they break through those *Ideaes* roome
Into the *Heart*, there, *Idols* they become.
The New man is sent backe by *Carnall* sinnes,
As was *Gods Arke by Dagons Philistines*,
And in his Place those *Puppets* he obserues,
Whom more then *Christ* he loues, & oftner serves.
Thus *Worldlings wise* in darkenesse roame about
As well as they, whose *Light strife* hath put out.
The Way unto Gods Paradise is streight,
Narrow, and steepe, to which transcendent height
"*Fraile flesh and blood* must not ascend, unlesse

" The *Soule* be in this world *purg'd* more or leſſe
" By *twofold Flames* : whereof *the one Hels* paine
" Reſembles; *th'other* heates with *zeale* the Braine.
Like as the *Body* growes in Quantity,
And in the *Fourefold Humours Quality* :
So *the New man* ſhootes up, drawes us to *grace*
If we doe ſtop *the Old mans wily race.*
" *Death Crownes a Saint*, and none can dy in *Chriſt*
" Except he living here become his *Prieſt.*
" For *Gods Elect* muſt lead a Righteous Life,
" *Subject to Chriſt, as to her head the Wife* ;
" *She knowes no male but one, ſhe ſtands in Aw,*
" *Yet loves him deare, and his Advice is Law.*
" *Sweet heart* (quoth he) *loſe not the mornings Prime*
" *But, as Chriſt thee, doe thou redeeme the Time*
" *With Prayers, Zeale, true Love and Fruitfull Deeds* ;
" *For of ten thouſand Soules ſcarce one well ſpeeds.*
Now he, that hath *diſcretion* in his pate,
Muſt marke theſe *Maximes*, ere it be too late: (*ing*,
When *ſtriſe* for *Love*, & *dreames* we take for *watch-*
When *Praiſe* for *Preyes*, and *Grace* we looke for *Catching* ;
And when from *Faſts* we fal to *Feaſts* and *bibbing*,
Then *Abbaes ſtreame* ſtayes in the loweſt Ebbing.
Our Advocate craves it to flow againe,
The Father yeelds, and ſo to every veine
Their ſtreame flowes faire, untill our *changling fooles*
Have ſought to other *Streames* from *Muddy Pooles*.

The

The Trinity then loathing Braines ſo ſicke
Their *Motions* ſtop, and men dye *Lunaticke*.
From which *Relapſe*, *Diſtruſt*, and *Lunacy*,
Bleſſe we our ſelves, as from *Apoſtacy*.
If I ſpeake well, or rave with puft up Learning,
Judge they, who have *the Spirit of Diſcerning*.

In the meane time keepe we *Gods Trumpets Feaſt*,
And *watch*, till it ſhall ſummon us to Reſt.
All Feaſtes expir'd in Chriſts his Oracles,
Or were *exchang'd* for our Soules Spectacles,
In memory to keepe our Saviours Name,
The Bleſſed Virgins, and th' Apoſtles Fame,
With watch againſt the brats of Antichriſt,
Which beare Chriſts Name, but not the markes of Chriſt.
To blaze theſe *Newes* I finde none more *Divine*,
Then *Epiphanius*, and Saint *Auguſtine*
Since the *deceaſe* of thoſe good *Fiſhermen*,
Which toyl'd to free ſoules from the *Devils den*;
For he that markes them blazing *Heretickes*,
May ſoone convince our moderne *Catholickes*,
Who were baptiz'd and ſtyl'd Regenerate,
Went out from us, but ſince degenerate.
Chriſts Oracles next to th' *Apoſtles* Time
Shone, as bright *ſtarres ſix hundred yeares* in prime:
But afterwards by *Pompe*, and *Sodomy*
They were left *Breathleſſe* for *Anatomy*,
Yet to *the Spirits Feaſt* of *Shavelings* ſlighted

Our *West* hath beene by *Prophets* late invited,
To cleanse *Christs Church* from *Superstitious Feasts*
Proclaiming *Truth* against the *Mounted Beasts*
Mysterious charmes, Soule-gulling Merchandize,
Which *Gospel* seem'd, till *Wickliff* prov'd them *lies*
Truthes Oracles, which *Antichrist* suppresst,
Are freely now in our owne *Tongue* expresst;
Each *Parable* made plaine, to *Babes* reveal'd,
And every *Mysticke Leafe* lyes now unseal'd
In spight of the *Red Dragons Flond* and Fraud,
And maugre all the Trickes of *Babels Baud*,
So that we may (unlesse our *Riots* let)
Escape, and breake out of the *Hunters Net.*
Strange Fires & croaking noise from *Balaams* lips
Cannot dash out our *Light*, nor yet eclipse
Those *Rayes* whereby the *murthered Lamb* of late,
Cheares up his *Faithfull Bride*, and *Sions state*
Relying on his Ayd and powerfull Arme
His Spirit warmes, and keeps from *Leaguers* harm.

But clandestine and by sly cheating trickes
Some winne more *Games* to *Babels Meretrix.*
He that deceived *Eve* by subtill Traine,
Would our returne into her *stewes* againe
Perswade. By *Sions Rents* they shortly hope
To blurre our *Church*, and re-invest the *Pope*
With his *Old Keyes*, and with his *Golden Crosse*
In Gods owne Temple Graces to ingrosse;

And for small cause to *excommunicate*,
Nay, for neglect of *Fees* to shut *Heavens Gate*,
They hope to put (by *Satans Tares* late sowne)
Our Laymens ward of Premunire downe.

But why cast I such *Goblin doubts* abroad?
When the *Last Knell* determines our aboad,
Our short aboad on Earth? O let us then
Repent, and waile our sinnes, *deare Country-men*,
Let us renew, whilst that it is to *Day*,
Our *Sacrifice*, and vowes of *Love* repay,
Oft musing on Saint *Paules* advice, that now
We Christ no more after the flesh must know;
But as it were in *traunce*, the *New-mans* way,
To waigh his *Crosse* and *Passion* every day.
The *Service*, which belongs to *Him* alone;
Withdraw not from that *All-sufficient One*,
By kneeling to our *fellow-servants* downe
For *Ghostly helpe*, who saved but their owne
Deare Soules by vertue of that *Costly Blood*,
Which on *the Crosse* was shed for our *joynt* good.
If we beleeve, as *Saints* have done before us,
In *Christ alone*, *Hels sting* can never gore us.
Thinke on my words, *O ye backe-sliding Soules*,
Who pay to *Saints* your vows, like *Market Tolles*,
"*Thinke on your owne, and Christ his painefull death*,
"*The Judgement day, and gaping hell beneath.*
Our dayes are few: *Times period* is at hand,

And *Christ his Arke* will shortly saile from Land.
The *waves* of sinne swell high; *Love* growne too cold
In most mens Hearts, Mens ruines doth unfold,
True *Faith* for want of more *Devotions* heat
Exiled pleads before *Gods Judgement seate*
Against *Mankind*, as at the *Flood of Noah*.
To plague the world with *flames*, & worse annoy,
Mens hearts are hardned, like the *Fiends of Hell*,
For if a *Prophet* doe sinnes doome foretell,
Disswading them from Broiles, O how they swell
At the *Good man*, with rage and passions fell,
Imposing for his paines, Rackes, shackles, shame!
Or silencing, or blacking his good Name!
Before *Doomes-day* this darke *Prodigious* fault
Must follow next upon the *Whores* assault,
For though the *Church Triumphant* doth rejoyce
To see her *Fall*, our Jarres supplant our Joyes,
And so instead of *Psalmes* to *Heaven* sent
We temporize, or with her Complement.
Awake therefore, *ye watch-men* with your flocke,
Lest you and they be hurld against the rocke
Of *scandall* to our *Churches* infamy,
Ending in Schismes, Broyles, or *Phlebotomy*.
Thinke on the *Fowles, which ere the Sunne did set,*
Abram had watcht, and then huge darkenesse met.
Awake, I say, out of your slumbring sleepe,
Look to your *charge* in time, *Christs wandring sheep*:
Behold

Behold *our Soules great Shepherd* is at hand,
Though ſome are loath the Signes to underſtand;
The laſt dayes Bell, or *Clocke* of Mortals time,
(Be watchfull ye were beſt) will ſhortly *chime*,
Chriſt ſhortly comes, the *Faithfull* to requite,
And to confound our *Myſticke Gyants* might:
No Tyrants threats, no double tongue will ſerve,
Fee, nor Reward, the guilty to preſerve.
Gods Darts, like *Comets*, threate our *Weſterne Orbe*,
And Juſtice will the *Auſtrian faction* curbe;
Gods Angell now beginnes to goe about
To warne before *Doomeſ-day* the *Chriſtian* Rout;
Already hath his *Holy Trumpets* ſounded,
Chriſt ſhortly comes to ſave the *ſick* and wounded.
Watch, Faſt, and Pray, and cheare up one another;
This is Gods will, by *Chriſt our Elder Brother*;
(His *warning peale* rung forth unto the *Jewes*)
But ſcorn'd by them he left to us theſe Newes.

Becauſe they ſlighted what they might have held,
The Word of Life, the Light, which they beheld,
The Lord remov'd his precious *Candleſticke*,
Clear'd others ſight, and left them blind and ſick;
The *Obſtinate*, I meane, not all of them,
For ſome beleev'd before *Jeruſalem*
Demoliſht lay, yea, thouſands were baptiz'd
Both then and ſince of the *Crew Circumciz'd*,
Some *Jewes* baptiz'd were by th' *Apoſtles*, ſome

At *Christ* his death, when Saints rose from their Tombe,
How many *Jewes* turn'd *Christians* in one day,
Who had *the gift of Tongues* on *Whitsunday*?
Some *Christian Jewes*, when *Roman Rage* had rent
Judæas state, to *Jordans Pella* went
To *Antioch*, *Tyre*, *Arabia*, *Babylon*,
To *Corinth*, *Creet*, *Damascus*, *Macedon*,
And to remoter *Coasts* in hope of rest,
Whence after *James decease*, in time distrest.
Some fell, some grew. By these the *Gentiles* rose
From darkenesse to *Soules light*, *tooke up the Crosse*,
Preacht *Christ*, & mixt with *Jewes they were ingraft*
In one faire stocke, untill by *Satans craft*,
The *Nicholaites*, and the *Nestorian Sect*
Did with false drugges the *Easterne world* infect.
" In vaine therefore we looke for more *Conversion*
" Of *moderne Jewes* before the Worlds subversion
" Then what is past, unlesse (which *Jewes* abhor)
" Our *Romanists* leave off *Shrines* to adore;
" Much lesse, *Elias* to descend in *Flesh*
" With *Enoch*, since their *Spirit* some possesse,
" And since the *Formers gift* infus'd in *John*,
" He clear'd the way for the *Creators Sonne*.
Already hath the *Gospels Larum* rung
To quicken soules, whom the *Red dragon* slung,
Yea *Nations* to our *Aunce stors* unknowne
Heard lately of *Mount Olivets* renowne;

And

"And might unto the *Christian Faith* be wonne,
" If *Britaine*, *Spaine*, and *Holland* joyne in one
" *Religious League* to traffique on the Mayne
" For *Indian Soules* more than for *Worldly Gaine*.
As *Spaine* exchang'd her wares for *Gold* and *spice*,
So we by *Peters Net* may sacrifice,
And catch more *Preyes* for *Christ* then *Spaine* hath done,
Except henceforth our *New Mans* course she run:
What braver gaine can be, then Soules to win,
From *Heath'nish* spoyles and superstitious sin?
What taske can *Pilgrims* take more happily
Then th' *Abissine* for *Manuscripts* to try?
Who, as they say, hath those unknowne to us,
Which will strike dumbe all *Sects Idolatrous*?
What easy meanes and secondary wayes
Hath *God* lent us now in these latter dayes?
Since *Printing* and the *Loadstone* he made knowne,
To cleare the darke, and put the *Pole-starre* downe?
That so his *Word* might with the *setting Sunne*,
Conclude the worke, which in the *East* begun.

O Noble Europe, how I pitty thee!
If that great *Plague*, which some *Divines* foresee,
Due for thy *Wiles* and *Pride*, light on thy flocke,
Americans raised to the *Living Rocke*,
Whereof sometime thou vauntst in *Aprill-youth*,

While

While *Feasts* for *Fasts*, and *Lies* thou take for *Truth.*
But I leave these, as secrets of the *Lord*;
As yet thou hast his Pledges and his *Word*,
Which may till *Doomes-day* last, if thou repent,
And banish *Schisme*, the Bane of *Loves* content.
How many stout *Confessours*, like bright *Starres*,
Hath *God* inspir'd to reconcile our jarres?
How many men of *Ghostly Ranke* as *Lay*,
Yea, *Mitred Saints* have gone the *Martyrs* way?
Grave *Cranmer*, *Ridley*, *Hooper*, *Latimer*,
And *Ferrar* fam'd in Englands Register,
Not fearing, like true *Members* of their *Head*,
To suffer rather death then be misled?
Or to connive with false dissembling Brow,
At *Babels Charmes*, though ne're so faire of show?
How many *Heraulds* hath he sent of late,
Yet slighted all, to warne each *Christian state*,
To sue for *Grace*, their follies to forbeare
And to prepare with true Religious feare
For their *New Birth* and *Spirits Renovation*,
Before the day of wrath, *Earths conflagration*?
Among the rest his *Grace* enlightned me
In *Britaines Isle*, *Soule-dangers* to foresee,
And by a *Sparke* lent from his *Heavenly* Flame,
To *Sacrifice* and *spread* the *Newmans* Fame.
To this effect, and that I might regaine
Some swarmes for *Christ*, I chose a tinckling strain
Where-

Wherewith I ſound, like *John* in *Jewry-Land*:
Repent, Repent; Gods Kingdome is at hand.

Admonitio Chriſtiana.

EXitus Orbis adeſt, *Chaos* & fatale diei
Extremæ ſubit, atra brevi Campana ſonabit.
Vos igitur moneo *Præconis* more, Litate
Pectoris ex imis *Chriſto* Nova ſacra *Monarchæ*.
Ille Dei Sermo concludet *Oveſque Lupoſque*
Judicii extremi Sermone: *Venite*; vel *Ite*,
Ite hinc in Furias, in *Tophet* ite *Feræ*;
Fida ſed ad *Ferias Turba* venite *Poli*.

A Chriſtian Admonition.

THe *Fatall end*, which ſhal the world confound
Draws neere, & *Dooms-dayes Bell* will ſhortly ſound.
In *Preachers Type*, I warne you then to bring
New Offerings from the Heart to *Chriſt our King*.
For *He Gods word* will cloze the *Latter day*
Thus by his word: *Come Sheep*: *Wolves pack away*.
Packe hence to *Hell*, *ye Creatures* wild;
To *Heaven* Come ye, *the True and milde*.

A Hymne of Repentance to be sung for the ease of an afflicted Conscience.

WHat strange assaults of *sins* surrounding tide,
Breake in upon our Soules on every side?
How fearefully *Gods darts* of vengeance glide?
So neere they glide, we cannot turne aside?
We feele enough to pull downe *Pride*,
More terrours then we can abide.

It is no wrong, but Justice which we feele
Though we were scourg'd with Wires of keenest steele
Or broiled on the Coales, or flay'd alive.
We merit not Doomes respite, nor reprieve.
Becaúse in time we did not grieve
For sinne, nor sought in *Grace* to thrive.

Sinne is the cause of our *Law-suits* and jarres,
Sinne is the cause of our late *Civill* warres.
The former robs us of our meanes of Thrift,
The latter of our friends with bloodier drift.
For want of shrift, and hearts uplift;
Fiends doe as Wheate our *Passions* sift.

We

We ought indeed more *godly* to have beene,
Before we felt *Gods Judgements* for our ſinne:
We ought indeed his *Arrowes* to prevent
With Prayers, Vowes, and houres more frugall ſpent.
Yet we repent, with heart neere rent
His *Talents uſe*, by us miſ-ſpent.

We will not yet of *Freedome* quite deſpaire:
No, *Gracious God*; we know thou canſt repaire,
Our *drooping ſtate*, though plunged in the mire
Of *mangie ſinne*, or ſcortcht with *Troubles fire*.
Thou canſt refraine thy Judgements Ire,
Our *Temples* cleanſe, our Soules inſpire.

Thou at a becke Soules-tortures canſt remove,
Or elſe aſſwage our *griping fits* above
Straind *Natures* reach, as thy *Sonne Jeſus* did
Poore *Publicans* of their diſeaſes rid.
Yea, though griefes were of cauſes hid,
Their utmoſt ſting thou canſt forbid.

To thee alone for *Mercy* we appeale,
Who heretofore the *Iſraelites* didſt heale
By *Serpents ſtung*, and ſundry others cure
By *Miracle*, thou canſt *Soule-eaſe* procure.
Nay, health aſſure, and cleanſe us pure,
As thou didſt *Naaman*, though impure.

Lord,

Lord pitty us, and bleſſe our *Second Birth*,
As thou with heate & ſhowres doſt barren earth,
As *Peter*, *Paul*, *the Thiefe in Calvary*
And *her*, *whom Jewes tooke in Adultery*,
Thou didſt cheere up in miſery,
Becauſe they did for *Mercy* cry.

Behold how *Satan* wheeles about our braine,
More buſy now than ever with his *traine*
Of fiends unſeene to circumvent our *will*;
He knows us weake, and therefore bends his skill,
The more his mallice to fulfill,
Becauſe we are ſo *craz'd* and ill.

He ſtiles *our Heathenish ſpoiles ſtates purging pills*,
Our jarring Pleas as neceſſary ills,
Our Niggardize good thrift, *Pride decency*,
Our drunken healths kind Fellowſhip: and why?
He knowes that *Carnall fallacy*
Enwraps the Soule in *Lunacy*.

Againſt his *ſnares* we have no other fence,
Then thy *Sonnes merits*, *Blood*, *and Innocence*,
O God moſt Juſt, and for his ſake we truſt,
Thou of meere *Grace* wilt us repute as *Juſt*,
Before we be by *Satan* cruſht;
Before our Bones lye in the duſt.

Now

Now is the Time, or never, to us ayd;
For after death when we in earth are layd
What *Sacrifice*? what *Offering* wilt thou have?
Thy *Christ* hath ranſom'd us, and thou doſt crave
No more then his *deſerts*, to ſave
Sinners from *Hels* devouring grave.

Chriſt is our Head, him onely we adore,
Chriſt is the Saint, whoſe helpe we ſtill implore.
Chriſt is the Light, which harts more cold then Ice
Hath warm'd and chear'd by *the Soules Exerciſe*.
Chriſt is the Lambe, that paid the price
To *Juſtice* due for humane vice.

This *Sacrifice* regardfull of the ſtrife
Twixt *Heaven* & *Earth*, for our ſicke ſoules releiſe,
Moſt gracious Lord, we to thy *Grace* preſent,
Not to fulfill *Romes Amulets* intent,
Or *unction charm'd for Sacrament*,
But with pure *Faith*, *Loves Balme* to vent;
Both which thou haſt from *Heaven* ſent,
Both which on Earth yeeld thee content.
Amen.

The Second Dayes EXERCISE.

The Argument.

The Mystery *explain'd of* Christ his Birth;
Why he came poore, and strange to Carnall Mirth.
Here they are toucht, who soile his Feastivalls,
With Riot, Pomp, or drunken Bacchanalls.

THe *Scribe*, of late who blaz'd *the Churches state*
From *Christs Ascent* till this yeares present date,
Now represents a more *Soule-quickning* part,
And to win *strayes* drops on the *stony* heart,
Alluring them by sacred charmes to watch (*cratch*
And waite on *Him*, who made poore *Bethlems*
Borne

(Borne there *without Male-Sire* in *Judaes Land*,
Like *Daniels Mountaine-Stone cut without hand*)
More glorious than the *Romane Capitoll*,
Or *Rhodes Coloſſe* in the *Sev'n Wonders* Roll.
For this ſweet Trance, to rebaptize the Will,
To rowze the Braine, the Soule with zeale to fill,
Draw, *Chriſtians*, neere: and view the *Stable-Cratch*
Where lay *the Virgins Son*; Draw neere, diſpatch,
And humbly greet this *Heav'ns & Earths umpeere*,
Whoſe *Joyfull Feaſt* good *Chriſtians* every yeere
Do ſolemnely renew for *twelve Dayes* ſpace,
Till that bright *Starre* ends at his *Native place*.
Wiſemen they were, who did this *Light* partake
Led by that *Flame*, which through the Prophets (ſpake.
Had we their *Star*, or *Iacobs Staffe for Guide*,
Diviner Dreames our Fancies would betide.
We might then hope with ſafety and with Eaſe
To paſſe the *Spaniſh Straights* and *Mid-land Seas*
In ſpite of *Mooriſh Pirates*, or *Algiere*,
And without feare of *Turkes* to domineere,
Till we arriv'd at laſt on *Joppaes Strand*,
And ſo from thence ſurvey that *Holy Land*,
Where dwelt ſometime a *Shepheard Royaliz'd*,
Out of whoſe *Ligne Our Saviour Humaniz'd*,
The ſecond Adam, our ſoules Shepheard came
As well from *God* as from *Juſt Abraham*.

(*Truth*
But how cam'ſt thou, *quoth Zeale*, to ſound out

In tuned forme? a worke for *Joviall Youth*?
No humane skill can ancient yeares exchange:
From whence then spring these Tunes? these motions strange
In thee, whose *Beard* bewrayes that *Melancholy*
Strives to supplant the sanguine humour wholy?

He that inspir'd poore *Fishermen* to rowle
Deep *Mysticks* with *New Tongues*, and to enrowle
For after-times his *Gifts* on them conferr'd,
Hath now fresh Heat into my veines transferr'd:
To scare the Proud, to cure the crazed Foole,
Like that which sometimes stirr'd *Bethesdaes poole*.
He guided me to *Bethlem*, *Nazareth*,
To *Jordan*, *Salem*, and *Gennesareth*.
Whence by *Christs Birth*, *Deeds*, *Crosse*, *and rising up*
From death to Life, we cheere up Soules that droop
For there is no distemper, nor disease,
But if we fixe on *Christ*, we shall find ease.
Christ paid the Price for our infirmities,
Christ onely is *the New mans Sacrifice*.
To honour *Him*, with Soule-rapt *Extasie*
God breath'd in me sweet-working *Poesie*.
Slight not then, *Readers*, my conceites, but heare
With spungy eares what I deliver here.
God grant that these work more sung of his *Sonne*
Then all my former workes; and I have done.

Old

Old things are done; we must be *borne anew*
Rise, *Libertine*, and *Christ his Birth* renew.
Rise up, *thou lazy Soule*, thou pampred Sot,
Tis neere *Sun-set*; leave we this sensuall Cot
For *Castawayes*, who spend their time in pleasure,
And cannot in a yeare find one dayes leasure
To meditate upon *Christ crucifyed*,
With humble thoughts and vessels sanctifyed;
Nor on *Christs Birth*, how that his *Incarnation*
Availes us more than *Adams first Creation*
O why, came he into the world a stranger?
And would be borne in a poore homely *Manger*?
Why did *the Lord of Lords* himselfe abase
To take on him our faults? but to give place
To *Justice*, which equality requir'd?
Which to shame *Pride* harmoniously desir'd?
Gods Righteous Zeale did satisfaction aske,
But *Man* could not performe so great a taske
The infinite high Wisdome was offended,
And for a price as infinite intended.
The whole world shooke; the *Elements* did warre;
The *Planets*, *starres*, and humours fell to jarre;
All chang'd their former course; The *Sun* lookt pale;
Fiends into *Hell* were like *Mankind* to hale.

There were but *two*: and they from goodnesse fell;
How could their Race then be but slaves to *Hell*?
Soft, *hasty wit*: I saw the *New man* comming

Just at their Fall to curbe the *Devils* cunning
I saw their Griefe, their Penitence and *Crosse*;
I saw *Gods Grace* Conditionall after Losse;
I saw *Gods Seale* of Pardon for their Sinnes,
When their *bare Limbs* he cloth'd with *Coates of Skinnes*,
For when *our Parents* sinn'd they were asham'd,
Shame wrought remorse. Then *Christ Gods Merg*
The second of the Glorious Trinity (claim'd;
Tooke pitty on Mans losse of *unity*;
The Word, that spake when *Light* and Life began,
Claim'd share of *Grace* for his *Reformed Man*.
As a *Just Sire* and his *Mild wife* do treat,
How their *lewd Child* they might reclaim, or beat
So *Justice* did, and *Grace* expostulate,
What should become of *Adam* and his *Mate*:
Justice alleadg'd their *voluntary Fall*,
But *Grace* oppos'd the *Serpents* Charmes and Gall.
The One protested Death, but *the kinde Other*
Sought with *Gods Love* the sting of Sinne to smother.
The One did Man a *Turne-coat Traytour* name,
The Other on his Frailty layd the blame.
The One Mans wicked Thoughts insisted on,
The Other Mans *Repentance* stood upon.
Justice strict Law, but *Grace* against Laws Scourge
Gods Court of Conscience did most strongly urge,
And sweetly pray'd her *Sister* not to ranke
Mankin

Mankind with *Fiends* for One, though mortall
This Matter then of mighty consequence (Prank.
Betwixt them Both yet standing in suspence,
With various Pleas concerning our *Salvation*,
Or in *Hells Flames* our finall *Reprobation*:
The *Virgins* two did mutually agree
To compromit the same to *Gods Decree*;
On which Suspence these *Glorious Attributes*
With *Zeale* and *Love* concluded their Disputes.

Th' Almighty then consulted not with any
Of *Angels Ranke*, though there he had full many,
Not for their Zeale with *Seraphins* approv'd,
Nor *Cherubins*, though them he dearely lov'd,
They *Spirits* were but of a Creatures mould.)
Then mystickly *the Father* did unfold
The Matter to his *Sonne* and *Holy Ghost*,
Gods Honour sav'd, how *Man* might not be lost,
Nor left depriv'd of *Light* and Favour wholly,
Like those proud *Angels* darkned for their Folly.
There was no way to make *Legitimate*
Mans Bastard slips, nor to repaire our state
With *Faiths Free-will*, *Divine*, and absolute,
Of whose essentiall Forme Some now dispute;
There was no way for *Adam*, nor his *Seed*,
Nor *Nature* left to do this Glorious Deed,
Since that the *vapour* of the *Dragons Gall*
Had fouly blackt their *Gifts Organicall*;

There was no way this worke to bring to passe
But by *Regeneration* to deface
The sting of sinne, and by a *New-made Creature*
Borne of the *Spirit* and of *Humane Nature*
To do *Gods will*, which *Adam* fail'd to doe,
One that could live here poore, and patient too
Voyd of sinne spleene, and thoughts deformities
Voyd of all guile, and lustfull vanities;
One that could fixe his Faith on *God* alone
Of Power earth with *Heaven* to attone;
One that could breake the *Devils* combinations,
One that could brook the triall of Temptations
One who mankind was able to renue;
And with *New gifts* their nature to endue;
Yea, such a one, that could endure the rod
Of his, for Sinnes of men displeased God;
And that partaking of *Divinity*
Could with the Head unite *Humanity*;
And lastly One, that able was to tread
Downe sinnes delight, *the wily Serpents Head.*
This Rarest One the Trinity did see
Could not among *Mens Race*, nor *Angels* be
(For the brightest *Angels* unfaithfull prov'd,
And the best men were bad, though well belov'd)
To satisfy *Gods wrath* there needed then
A *Higher power* for the Sinnes of men
To *sacrifice* before their full attonement.
No *Blood of Beasts* could make this reconcilement.

No

No *Prayers* made to *Angels*, *Starres*, nor *Saints*;
No *Purging Flames* could stint sad Soules complaintes;
No Dove-like *Sighes*, nor Cataract of *Teares*,
No *Fasts*, nor *Hermits Garbs* could ease their fears;
Not *Incense*, not *the blood* of all the World,
Nor all their *merits* yet together hurld;
But *blood of Man* that never had offended,
Of a *New-man* downe from *Above* descended,
Of a *New Mould* endowed with *Free will*,
Which *Adam* lost, with power to barre all ill
Who taking on himselfe all mens transgressions
Would dy that death, which by their owne confessions
They had deserv'd, and by that meanes t'asswage
Gods Justice, and supplant the *devils* rage.

The Fathers Word then, and his *bosome Sonne*,
By whom, & for whose sake all things were done
Consented to be borne of *Humane flesh*
With dowries meet the fainting to refresh,
Whereby their eyes might see his *reall light*,
Though *Infinite*, yet not to hurt their sight:
Gods owne true Heire, the light and Spring of Life,
Did willingly assume to end all strife,
To bound himselfe, although *ubiquity*,
To Calendar in Time *Eternity*.
Christ undertooke a new to represent

The second Adams Part, to which Intent,
And to redeeme us from *his Fathers Doome*,
He our fraile flesh tooke in a Virgins wombe,
For Nine Moneths space shut up in narrow place,
Whose strength no place can hold, no Time, nor space.
Almighty God, his Promise to make good
To his adopted Saints of Adams Brood,
That One of Evaes Seed in time to come,
Should at the last the Serpent overcome,
And triumph by his Death on Hellish Sinnes
As *Sampson* did on *Dagons* Philistines,
Had moved *Joseph one of Davids House*
To take the *Virgin Mary* for his *Spouse*,
Both knowne to be of *Zorobabels Race*,
Which branch'd from *Davids* Root holp up to grace
Their Pedegree, though they were clouded then
Through poverty. Whereby appeares to men
How much to Lawfull meanes *Gods Pureneſſe* tends
Whilst thus by *Wedlocks veile* He shrouds his Ends;
How *Maries* lowly minde by Grace Divine
For her Babes worth did *Evaes* pride decline:
But leaves *the Rich* with *Mammons Pitch* defil'd.
For *She* was Poore, and He a *Carpenter*,
Yet *God* did them before *Great Folkes* preferre,
A Slighted Paire, his two-fold Instrument,

To

To bring *Chriſts Birth* to full accompliſhment.

Now *Sixe Moneths* came, ſince *Grave Elizabeth*
Of *John* conceiv'd: And then to *Nazareth*
God ſent againe the *Angel Gabriel*
Glad Tidings of much wonder to foretell,
That there *the Bleſſed Virgin* ſhould with *Child*
Conceive, not by the *Male*, but by the Mild
And Gentle *Sparks* breath'd from *the Holy Ghoſt*;
And that likewiſe in *Judaes Hilly Coaſt*
Elizabeth her Coſen then was bleſt,
Though Old and barren, with an Embrion Gueſt,
Who *born* ſhould roome make for the *higheſt King*,
As his *Dumbe Sire Tong-loos'd* would ſhortly ſing.
This *Signe the Angell* added to Confirme
The Maidens Faith, and make his Meſſage firme,
For *Malachy* had propheſied, that *John*
Elias-like ſhould preach ere *Chriſt* came on.
The Angell gone: in haſt *the Virgin-Saint*
Went with theſe newes her *Couſen* to acquaint,
At whoſe Approach *the Sixe months Embryon*
And ſhe *a Pſalme God Magnifying* ſung. (ſprung,
I need not, ſince *Old Wives* of it can prate,
The Angels Ave Mary here relate.
His words to her were *Newes Miraculous*,
But wreſt for *vowes* they prove *Idolatrous*,
When mumbling on fine *Beades*, like *Parrats*
Chat,

They

They beg in a *ſtrange tongue* they know not what.
Yet by the *New-mans* leave we paraphraze,
And paint her Dowries forth in modeſt phraze,
Not *Suppiant* wiſe to court *Imagery*,
But to renew, like *Saints*, her memory,

All haile to thee, O Mary full of Grace,
Happy be they, who ſee thy *Virgins face*
Among the *Angels Legions* rais'd on high,
And there advanc'd for thy *Humility*;
Which didſt *Chriſt* by the *Holy Ghoſt* conceive,
As *Clay Gods ſtamp* did by his *Word* receive.
Bleſt be thy Name, *O Mayd, Gods Spouſe, & Mother.*
Which broughtſt a *Sonne*, our *Saviour*, and our *Brother*,
Such *Greetings* thou didſt from *the Angell* merit
Before thou knew'ſt *Conception by the Spirit*,
Whereby thou didſt *Manoahs Wife* excell,
Though *Sampſons birth an Angell did foretell*
But why ſeeke I to overcloud thy Praiſe
With theſe poore lines, lame hobling ſorry Laies?
To pray to thee would derogation be
To his high worth, who ſaved thee and me
(For not *the Woman*, but *the Womans Seed*
Did *Satan* foile, and ranſome *Adams Deed*)
To praiſe thee more then *thy deare Son* in Bookes,
That were to racke thy praiſe on Tenter-hookes,
As if *God* thee a *goddeſſe* did inſtall,

Conceiv'd

Conceiv'd without sinnes sting Originall.
In *Heav'n* thou shin'st no more to be molested
With Sinners songs to *superstition* wrested;
Where leaving thee *Gods Treasures* to contemple
I greet on Earth *thy Infants former Temple,*
Concluding thee of Female kind the best
The mother of my Saviour, ever Blest,
The Type of that true *Church*, in which we thrive,
And therefore *Blest* in the Superlative.

But when that *Joseph* knew his *Bride with Child*
By him untoucht, he thought he was beguil'd
In his late choyce, and therefore privately,
Like a Just man, most loath her publiquely
To shame, by letting all their Neighbours know
Her fault suppos'd with Indignations Brow,
He purposed the matter to protract,
Or to give up the Note of the *Contract.*
He studyed how this new Affinity,
He might shake off, and shun her company.
One while he thought to pocket up the Fraud,
Yet fear'd to be to his owne house a *Baud.*
Love, Griefe, & *Shame* perplext him with remorce;
It griev'd his heart to sue out a divorce:
He pittyed her, yet never more intended
To dwell with her: but while he so contended
With netled Cares, behold *an Angells voice*
Thus in a dreame chang'd all his cares to joyes:

Be not affraid, O *Joseph Davids Sonne*,
To take thy *Spouse*. In her the Worke begun
Proceeds from none but *God*. *The Mayde* is not
By Man defil'd, but *is with Child begot*
By Gods owne Breath, which over-shadow'd her;
He to her *wombe* did his sweet *Rayes* transfer,
For which *above all women she is blest*,
And of that *Sexe* for ever ranked *Best*.
That *Sonne*, which she brings forth, shall called be
Jesus, that is, *a Saviour*, because *He*
Shall many save, and from Damnation free,
Which they deserved had by *Adams Tree*;
Both God and Man, *Prince*, *Priest*, *Emanuel*,
Hee shall redeeme men from the Bonds of *Hell*.
When *Joseph* had awakt, he plainly knew
It was Gods Will, and for a *Vision* true
Acknowledging the same, her *hallowed Wombe*
He honour'd as *Gods Seat*, and tooke her home;
And during Life, as a true *Saint* became,
He liv'd with her without reproach or blame.
O Happy Saint, a Foster-Sire become
To Him, whose Sentence shall all creatures doome!
Who *God and Man*, *God by the Fathers Side*,
Man by the Mothers, through the Earth did glide!

Thrice Blest is He, who with the *Mornings Larke*
Doth *Christ his Birth*, *his Life*, *and Passion* marke;
And, ere the *Sable veile* invites the Braine

To

To ſlumbring Reſt, repeates his Part againe:
Chriſt is our New-mans Crowne, the Womans Seed,
Gods Word, Mens Light, who ſu'd for men unfeed,
Who trod on *Satans Head,* on *Death* Sinnes Hire,
Sinaies Thund'rer, who ſpake in Flames of Fire,
Jacobs Shiloh, Moſes his Prophet Great,
Of Whom did David and Gods Prophets treat,
Daniels Meſſias, Eſayes Emanuel,
The Virgins Sonne, who ſtrangely conquer'd *Hell*
By *Lowlineſſe,* and ſcorne of worldly Fame;
Yeelding himſelfe a Spectacle of Shame
Vpon *the Croſſe* with *Nailes* tormenting woes
For moſt unthankefull Men, his mortall Foes.
To this *High Prieſt, Melchiſedech of Peace,*
Stick, *Chriſtians,* faſt: and let home Quarrells ceaſe;
For *None get in through heavens narrow Gate*
But *Men of Faith in Chriſt Regenerate,*
Men vow'd to lead like *Him* a Godly Life,
Men that would leave Wealth, Honors, Pleaſures, Wife,
Rather then they would blurre *Gods tendred Grace,*
Detract from *Chriſt,* or his poore *Saints* diſgrace.
With this *Beliefe,* and *Myſteries* of Old
Well Catechiz'd, like *Saints,* Come on, behold,
And *kiſſe Gods Sonne,* keeping th' *Evangelles* Path,
Leſt Jealous He conſume you in his Wrath.
Faiths Curtain is remov'd, the Cloudy Barre,
View then *the Root of Jeſſe, our Mornings Starre.*

About

About the end of *Jacobs Propheſie*,
That out of *Judaes Land* their *Po'icy*
And th'Execution of their *Lawes Decree*,
Till *Shiloh* came, ſhould not extinguiſht be,
Nor that untill he came *Time* ſhould deface,
As with a Floud, the Lot of *Judaes Race*:
Heav'ns true Shiloh, Gods great Embaſſadour
Arriv'd on Earth, & yet could ſcarce have harbour
Although the *Jewes* did ſee their *Scepter* gone
Under proud *Aliens*, and their *Lawes* undone
Except a ſhew of *Policy* with ſtaine,
Which likewiſe ended in *Veſpaſians* Raigne:
Yet few obſerv'd *Old Jacobs teſtament*,
Thinking that he and all the *Prophets* meant
A *Temporall Prince* by him that was to come,
Who as they dream'd, a *David* might become
With a *Camp Royall*, and the warlike drum
To Triumph, Conquer, aud the world to doome
To free faire *Sion*, and *the Land of Jury*
From *Cæſars* yoke, and th' *Idumæans* fury.
But their *Meſſias*, while the *Jewes* thus raved,
Of *Judaes Tribe* deſcended, and from *David*,
Typ'd in that *Kings dream't ſtone herne without hand*,
Begot without the Male, in Jewry Land,
Was borne at *Bethlem*, lodg'd among the *Beaſts*.
(Such pitty *Innes* ſhew to diſtreſſed Gueſts)

Soone as *th' Autumnall ſeaſon of the yeare*

Had

Had Ballanced the two-fold Hemisphere,
The Temples Porch of Romes Bifronted Saint
Shut up, whom they *the God of Peace* did paint:
Augustus, then the Roman Emperour,
When he had swayd by his Triumphant pow'r
The Land of Egipt, Syria, Palestine,
And what did next the *Parthian state* confine,
And more then *forty yeares* the Soveraignty
Had held, grew bold upon their Lenity,
Their vassalage, long Peace, and dandling rest,
Thence he resolv'd to hoord into his Chest
Much *Easterne Gold*, as he had oft before
Vext them with *Rates*, and with his *Coborts* more
About that Time, when *Annuall Contributions*,
Or *Subsidies* by *Senates Constitutions*
Were pay'd unto the *Officialls* of the *Prince*
For *Legions Hire* by the Subjected *Province*,
Which was *September* by *Romes* Audit Booke,
And then belike they for this *Toll* did Looke,
Unlesse they for this *New*, and speciall Rate
Prolong'd the time, untill *Decembers* date,
As *Statesmen* to prevent tumultuous Armes,
In *Winter* use to taxe *repining* swarmes,
To this effect did *Cæsar* Writs direct
To *Syriaes Pretour*, that he should collect
This *Rate*: And sent withall a Proclamation
With these Contents, on paine of Confiscation
Of goods and States, and for their sloth Rebukes,

That

That all the *Kings*, and *Tributary Dukes*
Should cause *Romes Easterne Vassalls* to resort
To their *Birth Place* of the Espoused Sort
To pay a Rate, by Name, the Head, or Poll,
And this by Booke the *Pretour* to inroll.
This strict *Edict* made all Men hast away
Into their Native Soile, the *Taxe* to pay.
Among the rest went *Joseph* to be *taxt*
With his true *Virgin Bride*, by that time waxt
Ready to *Child of Israels faires Hope*,
The Womans Seed which promis'd was to cope
With *Carnall Sinne*, and to smite *Lucifer*,
So to save them, who lost in *Adam* were;
Her Time was come, and then *the blessed Spouse*
With *Joseph* tooke in hast that homely House,
For want of other lodging at the *Inne*,
Which being full would not let poore Folkes in.

Christ in the World this Entertainement had,
And who are truly his shall finde as bad
Among his Foes, unlesse they bring them *Gold*,
Or *Projects* their Ambition to uphold;
Vnlesse they come in Ruffling Vestiments
They are but held *poore Snakes*, or *Innocents*;
Or if such crave Reliefe, they with a P----
Will packe them to the *Bead'e*, or the *Stockes*.
What *Patron* now will his poore *Members* foster?
Few but for *Gaine*. *No Coine, no Pater noster.*

"*The*

" *The Crosse is Christians Badge, or Poverty,*
" *The Antichristians Marke is Dignity* (garies,
" With Pride, and Wealth. *Lord*, temper our va-
" When thee we doe neglect, with Contraries.

Though few then knew *the Lord of Heaven & Earth*,
Nor heeded much the Cause of his poore Birth,
At which, although no *Ladyes* of Renowne
Did meet of *Salems*, or of *Bethlems Towne*,
Nor giddy *Gossips* trig'd to Gurmandize,
To cheate the Time with idle Chat, or Lies,
Yet let our *Inward man*, his *Swathes* behold,
And this *Childs Swathes* the *Scriptures* shall unfold.
Here they shall find another *Hercules*
Than that which Poets faigne, to crush in lesse
Than a Thoughts while *two Snakes* from *Juno*
To Murther him within his *Cradle* pent. (sent
Here they shall find a *Theame* beyond all Theames
Truth wrapt in Flesh, to thratle Tales & Dreames.
Here they shall find despis'd by worldly Men
Saints basely layd, as in a Dungeon Den.
Here they shall finde *Gods* Babe in poorest Bed,
Though borne to tread upon *the Serpents Head*.
Yet though Dull Men were silent in his Praise,
The holy Angels with Harmonious Layes,
And shouts of Joy, divulg'd his *Horoscope*;
They sung of his sweet *Grace*, and future hope;
They chanted out *Gods Glorious Name* with Mirth,

Good Will, and Peace to men through *Christ his Birth*;
For at this Time, when All One Colour wore,
Whilst *Epicures* out-slept their Dainties store,
Some *Shepheards* watch't their Flockes neere *Bethlems Towne*,
To whom the *Angels* made these Tidings known.

For *Drowzy Drones* here is Authenticke warning:
Some *Mysteries* disclosed for their Learning;
"*The first Man* in the *Spring* was form'd of Earth;
"*Of God and man* in *Autumne Christ his Birth*
Began, and with more Light rose from the East,
But now it sets in Stormy *Winter* West.
Some thinke *Christs-Tide* false beares *Decembers* (*Date*,
Because the *Taxe* was by the *Romane State*
Exacted in *September*, as they prate:
And S. *Johns Birth* beares *March* for antedate,
Abiaes Course cast up for Zachary:
Yet this supposed true, to shunne their Cry,
I say, what if *the Fiery Comforter*
(*Christs Deputy, the Churches wise Supporter*)
Indifferently Dispenc'd with this Exchange?
That with S. *Mathewes* Memory we change
The same, and with S. *Michaels Jubilee*?
Whereof the first records *Christs Pedegree*,
And *Birth*, as th'other serves to represent
His *Churches* State, through Civill Discord rent?

Or

Or else because the World shrunke to old Age,
This *changed Feast* calmes *Melancholies rage*,
To comfort us amidst our Stormes, and Snowes,
When to the Root the *Sap* fall from the *Boughes*?
Perhaps rude *Goates Coucht* under *Capricorne*
Now Good Men tame, or *Tares* divide from Corne,
New Hearts presenting, with the *New yeares Sunne*
For *Incense*, *Gold*, and *Myrrh* unto *Gods Sonne*,
Who at this *Feast* tooke *Flesh and Circumcision*,
Whereto his *Starre* led *Wisemen* in Procession,
Proclaiming him in *Salem*, *King of Jewes*,
For all fierce *Herods* craft vext with the Newes:
That *Israels Prince*, *Whose Spring of Pedegree*
Eternall was, *in Bethlem borne should be*;
His Craft availd him not, for they by *God*
Were the same way home to Returne forbod,
And though in stead of *Christ* poore *Babes* he slew,
He did by death his Deed soone after rue.

But why came they to Christ with *Gold* & Store
Of precioue *Gummes*, who might from *Heav'n* have more?
Was it to shew, that *Christ our Royall Head*,
High Priest, *and Judge* Commands the Quick and Dead
By vertue of his *God-heads Triple Mace*
Of Justice, *Mercy*, *and Inspiring Grace*?

Vniting Man to *Gods* Conformity
By these *three Gifts*, Types of the *Trinity*?
A Priest to *Mediate*, *Preach*, and *Sacrifice*:
A King to *Raigne*, a *Judge to Punish vice*?
"And that more oft than *Incense*, *Myrrh* or *Gold*,
"*God* might with *Faith* perfumed Hearts behold?
Or did these *Sages* of their owne accord
Present such Gifts, as welcome to *the Lord*?
Or which is likely, did *Gods Spirit* move
Those holy *Pilgrims* to expresse his Love
And Care for *his Beloved* in Distresse?
Who at that sudden pinch were Money-lesse?
That with such needfull Meanes they might supply
Their wants, when he forewarned them to fly
To *Egypt* from the *Tyrants* bloody sword,
Till their Returne from *Exile* by his *Word*?
When they that sought the *Infants Life* were dead,
And *Herods Sonne* Installed in his stead?
This Passage sure beleeve it as your Creed,
"*God never failes the New Man in his Need*;
But *gives his Angels charge, as for his Sonne,*
That he dash not his Foot against a Stone.

But missing *Christ*, why were poore *Infants* slaine?
"That for the *Head* the Members suffer paine:
"And that their *Types* as *Blazing Stars display*:

Who

Who Christians slay, they Christ himselfe wou'd slay.
And why blest He a *Virgin* with his Birth?
And made her first *Christs Temple* here on Earth,
That was no *Lady Crown'd with worldly Honor*?
Nor with Rich glaring Robes tooke State upon her?
And why grac'd he poore *Shepheards* with these Newes?
Not full-fed *Peeres*, *Princes*, nor wealthy *Jewes*;
Not *Rabbies*, *Popes*, nor *Lordings of the Church*,
Who lookt for *Christ*, yet liv'd upon the Lurch?
Let *Dogmatists* resolve these Doubts, that know
Why *Thunder* smites high Trees, & spares the Low.
"*Gods Grace*, & *Pride*, can never brooke each other,
"Nor dwells Humility, and Pomp together:
The *Former* doth our Breach with *Heaven* repaire,
The *Latter* whilst it swells, bursts into Aire:
For there, some play with *Aiery Fancies Elves*,
Till Hell devowrs the *Tempters*, and themselves.
Gods Church seemes poore *to Carnall Libertines*:
"In Heavens she sups, though hard on *Earth* she dines,
"*God* chose the *weakest* to confound the *Wise*,
"That *Man* with *Christ* by simple means might rise,
Embracing more his *Crib* for Soules behoofe (
Than *Satans Crowne* in this our world of proofe:
"Yet *God* allowes, to shun an *Anarchy*,
"For Orders sake a kinde of *Hierarchy*,

" With *Pastours Pow'r* in every Christian State,
" To *Bind*, or *Loose*, or *Excommunicate*;
" To heale the sickly, and to bath his Flocke
" With *Waters* streaming from the *Living Rocke*,
" More fishing for *Mens Soules* then *Carnall Preyes*,
" More glorying in *the Crosse* than *worldly swayes*:
" Whom *Christ* bids Feed, and not like *Wolves* to bite us:
" Whom *Christ* bids *Watch*, as *Paul* exhorted *Titus*.

Yet, *Little Flocke*, that bleat'st through *Tyrants* Rage,
Grudge not, there shortly comes a Newer Age.
He that reveng'd on *Herod* and his House
The Blood of Bethlems Babes, will right his *Spouse*.
The Blood late spilt in our West Christian Lands
God will require at *Gogs* and *Magogs* hands:
God will his *Servants* wrongs ease, or conclude,
Whom *Tyrants* snar'd in *Ægypts Servitude*.
God will revenge their Cause, Complaints, and Teares,
Whom our *Make-bates* by Tricks set by the Eares.
" *No Motion, Plea, Decree, nor false Demurre*
" Of *Jarring Braines* can *Heavens Sentence blurre*,
For with *the Beast* and *Lords* that tooke his part,
They shall in *Tophets Flames* for ever smart;
The Members for their Plots, Bribes, & Misdeeds,
Their *Perking Heads* for justifying their Deeds,

For

For suffering *Elies Sonnes* on *Saints* to prey,
For sparing *Agags*, whom *the Lord bids* slay.
Be patient then, *Yee Servants of the Lord*,
Poore Nabaoths, who feare the slaughtring Sword:
The *Sunne* will shine after some Thunderclaps,
New Heavens joyes will smoother all Misshaps;
And *God* will plague those *Lords*, who make a Prey
Of *Christians Goods*, nay worse, who *Christians* slay.
Let none, that holds of *Faith* the smallest Graine,
Despaire, but that with cheerefull minde againe,
Though girt with *Flames*, as *the three Children* were,
He may without Annoy, or Servile Feare
Of the Soules Guilt escape from his Distresse,
If he beleeves that *Gods bright Word* tooke *Flesh*
And di'd for him, he cannot doe amisse.
"*Gods Grace appeares in dangers most extreme*
"*Betwixt the Bridge and the devouring streame*;
Nay, plunged in *the Deepe* ore Head and Eares,
God may reprieve, or rid him of his Feares,
Transplanting him to that *Eternall Rest*,
Where griping Griefe shall never him molest,
As *the good Thiefe*, whom they did *Crucifie*
With *Christ* and others sav'd can testifie.
"Let this suffice: *None ever miss'd Reliefe*;
"*Who fixt on Christ alone his Hearts Beliefe.*
From hence poore *Josephs*, though in Closest ward,

May looke for Liberty with *Angels Guard.*
From hence good *Davids*, though in Baniſhment,
May hope for Calmer Dayes, and ſome Content.
From hence *Gods Prophets* may in their diſtreſſe,
Like *Jeremy* and *Paul*, expect Redreſſe.
From hence may *Saints*, though in their Tents beſet
By Millions of proud Foes, deliverance get.
He that warn'd *Joſeph* with the *Babe* to fly
From *Herods Sword* to *Egypt*, will ſupply
Their wants, and ayd them in their Pilgrimage
Againſt inſulting Foes and *Satans* Rage.
And though they feele the *Plague*, *Saints* may reſpire,
Caſting, like *Paul*, the *Viper* in the Fire.
Or were their Eyes drawne out, their Noſes ſlit,
Or all their Members rackt, they may hope yet
With *Inward Joyes* to be more raviſhed,
Than if *unmaim'd* their Bodyes flouriſhed.
Nay, were they flay'd for croſſing Hells Decrees,
Like *the ſev'n Brethren in the Maccabees*,
They ſhall o'recome thoſe Furies Inſurrection,
And joy like *Job*, *to ſee the Reſurrection*;

For *they well know that their Redeemer lives*,
And for that *Martyrs* Sight dare pawne their lives,
S. *Stevens* Sight who here on Earth entraunc't
Saw Jeſus firſt on Gods Right hand advanc't,

Which

Which with his *ſtoning* ſeal'd confirmes our Creed,
"*That Martyrs Blood became the Churches Seed,*
"And that al thoſe, who would ſee *Chriſt* in glory,
"Muſt beare his *Markes*, & heed his *Paſſions* ſtory.
In *Spirit* where ſaw *John th' Evangeliſt*
The Throned Lambe but in his *Baniſht Liſt*?
In Pathmos, where he ſaw by *Revelation*,
The *Churches State*, and *Babells Fornication*?

To feele *Remorſe*, ſome feede their *Raviſhments*
With Herods Sword unſheath'd on Innocents,
"That *bloody Sword*, wherewith the *Eagles Peeres*
"Did perſecute neere for *Three hundred yeeres*
"The *Chriſtians Race*; And which lay then ſuſpended,
"Till *Satan* it *to Babells Whore* Commended,
"As witneſſed old *Chaucers Pellican*
"Againſt the *Griffon*, and his *Vatican*;
"Which *Berengarius* long before diſcry'd,
"Which the *Waldenſes* and *Albigians* try'd;
"And which as yet our Mother *Chriſtendome*,
"*Like Rachel, feeles in her ſeeds Martyrdoome.*

To ſhew *Faiths Tree* more pregnant by the Fruite,
Some Lazars feed, ſome with Apparell ſuite.
One while they Chaunt *the New Mans Sacrifice*,
And how *the Lambe unſeal'd hid Myſteries.*
Another while they Court theſe *Feſtivals*,

With

With *Sions Songs*, Or *Bethlems Pastoralls*;
Yet so, that whil'st they kisse the *Babes Memoriall*,
The Crosse be not forgot, nor *Fiery Tryall*.
Some hold it Joy, and great Felicity,
To keepe for Saints Kind Hospitality
No *Wassailes Cup*, nor *Cates variety*
Doth relish them, like *Good Society*.
The Reason is, *God* gave them their Request,
That *Lady Conscience* be their Dayly Guest;
Dame Prudence doth the Household charge o're-looke,
Her Cousen *Thrift* is Cater, *Care* the *Cooke*,
Sobriety the Butler; *Will* the Page,
And *Manners* set in comelie Equipage
The Pots and Messes full, where *Zeale* sayes *Grace*,
And honest *Love* points every one his Place:
Content with *Wellcome* carves; then *Doctour Diet*,
Old Merry man, and *the Peace maker Quiet*
By stemme recite what morall Tales conduce
To cheere the Heart for Soules or Bodyes use.
"Thrice blest are they, who passe the Time away
"With them, be it in Talke, at Boord, or Play:
"For living so, like *Angells*, *with the wise*,
"Their Mansion seemes a *Second Paradise*,
"With safer Fate than *Palaces* of State,
"Than *Balthazars* with all their *gods of Plate*.
Others steale Houres from the Immortall Part
With *Games* and *Gambolls* to delude the Heart,

Or

Or which is worse, with *Bacchanalian Potting*,
And surfeiting, oft to their Bodyes rotting,
Which *wanton Jiggs* more oft accompany
Then *Sacred Hymnes*, with Soule-rapt Harmony.
"*Mirth fits the Time, so doth good Cheere and wine*,
"*But the excesse bewrayes a Libertine*,
That never quakes at the *rich gluttons Fate*,
Nor ever strives to be *Regenerate*.
Drowne Hoary Cares with Healthes, & hang up sorrow,
For who will care, what may befall the Morrow?
Let Papists fast, let Puritans goe whistle:
They are but Turkes, who against Wine will Bristle:
No sullen Stoick, no crabbed Criticke Foole
Shall taste the sweets of Aristippus Schoole:
Such Revells keepe our Roring *Epicures*,
Whilst they protract *the New Mans* wholsome Cures.
But no such Course shall my *new Sparkling Breast*
Conceive to Counterpoize *my Saviours Feast*.
I love his *Cratch*, & feare his Judgements Thunder,
Both which warne me to slight *a nine Dayes wonder*,
For *Pampred Sin* can hardly be kept under,
Except vaine things from the *Divine* we sunder;
"Who will be puft with *windy Lushious Fare*,
"And leave *the Soule halfe starv'd in Satans Snare*?
"How dare they spend in *Drinke*, like *Franticke Elves*,
"Thrice more than serves men abler than themselves?
"Or

"Or waſt in *Smoke*, at *Games*, or ſuch Abuſes
"The meanes left them for more convenient Uſes?
When as ſuch Deeds ſtinke in our *Makers* ſight,
And waigh'd, they prove with in his *Ballance*, (Light?
How dare our *Sots* on *Carnall Senſe* rely
When as they know, that they at laſt muſt Dye?
And after Death feele *Helliſh paine* for ever (ver?
With Rackes & Flames worſe than a *Bedlem Fea-*
Where *Dives* fail'd to have with Tortures wrung
One waters Drop, to coole his ſcorched Tongue?
But why touch I *licentious Saturnalls*?
Chriſtian I am, and *Chriſt his Feſtivalls*
I humbly with *new Raptures* celebrate,
From whence I bar the *Hare-brain'd Reprobate*,
Whoſe *Lampes may dimme* our *Altars of Devotion*,
Therefore I leave them to their Frantick Motion,
And to be fatned for thoſe *Myſticke Fooles*,
Which at *Gods Feaſt* ſhall ſnatch their Fleſh and Soules.

Yet now, becauſe at *Newyeares-tide* they ſay,
They will turne New, I greet them on that *Day*,
Not with *Rich Plate*, nor Bowls of *Liquor'd* Sin,
But Gifts fetch't from the *Spirits* Magazin,
Not with Delights of *Putrifractions* Kind,
But which *preſerves* to fortifie the Mind.
Doth *Fleſh and Bloud*, diſtruſt what I have written?

Let

Let *Flesh and Blood* be circumciz'd or Smitten;
Let the *Old Man* with *will uncircumciz'd*
Be puncht, or else with quickning fire Baptiz'd.
So that *our Thoughts be New, Christ represented*
In sacred Swathes, and with *New vowes presented*,
I weigh fierce *Herods Threats* no more than chips,
And lesse I prize his Plot, his Sword, or whips.
For *with the Magies rapt, I more behold*
Gods Babe in Manger layd than Thrones of Gold.
O would I had beene living in those dayes,
To feede mine eyes with that *New Comets Rayes*,
Which led those *wise Arabians* from *the East*
To see him, whom I glaunce at in *the West*!

But whither hath my *zeale* transported me,
At this great *Feast*, *our Winters Iubilee*?
To place *poore dust and Ashes neere Divine*
Conceits, like *Romane Coleworts* by the *Vine*?
Yet not so great is the *Antipathy*,
But that true *Saints* may feele some *Sympathy*
Betwixt the *Members and their Generall*,
Sith a mild Sence will make them *Musicall*.
Indeed sweet Love, and *union* helpe to hide,
Like *Masticks velvet*, what they finde too wide
A Blemish, or a Scarre on Faces foule,
" But causeless Nips can never harme the Soule.
Then, let not worldly wits *our New Man* Scorne,
Though

Though vile he seeme, or of the *Hope forlorne*,
For he, that outwardly lookes vilified,
May passe yet for a Creature *Justified*,
Whil'st that he beares the *Cribbe*, where *Christ* was borne
In mind, with his *Red Crosse*, and *Crowne of Thorne*.
Be meeke therefore *ye States and people all*,
All from the *Kings Bench* to the *Coblers Awle*:
Thanke *God* for them, whom for your Good he sends,
And ponder that which to your safety tends.
"Repent ye of your Sinnes, depend on *Grace*,
"That so *Christs merits* may your sinnes deface.
"Thinke Daily on *the New Mans Crucifixe*;
"And *Christ* his Cratch in your Remembrance fixe.
"Pray oft against *lewd Francies* Provocation;
"And let your Deeds to *Love* have more relation.
"*Compare our yeares from Christ his Incarnation*
"*With the Floods Time from Adams first Creation*,
"*And one Thousand sixe Hundred fifty sixe*
"*May to the World a Fatall Period fixe*;
In Desolation to all hardned Hearts,
In Dissolution of our Earthly Parts,
If all the *Signes* foretold by *Daniel*, *Christ*, *Paul* and S. *John*, fall out with *Antichrist*; (draw
True *Signes* indeede, which *Faith* and *Love* with-
By *Warres*, *Pride*, *Schismes*, and *Wiles in winding Law*;
Besides

"Besides this *Signe*: that *Gods two Prophets lay*
Martyr'd, ere Babel could her charmes display.
And who can tell, but when th' *Electors* fayle
Romes Empire sets? and Doomes Day shall prevaile?
"That *Empire*, which began when *Christ* was borne,
"Ere he returnes, shall set and be forlorne?
"Since that which barr'd in *Paules time* his Revealing,
Lies waste: what bootes the *Antichrists Concealing*?

Now whilst we looke for *Times* extreamest Date,
And *Christ his Comming*, either soone or late,
Let us salute his *Cratch*, his *Birth* admire,
And pay our vowes to him wiih *zealous fire*.
Great Abraham rejoyc'd to see his Dayes,
When rapt to *Paradise*, he felt his *Rayes*.
So did *that Baptist Babe in Mothers Wombe*
Spring by *Instinct* with *Joy*, to heare him come
Conceiv'd in *Flesh* of that *Immortall Flame*,
Which promis'd was *Sinne*, *Death* and *Hell* to shame.
So *Angells* sung of him *Propheticke* Layes:
So *Simeon* sung with *Anna* songs in praise
Of *Bethlems Babe*, *both* ravisht at his sight,
(When *Mary* cloz'd her due *Mosaicall Rite*,)
Acknowledging *the true Messias Borne*
Of *Evahes* seed to save the Soule forlorne.

And

And so shall we in minde feele Musick rare,
If we muse on *our New Mans Birth* with care;
"I meane, *that Sparke*, which at our *Baptisme* rose
"Within our Hearts *three Monsters* to oppose.
Then freely we his *Gospell* may imbrace,
And sing this *Lullaby* with measur'd pace:
The Holy Ghost, to save fraile Adams Race,
Breath'd a sweet Flame in Mary full of Grace.
This *Flame infus'd in Flesh*, both Man and God,
We greet and cloze his Birth with *Simeons* Ode:
Thy Birth and Name doe saving Health betide,
O Maide-borne Man, God by the Fathers side.
Thou art the Gentiles Light, Emanuel;
The Glory, Head, and Crowne of Israel:
Whose Glimpse we having seene in sacred Trance,
Lord, now in Peace us to that Light advance:
That Light, which thou conceived'st in our Flesh
To save Mankind, and Satan to suppresse:
The Light of Soules, thy true essentiall Forme
Of Mary borne, Eves Off-spring to reforme;
Whom with Thee and thy Spirit, three in one,
We honour, praise, and serve, Great God, alone,
Without depending upon Angels, Saints,
Or such whom Baal for Advocates be Saints.

A Hymne in Memory of our Saviours Birth and Incarnation.

ALL yee, that are of Spirit mild,
And long to greete *the Virgins Child:*
Lay by a while your worldly Cares,
The *Outward mans* bewitching ſnares,
And let us now ſubmiſſive ſing
The Cradle-cratch of Heavens King.

Bleſt be *the wombe* which *Jeſus* bare;
Bleſt be his *Name*, that ſaves from care
Fraile *Adams ſeed*, if they repent
Their time miſpent, to *Satan* lent.
Chriſts onely Name doth *Satan* ſhame,
Then, let us all ſound *Chriſt* his Fame,
Let every Heart ſubmit to *Chriſt*,
For without *Chriſt*, none can ſubſiſt.
Bleſt be the *Breſts*, which gave him ſucke.
Bleſt be thy *Cratch* which hadſt the lucke,
O Bethlem, with a *Starre* to boote,
To ſpread abroad *King Davids roote.*

In thee was the *Meſſias* borne,
Jewes Shilob Prince, yet held in ſcorne,
Becauſe he did not perſonate
A *Royall Babe* with open ſtate;
But that he lay in *Manger* baſe,
They waigh'd not well the *Myſticke* Caſe,
That *Mary* did *Eves* want ſupply,
Our New-man Adams qualify;
How *Chriſt* was come to humble Pride,
And by Low Ebbes Flouds to divide:
That *Chriſt* at firſt grew, like a *Graft*
From *Heaven* ſent, to put downe *Craft*:
Whence like a *ſhrub*, but *Cedar* now,
The hugeſt Tree he makes to bow:
And ſo muſt we ſtoope often Low,
Ere we ſhall like this *Cedar* grow,
We muſt embrace his *Cribbe* and *Croſſe*,
Ere parted be our *Gold* from *Droſſe*;
We muſt Caſhiere wilde Fancies wags,
Our high Conceits, and *Merits* brags.

Then *Yee*, that hope *Gods Babe* to meet,
Waigh more then Plumes your *Peacocks feete*.
Sith *Chriſt* before a bed of Downe
Preferr'd a *Cratch*, beate Pleaſures downe,
I meane, thoſe *ſnares*, which ye ſhall find
To cheat good Time, and mad the mind,
And beare about you more his *Markes*

Then

Then *Carnall* Toyes, or *Nine dayes* ſparkes.
Obſerve what things ye vow'd of late
At your *New Birth* to ſhun and hate,
Ere ye preſume to kiſſe this *Child*,
O yee that are by Nature wild.

The Third Dayes EXERCISE.

The Argument.

The Life, *which* Christ *led in our vale of Teares,*
Untill of Age he grew to Thirty yeares,
How then he was Baptiz'd by Holy John,
And tempted thrice *by* Satan *thereupon.*

THough *Christ a Child* inherent Righteousnesse
Originall and Actuall did possesse,
And in his *Youth* sufficient gifts inherit
To cope with *Hell*, yet by the *Sacred Spirit*
He was not led into the *Wildernesse*,
Till to more *yeares* he grew of *Manlinesse*,
That in all points like us, excepting *sinne*,

He

He might on Earth his *Humane course* begin,
"Cloath'd with our *flesh*, expos'd to *scorners gall*,
"*Temptations*, *Death*, and yet o'recomming all.
"(For never *God* his children leaves for *trials*,
"Till he them armes gainst *Satans* false espials)
Now I review the shadow of his *Diall*,
Packe to his *Swathes*, with a short true Memoriall
Of his rare gifts, and *Heavenly Qualities*,
Which more & more shot forth with properties
Convenient for his greene, and tender Age,
Whil'st here he went his earthly Pilgrimage,
"From his *Conception*, *Birth*, and *Cradle Blest*,
"I doe proclaime of *Babes* this *Babe* the Best.
Nature and *Grace* contended in his *Feature*,
Till they it form'd a peereleſſe lovely Creature,
And what they did (if ought at all) let slip,
His *God-head* made compleat their workmanship.

O would *my Lord* now doe the like for *This*,
This *weakeling*, which with awfull sense I kisse,
This *Embryon*, or *Conception* of my braine,
Christs Portraiture, which I shall draw in vaine,
Except the *Spirit* of th' *Evangelists*;
The Holy Flame, which guided to the lists
Of the *Triple Combat* this *Man of men*,
Doe purify my style from Blots uncleane,
And my swift *Trance*, from *Superstitious* fury,
Whilst I from *Wales* to *Galilee in Jury*

Am carryed with a rapid zealous *Flame*,
To see how *Christ* a Child, a Man became,
A Man *Baptiz'd*, as we his Members be,
Tempted by *Satan*, yet got bravely free.

Though *Jesus* had escapt the *Hunters* snare,
Yet Judgement croſt the *Tyrants* jealous Care,
For out of hand, after *the Butchery*
Of Bethlems Babes deceas'd in Misery
With entrailes scorcht proud *Herod*, to his Sons
Leaving his State waving in dissentions;
First having caus'd even in deaths agony,
His Eldest Sonne to beare him company;
When *three* of them stood for their *Fathers* place,
And each of them would beare a *Royall Mace*.
With factious sides, to make their challeng good,
These *Aliens* borne of *Edoms*-viper-Brood,
Contended for *their Sires usurped Throne*,
The Rule of *Laws* from *Jewries* People gone;
Since *Shiloes Birth*, *Gods messenger of Peace*,
The vigour of their *Lawes* began to cease,
As afterwards by *Titus* came to passe;
Who did their Laws and Nations state deface;
As likewise when in fierce *Domitians* raigne
And *Trajans*, *Davids stock* were sought and slaine,
But all their claimes appealed unto *Rome*,
The Brethren stood confind to *Cæsars doome*,
Who by *Decree* for taming of their fury

Most

Most *Politique* then *Tripartited Jewry*,
To *Archelaus* by style of *Ethnarchy*
South-jewries Land he gave, the *Tetrarchy*
Of *Galilee* and *Jordans Land* betwixt
The other two he left for portions mixt.

The Brothers broyles thus quieted at last;
When all those *stormes* were overgone and past,
Joseph advis'd from *Heaven* with his *Bride*
Brought backe the *Child* from *Ægipt*. But aside
Turn'd (doubting *Archelaus the Tyrants Son*,
Who then to sway South-judaes Land begun)
To *Nazareth Northwards in Galilee*;
Where suckled was the *Infant Jesus*, free
From worldly Broiles, as to a *Nazarite*
Belong'd, *His head unpoll'd by Legall Rite.*
There *Mary* not omitting any mild
Or watchfull care for nursing up her *Child*,
Directed him now weaned from her breast,
One while to goe, another while to rest,
His *Infants* time beguil'd with Lullabies
With gentle smiles, sweete songs, or soft replies.
She fed him not with *Suckets* nor *Conserves*,
But with that *meate*, wch strengthens *tender nerves*.
"To dyet him for *health*, was her chiefe Care,
"Not urging him to eate of *dainties* rare,
But *victuals* fit for *Nature* thin and spare:
Butter and *Honey* were his daintiest fare.

" She knew that *Soules* in *pampred bodies* pine,
" That *Both* corrupt through lushious cheere and
Wine.

But no man him with *Idolls* durst present,
Nor with those sights whose *pictures* represent
Horn'd Bugges, or *Houshold gods*, for she her selfe
Could never brooke to see a *Labans Elfe*:
Woe to those *fondling dads*, who tempt the soules
And pliant braine of their soft *little Fooles*
With such *Trim trash*, the unmarkt Nursery
Of *Faithlesse Feares*, and blind *Idolatry*.
She those *defects* with sacred Care repair'd
Which *Mother Eve* by *Satans fraud* impair'd,
Gods Instrument to beare and breed that *Child*,
Which *jarring Earth* with *Heaven* reconcil'd.
And when more *yeares* came on, she did assay
To teach his tongue a *Psalme*, or else to *Pray*;
Whereto his Will became more forward bent
Then *Courtly Lads* to learne smooth Complement.
" No *Boyes* permitted she her house to haunt,
" Such *Rakehel Boyes*, which us'd to lie and taunt,
Like those *rude Impes*, which heretofore did yalp,
And call *Bald pate Elishaes reverend scalp*,
" No *Mayd* of hers durst sing a *wanton* song
" Within her eares or his; nor to the Throng
Of *Reprobates*, those whom she knew defil'd,
Would she from home adventure out her *Child*.

And

And if she had (such was his Inclination,)
His inward Lore prevented Education.
There is no doubt but by *Infusion He*
Had needfull what the *Spirit* knew to be.

Soone as his *Childhoods Stature* did encrease,
His *mirthfull-fits* began soone to decrease;
For without griefe how could that *Heavenly spark*
Heare men to sweare, like *fiends*, like *curres* to bark?
How could he but lament to see them crouch
To *Stockes*? and yet the *Godhead* to avouch?
How could he chuse but grieve at their *Extortions*?
Debates, and spending of their deerest portions?
To see a *Brother* fight, the *Courtier* faigne,
The *Lawyer* lye; and all for cursed gaine?
To see men strive for *Place* and *Soveraignety*,
Like *fiends* for pride who lost their dignity?
To see the *Townesman* pawne his soule for *wealth*?
The *Husbandman* Cornes price to raise by stealth?

Successively there budded every yeare
New Hopes of him, which did his *Mother* cheare:
His *godly talke* delighted *Josephs* heart,
And made him oft his labours lay apart;
Both *Joseph* and *the blessed Virgin* much
Astonisht were to heare his *Childhood* touch
On such profound and *Heavenly Mysteries*
Concerning *Faith* and *Love*, how they arise

In

In *Adams Sonne*? and why they set againe?
Wherefore it stormes and why *God* sends us raine?
His onely *Reading* was the *Prophets Booke*,
He would not once on *lying Legends* looke,
But on his *Fathers Lawes* both day and night
He fixt his mind with all his will and might.
While other *Lads* were aw'd with *Tutors curbe*,
He serv'd *the Lord, that swayes the Heavenly Orbe*.
"He never tooke a *meale*, but still *the Lord*
"He glorify'd with his *Thankes-giving word*.
And as himselfe liv'd *Innocent* and pure
So by his faire ensample from impure
And childish crimes, he many *Children* drew
To give *God praise*, as still in yeares he grew.

When *Jesus* had *twelve tedious Winters* past,
He travell'd to *Jerusalem* at last
In company of his *supposed Sire*
And his deare *Mother-maid*, in whom the fire
Of zeale then burnt to see, and *solemnize*
In Abibs month the Legall Sacrifice.
Where when they had beheld the *Rites* past over
At their great *Feast* then stil'd, *the Lambs Passeover*,
These sacred Saints returned homewards bound;
But with the *Stuffe* when *Jesus* was not found,
They after search their friends and company
Forsooke, and backe againe most heavily
They hyed fast, and lookt him all about

Among

Among their *Kinsfolke* every where throughout
The City, till they found *Him* in the *Temple*,
Where *Saints Gods works* accustome to contemple;
And there amidst the *Doctors of the Law*,
They saw, and heard how *Jesus* put in awe,
And pos'd *Grave Rabbies*, whom he out did single
For *Questions deepe*, that made their eares to tingle
His *Arguments* their *Fallacies* did quash,
That they were stroke, as with a *Lightning flash*.
So faire a square, so just a Symmetry
The *Godhead* held with his *Humanity*,
His Actions sure his *Godhead* did expresse
(Yet in his *Flesh* we mortall him confesse,)
That to dash *Lyes* brave *Flames* he never wanted,
With smiles he pleas'd, and with his frownes he daunted.
His *Godhead* darted Awe and *Majesty*,
His *Humane Presence* shone with *Lenity*.
They wondred at his words well coucht, so sage,
So well compos'd to put by wrangling rage,
On *Scriptures Ground*, without *Chymeres of Clerkes*,
Without *Latriaes* or *Douliaes* Quirkes.
Such *Doctrine* in a *Child*, such *sparklings rare*
Amazed them, as late did *Bethlems Starre*,
Such thoughts confus'd, most sensible of *Signes*,
Doubting th'effects rack't & perplext their minds
Whilst with the *Scribes Christ* thus disputing stood
Mary to meet her *darling* almost proud,

Betwixt

Betwixt *Seraphicke Love* and *Ravishment*,
Lay, like the *Doctors* in Astonishment.

As men rejoyce in a darke *Cloudy* day
To see the *Sunne* his suddaine *Beames* display,
So did they startle at *Christs Lightning words*
Whilst her soft greetings *Mary* thus affords:
My loving Sonne, why hast thou stayd behind,
And not as doth thee *Natures* duty bind,
Return'd with us: Behold, *I and thy Father*
Have sought thee sad for three dayes space together;
Soone as we found thee missing by the way,
We hither came and sought thee night and Day.
We searcht with carefull thoughts most diligent,
The City where we used to frequent;
With heavy hearts *God* knows we lookt for thee;
Whom *Christ* undaunted answer'd grave, and free,
Ist possible that you forget so soone
The *favours* late, which *God* for you hath done?
Deare mother, *wot you not that I must goe*
About my Fathers Businesse, t' undergoe
More travels yet? you know the *Propheties*
Of *Ancient Seers*: you know the *Mysteries*
Disclosed by the *Angell Gabriel*,
That I am sent to ransome *Soules* from *Hell*,
That I must preach to *Spirits thrall'd in Jaile*
My *Fathers will*, which shall o're sinne prevaile.
You know what meanes *Heavens word*, *mens Light*,
Gods Breath From

From *Simeon*, *Anna*, and *Elizabeth*;
And in your ſelfe *the Spirits raviſhment*
Reveales the cauſe of my *Birth* and *Diſcent*.
(*My Fathers zeale* ſo burnt within my breaſt
Againſt theſe ſtrayes I could not but conteſt)
Whoſe *Oracles* of me and many more
Your true *Beleeving heart* layes up in ſtore;
Although the ſame as yet you ſeeme to ſmother
You cannot but remember them, good *Mother*.
Theſe words of his the *bleſſed Virgin* waigh'd,
And ſafe them up within her mind ſhe layd.

Out of the *Temple* then wtth her he goeth,
And preſently they ſet for *Nazareth*,
Where *Mary* found his *Will* with hers agreeing,
Though *Him* ſhe held *the Authour of her being*,
And her *ſole Head*, yet then the *Head* ſubjected
Unto the *Limbes*, and nothing he rejected
To Undergoe in his *Minority*
For their behoofe and beſt commodity,
Or murmur'd at, which his deare *Mother Maide*,
Or *Joſephs voyce* of charge upon him laid:
But as a *Sonne*, or rather *Servant* true,
He yeelds them *Honour* and Obedience due:
What they at home, or elſe abroad aſſign'd,
Labour or care in Body or in minde,
As an *Apprentice*, *Carpentary* Drudge,
To toyle for them he never once did grudge,

But

But wrought his Taske and servile Trade upright
Not needing checkes, nor frowning oversight.
"Base *idlenesse* by Nature he abhorr'd,
"Which made him *worke*, when some as *Outlaws*
For he accounted meat not duely got, (roar'd
If daily for the same he labour'd not.
"He for our sakes sustained poverty,
"To purchase wealth for us and Dignity.
In this poore plight the curse *Christ* underwent,
To earne his bread with sweate and small content,
Yet what he gain'd would scarce weak *Nature* feed
And it griev'd him to see his friends in need,
What therefore he of *meat* earn'd by his *sweat*,
The *Overplus* he gave the *Poore* to eate.

Thus *Christ* shot up in shape, and thriv'd in *Grace*,
And all *Good* men lov'd him that saw his face,
For he preferr'd *Gods praise* before his owne;
More prizing *Truth* then they *Judæas* Crowne.
But to describe his worth, his modest lookes,
And qualities would fill up many Bookes.
The *matter* farre exceeds my strength and wit,
My *Forme* turnes proud except thou temper it,
O Holy Ghost, and curb'st my swelling sense
Above fraile *Natures* botched excellence,
With *humble thoughts Christs Innocence* to quote,
To note his *plaine Attire*, and *seameless Coat*
Worne in his *Youth*, but parted since, which now

To

To burne as *tainting Rags, false Christians* vow;
To seeke *gay cloathes* never did *curious Pride*
Tempt him, he onely car'd his skin to hide.
"He knew that *Man attir'd in ruffling Robes*
"*Begs seldome Grace, and vents but faigned sobbes.*
"Nor can he shed *salt teares, our Guardians food,*
"Nor well submit for his perpetuall good;
As for this cause they used heretofore
In *vilest weeds Gods Favour* to implore;
He knew that our *First Parents* bare and poore
Went, till *Figge leaves* & *Coates of Skins* they wore,
Which, like these *Lines*, our *Gallants* now would scorne,
For *Satan* prompts they were *more Nobly borne*,
Wherefore to rob, their *Factours* must persever
Silke wormes and *Beasts* for *Shamois, Plush* & *Bever.*

No *Pleasures shape* so farre his minde endeares,
To *Idolize* the same, though young of yeares.
No *Envious Stings*, nor motions Arrogant
Once prickt his heart, nor thoughts extravagant,
For he was so sincere, sweete Natur'd, mild,
That none with *Passions* knew him once defil'd,
Though from without he often *Temptings* had,
As *Man*, while he conversed with the Bad,
Yet with contempt, and a most brave disdaine
He past them by, not soyled with one staine.
For as *the Sunne, the worlds faire radiant Eye*,

Doth

Doth *Dunghils* touch, and *stinking Jakes* survey
And yet his *Beames* escape from tainting free:
So this *blest Youth*, though he did daily see
Notorious sinnes, and Beast-like filthinesse,
Himselfe he kept untoucht from wickednesse.
He labour'd oft in *Childing woman-wise*
Of our fraile *Passions* and infirmities.
" He had, as *Man*, our *Naturall Affects*,
" But yet without *Excesses* or *defects*,
" And not as we, *orecome* with their delight,
" Or seeming Good, or spurr'd on with despight.
In midst of *Darkenesse* shone *Divinest Light*,
Errour he turn'd to knowledge, wrong to Right.
The *words contempt* he changed into *Grace*
Fables to *Truth*, our slips to surer pace.
He did exchange our *Lustfull sports* to *sorrow*
And on to worke our *Humane Natures* borrow.
For *Lazarus* he shed forth *Teares* of Griefe,
And he much *Griev'd* for *Salems unbeleefe*.

Ambition did his *Man-heads Fancies* raise,
But that *Flight* was to raise his *Fathers praise*,
His *High desires* stretcht plyant Soules to win
To blissefull Joyes from *Sathan*, death, and sinne.
His *mounting sparkes* to *Magnanimity*
Extended, mixt with *zeale* and *Charity*,
" His *lofty thoughts* aspir'd but to the *Crosse*,
" That *Theater* which ransom'd *Adams* losse.

With

"He *Chastly long'd*, yea and he *lusted* too
"With *flames of Love*, for he *the Church* did wooe,
"He sought her *Love* with zealous *Oracles*,
"Sometimes with *teares*, sometimes with *Miracles*.
"He *Coveted for wealth*, not worldly *wealth*,
" But for *Eternall Goods*, *mens saving Health*.
He felt within his Soules essentiall Parts
Great Joy to heare of *True Beleevers hearts*.
For *barbed Steed*, he chose a *hare-backt Asse*,
Fishers for Mates, for *Pallace the Low Grasse*;
He burn'd with *wrath*, when he drove from *Gods House* (touze
Those *Huckesters* out, whom he with *whips* did
"But his *short wrath* converted into *zeale*,
"Not for *Revenge*, but for the sinners weale.
He seem'd to *grudge*, or *Envy* at the *Priests*,
Because he saw them live like *Antichrists*;
"He much *repin'd* that *Pureness* went to wracke,
That *Satans sway* did keepe *Gods Kingdome* backe;
He *languished with Feares and Agonies*
The night before his deaths Extremities; (sense,
"But those deepe *Feares* sprung of weake *natures*
"Not of *Despaire*, or want of *Innocence*.
So from our *Passions Christ*, as *Mithridate*
Of *Vipers* wrought, good Motions *New* begat.
For Jewish Thalmuds, he the *Gospel* taught;
For their *Old Types*, substantiall *Truth* he brought
And *our New-man* in him *Regenerate*

Shall doe the like, if we cooperate;
We shall *Gods word* love more than *Superstitions*,
And follow *Truth* more than *Humane Traditions*.
The which *Christ* grant, who felt, excepting *sinne*,
All *Natures griefes*, which we are plunged in.

From those *Ten Lawes in stony Tables wrot*
By *God himselfe*, he never swarv'd one Jot,
But them observ'd inviolated all,
Yea, and the *Morall*, as the *Ceremoniall*.
On *Sabbath daies* no man could him prevent,
But that he would the *Synagogue* frequent.
Which *Note* I may not silent overslip,
How sacredly *Christ* did all men outstrip
In honouring the Seaventh feastfull Day,
At which time *he* most joyfully did pray,
With *Davids Tunes* both *Hymnes* and *Psalmes* he sung,
His heart whole *Peales* to his deare *Father* rung
Of *Jubilees* and *Thankes* for *Humane* Good,
For sending him to save his Flesh and Blood.
"Yet neretheless, he seem'd not to gainsay,
"But that *Good deeds* might well be done that *day*,
"Or *Casuall workes* forc'd of *Necessity*:
"Those would not barre the *workers Piety*,
"No more then *Davids deed*, when as he fed
"Constrain'd by *Hunger* on the *Holy Bread*.
"For, as he said, *God* made the *Sabbath day*

For

"For *Man*, not *Man* for it; On it to pray,
"On it to satisfy weake *Natures Need*,
"And yet with mounting thoughts, to save his
Creed,
"He must *Praise God*, the Authour of his Calling
"And others by his steps confirme from Falling
"More often on *that dayes Solemniz'd Feast*,
"Then other *dayes* not limited for rest.
Sixe dayes God left for Natures wordly Carke,
But *that day* to refresh th'*Immortall Sparke*.
Gods Lawes he kept unabrogated *Holy*,
Which none besides himselfe did ever wholly.

Above all *sinnes*, which he saw raigning here,
Idolatry he loathed most: for deare
His *Fathers Honour* was to him, and next
To this *great sinne*, his soule was oft perplext,
To see *debate* amongst his Neighbours, Those
Of *Abrahams seed*, whom of meere *Grace God* chose
And singled out from *Superstitious Nations*
Peculiar to avoid their profanations.
For He (*the Sonne of Love*) borne from *Above*
Could not endure the *Opposites to Love*.
He could not brooke without anxiety
And troubled thoughts to see *Cold Charity*,
To see them with *fat gifts the Lawyers feed*,
To nourish *Pride*, whilst others starv'd for need.
Therefore against all *Malice* he contested,

Nay them, who hated *Good men*, he deteſted.

He ſpent the beſt part of his *Youthfull* houres
In hearty ſuite unto the *Heavenly Powers*
For their converſion from ſuch *carnall pleaſure*,
And for their Wils reſtraint with *Graces* meaſure
Becauſe his life he might ſecurely lead
Till *thirty yeares* were full accompliſhed,
Himſelfe he mated with the ſimpleſt *Jew*,
But ſeldome with the *Proud*, or *Heatheniſh Crew*.
To ſhunne *Vaineglory*, and the *Serpents* rage,
With *Servants forme* he cloakt his *Parentage*.
"To *Old* and *Young*, though but of meane Repute
"With whom he met, he gave *the firſt ſalute*;
"With *Peace*, *God ſpeed*, *Good morrow*, or *Adieu*;
"And chiefely to the *vertuous*, whom he knew
"So ſtampt in Soule, after *the New-mans Forme*,
"Who did their beſt *the Old man* to reforme,
With *gracious words* he ever heartned thoſe
According to his Naturall diſpoſe.
To ſuch as griev'd in body or in minde,
He ſhew'd himſelfe moſt pittifull and kind,
With word and deed he ſought their Amity,
And to accord their ſtrife and enmity.
Though he no thankes for *Peace-endeavours* had,
More then in *Ægipt*, *Moſes* of the Bad.
He never *Place* nor puft up *Glory* ſought,
Nor what he not perform'd did promiſe ought.

"His *Word* and *Meaning* ſtill agreed in one
"Grounded upon their ſubſtance, *Truth* alone.
"He for ill uſe his *Tongne* did never traine,
"*Nor ever tooke the Name of God in vaine.*
All *wrangling Sects* he ſhun'd, the *Phariſees*,
For *Pride*, and for *Faith* wrackt the *Sadduces*.

"He hated them, who ſcandaliz'd the *Law*,
"And nouriſht *ſtrife* for *Profit* without aw
"Of *God* or *Man*, as likewiſe their lewd Members
"Which kindled needleſſe fires rak't up in Embers.
"He ſcorn'd for *Gold our Mercenaries hire*,
"To cloake the Right, or Clients *draw* like wire.
"He loathed wyles, and lyes, and loved *Truth*
"More than his life. In hotteſt time of *Youth*
"When choller, gall, and paſſions domineere,
"In him no ſigne of wrath did once appeare.
"He uſed more to hold his Peace then ſpeake,
"Comparing thoſe to *Sives* which ſecrets leake.

Againſt *the Bodies loathſome Maladies*
To live, as if he were in *Paradiſe*,
A *diet ſpare* both to the *whole* and *ſicke*
He ſtill advis'd, and *Faſting the beſt Phyſicke*;
This moved him to *faſt* in *Youth* farre more,
Than in his *Greene*, *more ſpringing yeares* before.
"He knew the worth of *Dyets Excellence*,

cc That a small thing workes *Chyles nutriments*.
cc Because the *Blood* and *Humours Ebullitions*
cc Deriv'd from *Food* evapourate pollutions
cc Toward the braine, and soules chiefe faculties
cc Distemp'red by the *Bodies Qualities*,
cc He affected *Dyet*, even at a *Feast*,
Whereat (*Good man*) he came a seldome Guest.
By this stay'd course, of *Constitution sound*
His *Body* grew; no *Humours* did abound
Pernicious, but with *Daniels* might compare,
Or the like choyceſt *Saints* for *sober fare*,
And by this stint to *Nature*, his *Complexion*
Most rare arriv'd to *Beauties* chiefe perfection.

As *Carbuncles* doe in the darkest Night
Afford to all the Roome about them *Light*,
So was *Christs Life* of all the Neighbors seene,
To shine, that none could taxe him of *one sinne*,
Or justly say, that he at *wealth* did ayme,
Or *Honour*, for he did them both disclaime,
As opposite to what *the Trinity*
Affects in *Man*: *divine Humility*.
With daily *Prayers*, *Fasts*, and *watchfullnesse*
He still repulst the *Darts of wickednesse*:
He had so much (and yet he made no boast
Thereof) *Divine gifts of the Holy Ghost*,
That *Satan* fail'd to peepe in, or contemple
The smallest chinke of his faire *Spirits Temple*,

Perhaps

Perhaps not thinking, that the *Godhead* would
Descend so low, but leave *Hell* uncontroul'd:
"Yet our *defects*, that were most *miserable*,
"He had as *Man*, but *not one damnable*;
"Which might have beene to *Purity* a Barre,
"Or for our *Ransome* which might work a Jarre.
He honour'd *God*, the Authour of his Good;
He loved *Man*, as his owne Flesh and Blood:
His whole pure Heart not mixt by halves or hire
He vow'd to *God*, and kept his vow entire.
He never halted betwixt God and Baal,
Nor ever made of Soules Mechanique sale;
Which was the cause he went by *day unshot*,
And with those *shafts* that fly by *night unsmote*,
Gods holy Angels guarded him without,
Gods holy Spirit guided him throughout
From those *close Baites* of the *Infernall Angle*,
Which more or lesse all *Adams Brood* entangle,
For proofe or Losse, according to their *Creed*;
But *Saints* at last *God* succours in their need
With *Patience*, *strength*, and *Faith Apostolicke*,
Whereby they may unto their *Saviour* sticke.
As *God* inspiring *Gifts*, and their true sence,
As *God* and Man *Christ* drew their *Quintessence*,
And left the same within *the Gospell* coucht,
Which *Saints* have since with *Martyrs scales* avoucht.

Thus *Jesus* liv'd, and spent his *youthfull dayes*,
And yet my *Pen* sets out not halfe his Praise.
No *Orators*, nor *Poets wit* can Limme
At full *the gifts*, wherewith *God* furnisht him,
For as *the Sunnes bright shining Lampe* at Noone,
Excells *the lesser Starres*, *and palefac't Moone*:
So *Christ* more *Just*, more *Meeke*, and *Patient* was
Then *Enoch*, *Moses*, *Job*; and did surpasse
As well in *Mysticke*, as in *Actuall Flames*,
Whereof indeed we *mortals* know no *Names*;
Unlesse we terme them *Graces most Transcendent*,
To him alone from *Our Great God descendent*,
All *Adams Sonnes*, with *Josephs Mayden wife*
For *Zeale*, for *Faith*, for *Holynesse of life*;
Nay more, were all their *Vertues* joyn'd in One,
They would look foule, compar'd with his alone,
Comparing him with other men, *the Light*
Of Heaven you must confound with darkest night;
"For *without his Habilliments of Grace*
"*No Mortall man can see Gods Heavenly Face*:
"*Without his Helpe the Godhead full of Ire*
"*Consumes Mankind as Stubble in the fire*.
"*Without his Merits veile, as Wedding suite*,
"*No Humane wight can win a Saints Repute*;
Cloath'd with his Robes none ever went amisse,
The Alpha and Omega of all blisse.

At last *Christ* grew to *thirty yeares of Age*,
Which was the time, that in his Pilgrimage
He from thenceforth till death should exercise
His Priesthoods place to open *Israels* Eyes,
Melchisedechs predestinated place,
Whose *Order Time* should never more deface.
But they more blind then Bats were in those
times,
When *Zeale* and *Love* were Snares and Nets for
crimes:
He therefore now to grace his *Legate John*
To *Jordan* went, and by him thereupon
Would be *baptiz'd*, although the *Prophet* strove
To put him by, as worthyer from *Above*,
Christs will was such, he *Baptisme* would receive
That to his *Church* he might that *Patterne* leave,
And that, as he perfected *Moses Lawes*,
So he for us would plead *the New mans* Cause.
Which at the *Font* from *sinne Originall*
Doth cleanse, and to *New life* invites us all,
If we goe on, as we were *Catechiz'd*,
And crave with *Flames of zeale* to be *baptiz'd*.
"For *Baptisme is Heavens gate*, the which to ope
"*Grace* gives to us *the Keyes of Faith and Hope*.

No sooner did that *heavenly Dove descend*,
And *Satan* markt to what those *words* did tend;
This is my Sonne in whom I am well pleasd,

But

But all amaz'd he ſtood, and ſore diſplea'd.
And hearing *John* before himſelfe Him prize
The Lambe of God, that ſhould with *Fire* baptize,
He doubted much leſt this was *He* ſhould tread,
As on a *footeſtoole*, his *Old Serpents Head*..
To croſſe therefore the doome of *Gods Edict*;
And *Juſtice* force her ſelfe to contradict,
This *Prince of Fiends*, the *Python of the Eaſt*,
Our Antichriſtian Dragon of the Weſt;
Bent al his thoughts, his plots, and machinations
Gods Heire to win, and raze our Hopes foundations.
Which when *the Searcher of all Hearts* had read
With deepe inſight, he by *the Spirit* led
His Sonne from *Jordan* to a *deſart*, where
He might be try'd with *Faſting* and with feare,
Aſwell to ſatisfie for *Adams Deed*,
As us to warne *the Dragons* wiles to heed.
Satan, as ſhadow, dogs him at the heeles,
And cunningly, ere he his *Pulſes* feeles,
Phyſitian-like, who firſt the *Signes* and *Dyet*
Notes, and what brought the *Patient* out of quiet,
He waites aloofe, and finds *our Saviour* ſtill
Watch, Faſt, and Pray, to ſave *Mankind* from ill.
But at the laſt, with *faſting forty dayes*,
To *Chriſt* ſuppoſed weake, *the Fiend* bewrayes
His *fraudulent* and perillous deſigne,
"Which was at *Hels inſtinct* to worke a *ſigne*

Or

"Or *Miracle*, and by that act repaire
"His Pride-falne ſtate, or drive *Chriſt* to deſpaire.

Thou doſt beleeve (*ſaith he*) that thou art *Holy*,
The Child of God not dimm'd with *Carnall* folly,
A Saint foretold by *Prophets Oracles*,
And canſt, like them, worke ſome rare *Miracles*.
Now in this Place make *Triall of the Spirit*,
Whether ſuch precious gifts thou doſt inherit
To equall *Moſes*; and the *Thesbites* Fame,
Both which thou may'ſt by working *wonders* ſhame:
I ſee from Food thou *faſteſt* over-long,
Whereby thy *Body* faints, and feeles much wrong.
"Looſe not the *Subſtance* for the *Accident*,
"Nor thy deare life, for whats impertinent.
Thou art but *Young*, and in thy flow'r of Age,
And may'ſt doe *wonders* on this worldly Stage,
If thou cheare up thy ſelfe this preſent day,
Elſe beauty, ſtrength, and Body will decay.
"Some I have knowne ſo long to *mortifie*
"Their Fleſh, in hope their *Soules* to *purifie*,
"That by ſuch faſts they were much ſtupifide,
"*Light heads*, and all to ſeeme *Soule-glorifide*;
Be thou more wiſe to ſhun the fatall rod
Of *Famine*. If thou be *the Sonne of God*,
Command theſe preſent *Stones* to be converted
Into pure *bread*, or elſe thou art perverted.

When

When *Satan* thus had ended his discourse,
Christ to *Gods word* did hasten his Recourse;
No other *Shield* then *Scripture* did he use,
Which by *heav'ns* leave I paraphras'd produce:
I doe renounce the *Flesh*, and *Worldy guile*,
Thy tempting Baites shall not my heart beguile,
To long for *Earthly Food*, more then *Gods Word*,
To breake the vow I made at *Jordans Foord*;
The Covenant of Baptisme, which I seal'd
I meane to keepe, whereby Mankind is heal'd
And purg'd: I will not once distrust *the Lord*,
Nor in least thought traduce his written *Word*:
He can by many meanes releeve my wants,
That cloathes the *Lillies*, and renews the *Plants*.
cc *Mans Body here not onely lives by Bread*,
cc *But with Gods word his Spirit must be fed.*

The Holy Ghost for *Light* to after-*Saints*,
And to divulge our *Ghostly Foes* attaints,
To force them to confesse: their wiles and pride
Doe try, not daunt those whom the *heavens* guide,
Permitted *Satan* yet to tempt him more
With all his *slights*, but not to hurt or gore
His *Body* which reserv'd for *Sacrifice*
Himselfe would shortly yeeld for sinnefull vice.
The Fiend would not so let him passe away,
He had more Trickes upon Mankind to play:

Because

Becauſe *our Saviour Satan* did contemne,
He rapt him up into *Jeruſalem*;
And ſet him on *the Temples Pinacle*:
Now ſhew thy ſelfe (*quoth he*) by *Miracle*
The Sonne of God by caſting thy ſelfe downe
From hence headlong, for *God* will guard his owne.
Be confident, and take it as thy *Creed*,
Saints may performe all things, tis ſo decreed.
I ſee thou ſhin'ſt repleniſhed with *Faith*,
And know'ſt full well what *ſacred Scripture* ſaith;
By this great Act thou may'ſt thy *Fame* advance
Above the *Starres*, and now on earth enhaunce
Thy Praiſe among the vulgar Multitude,
Who will be wean'd from their old, groſſe, & rude
Traditions, and thee for their *Great Meſſias*
More will beleeve, then *John* their *new Elias*,
Who with *new Rites of Baptiſme* now of late
At *Jordan* toyles men to *regenerate*.
Proceed then boldly to this famous Act,
And never doubt the Iſſue of the fact,
For *God* hath given his *Angels* charge of thee
To ſave thy Body, and defend thee free
From all Annoyes, Perils, or hurts of *Stones*,
That might againſt thee daſh, or bruiſe thy bones.

With ſuch or like ſurmizes *Satan* ſought
Our Saviour to entrap, and turne his Thought
From

From *lowlinesse*, and worldly Pompes contempt,
The chiefest meane *Mans Freedome* to attempt
And bring to passe, which *Satan* well foreknew,
Although he strove *Gods Judgements* to eschew,
In vaine he strove our *Sun-shine* to eclipse
Where such as these come from a *Christians* lippes:
Alas, what poore weak Fame, a *Nine dayes* wonder
Doe *worldlings* rove at, if their Ends they ponder!
"When men ground *Faith* on *Humane Policy*,
"*The Lord* reputes it but *Hypocrisie*.
"When he vouchsafes to lend some *Miracles*,
"He doth it to confirme his *Oracles*
"To be *divine*, and not *Humane* positions,
"He doth it freely without Compositions,
"And with a Caveat too, that none waxe proud,
"As though the gift were for *their Owne* allow'd
"Why should a *Saint* expect for *Miracles*?
"Whilst he enjoyes *Faith* and *Truthes Oracles*?
For this regard did *Jesus* put to flight
With *Holy writ the Fiend* with all his slight;
Thou shalt not tempt by any meanes, said he,
The Lord thy God who first Created thee.
That is the *Scripture* thou shouldst muse upon,
And if infring'd what vengeance hangs thereon.

Thus *Jesus* twice already for our faults
Endured had the *Devils* bold assaults;
Him now againe the *third time* he assayles

To

To captivate, or make him ſtrike his ſayles.
"And knowing nothing in this worldly frame
"Can tempt a *Saint* like to *Ambitions Flame*;
"Nor ſooner can the fineſt wits defile,
"As is Recorded on old *Athens* File,
"Then to be pointed at by *Peoples Preaſe*:
"*Loe this is he, the rare Demoſthenes!*
He comes no more with *Scripture* in his mouth,
But with the *whole worlds Empire, North, and South,*
The Eaſt, and Weſt; he labours to entangle
Chriſts Senſes, like to *Tybers Fiſhing Angle*,
Wherewith *his Vicar Crownes* like *Gudgeons* tooke,
That Beaſt with Lambes two Hornes & Dragons booke
So long agoe deſcribed by Saint *John*;
The man of ſinne, and that *Perditions Sonne*,
Whom *Cardinalls* at his Inſtallment Grace
With *Triple Crowne*, and on *Maſſe Altar* place;
He rapt him in the twinkling of an eye,
To a *high Mountaines Top*, thence to deſcry,
As from *Mount Nebo*, where *Canaan* was ſhowne
To *Moſes*, many *Kingdomes* of his owne,
All the round world he there made to appeare
In a *falſe Mappe*, doubling the *Hemiſphere*.
The like *Romes Prelate* ſcarcely could inſtall
For his to Right *Caſtile* and *Portingall*.
So *Satan* did his *Monarchy* contrive,
As *Neptune* ſtood on his *Prerogative*:
That great Command with triple forked Mace

By Lot to me, and not to him did passe.
Out of meere *Grace* and *Love* I beare to thee
(Sayes he to *Christ*) if thou wilt worship me,
And homage doe, these *Crownes* I give in Fee,
These *States* for thee and thine for ever be.

No greater snare could *Lucifer* invent
Our *Second Adams* minde to circumvent.
No Motive, nor more working Argument
Then *Scepters*, or a *Mitred Governement*;
As *Mahomet* tooke hold upon the *First*
With th' *Alcoran*, and of them all the *worst*
Of Christian men usurp'd, aspiring higher
Both swords to manage, and approaching nigher
To the red Dragons claymed Jurisdiction
With *Soules and Bodies sale*, and interdiction.
But *Gods deare Sonne* did out of hand Controule
These *Lofty towring Flames*, Soules tainting foule.
He would not listen to *Supremacies*,
Nor to the worlds suggeste *Primacies*;
His Kingdome was not of this worldly station
Of mortall Stampe, but for sick soules translation
By *Fiery Tryalls* to *Jerusalem*
Not built with hands, a place which fooles contemne.
To coole therefore our Thoughts irregulare,
Our Saviour thus put by the *Serpents* snare;
Not asking him, as our late *Exorcists*

Vaine

Vaine queſtions, but him packing from the Liſts.
He could no longer his Juſt zeale refraine,
But inſtantly repuls'd him with diſdaine,
Avant Satan, make here no more abode,
Packe hence I charge thee *in the Name of God*:
Thou of my *Faith* haſt made ſufficient Triall,
But of his Rights I cannot brooke denyall;
I cannot heare with Patience *Blaſphemy*
Againſt my *Fathers endleſſe Royalty*,
Who ſwayes this *Globe* by *Ariſtocracies*,
Democracies, and awfull *Monarchies*.
The Lord thy God, as Scriptures doe obſerve,
Thou worſhip ſhalt, and him alone muſt ſerve.

Such Checking *Words* ſpoke with a Conſcience cleane,
Free from ambitious thoughts, and Deedes obſceane,
With *vowes* and *Faſts* aſwell to purifie
Themſelves, as the Old man to mortifie,
Oft naming *Jeſus Chriſt our Advocate*,
Will quickly *Satan* chaſe, or ſubjugate.
There needs no *Charmes*, *Maſſes*, nor *Exorciſmes*,
No *holy water*, *Reliques*, *Croſſe* nor *Chriſmes*,
To diſpoſſeſſe or ſend the *Devill* packing:
Let ſuch thoſe truſt where *Faith* & *Love* are lacking.
When as I know (as who is free?) my ſelfe
A braine or dreame neere caſt upon this ſhelfe.

With *Gales of worldly winds* in shew most faire,
Culling my Sense, like *Atomes in the Aire*,
With *false Self-love*, by him an *Idoll* prays'd,
With *subtle Theames* by his suggestions rays'd,
Such as on *wits* for want of vowes have play'd,
Or with such *Quirkes*, as our late *Sects* display'd,
Or with *wild fits*, and moods extravagant:
Let me but say with *Jesus Christ*, *Avant*,
At their first comming with a pious mind,
At *Christs sweete Name God* sends them backe con
"Let me review his *Wounds*, I may be bold (fin'l
"To conjure *Satan* from his strongest hold.
This *Shield* I take, no other helpe I looke
From *Heaven* or *Earth* against this *Fishers hooke*.
"*Christs coate* I weare, no other Ayd I crave,
"Then *His*: who other crave, doe surely rave,
"To other *Saints*, whom they *Gods Courtiers* ca
"I say with *Job*: *Poore helpers are ye all.*
Against *Sinnes Rage*, and *Satans* proud *Bravadoes*
Against his Plots, his wiles, and *Ambuscadoes*
My *Faith*, though weake, supported mee wit
Armes,
Contritions Grones prevented all my Harmes;
In *Christ* his Robes I feared no Annoyance,
Fenc'd with his shield, I flung at him defyance,
After *Resisting* I did ever finde
My *Foes* departed, and *good motions* sign'd,
Or printed in my Heart unknowne to me.

Fr

From *brutiſh Elves* to guard my *New-man* free.
" This ſhould be writ in *Cedar*, or in *Gold*;
" *The man Newborne, who is for* Grace *enrold*
" *Shall ſure be tempted by ſome wicked Fiend,*
" *Whom if at firſt he doe ſuſpect for Friend,*
" *And not receive his Baytes with hearts delight,*
" *That Man ſhall winne the Field through Chriſt his Might,*
And from thenceforth with greater dowries bleſt
Shall ſurely live and dye a *Saint* profeſt;
His Soule with *Chriſt* ſhall reſt in Paradiſe,
His *Body* at *Doomeſ-day* with Joy ſhall riſe.
In this we have our *Maſter* for Example,
Who by *the Croſſe* on *Satans head* did trample,
As living he his motions had repell'd,
And with *Gods Word three times* had him refell'd;
Although he was alone, and deſtitute
Of *Humane helpe*, yet he made *Satan* mute.
After his Conflicts to congratulate,
And him releeve in the like hungry State,
As was *Elias*, who in *Horeb* paſt
His *Forty daies* by meanes of fore-repaſt,
It is recorded that the *Angels* came,
Which ſhewes *Gods Care*, *Faiths* ſtrength, & *Satans* ſhame.

But here's a doubt, a queſtion ſcrupulous,
Which to decide for me were perillous,

Leſt that I ſeeme in *Negromanticks* vers'd,
Or that my *Rule* by *Saints* might be revers'd;
Whether theſe Aſſaults Reall were? or viſions?
Or mixt with Satans Jugling Apparitions?

To argue that *Gods Sonne, the worlds bright Light,*
Should be tranſported *by the Prince of Night*
From thence, up to the *Temples pinnacle*
With unextinguiſht breath by *Miracle,*
Like to a *Bird,* in perſon through the Ayre,
Deſerves ſmall thankes for pleading to impaire
Gods Glory in his wondrous workemanſhip
Of *the New-man*: That were by doubts to clip
His Providence for careleſſe watch and ward
Over his *Sonne,* to whom the *Angels Guard*
He promiſed by *Satans* owne Confeſſion;
The Fiend durſt not, had *Jeſus* made expreſſion,
That he was *God,* have mov'd him to Tranſgreſſion,
To ſhoot at Soules, which took his *markes* Impreſſions
"To play upon the wits of *Reprobates;*
"Yea and for *Triall* of *Regenerates,*
"Who like to wanton Apes, or ſtubborne Boyes,
"Muſt ſmart till they leave off their prankes and toyes:
"To charme the ſenſe of *witches* who have rang'd
"Their *bodies* reſting ſtill in roomes unchang'd
"On *Hackneyes,* as they dream'd, borne through the sky

With

"With *Nightly feasts* their *Wills* to satisfie,
"(So *Anodines*, and *Poppies drugges* intrance
"Their heavy *Nerves*, that their *wild fancies* dance)
"*The Lord* indeed permits him still to range
"With lyes, false shows, & *seeming wonders strange*.
Yea too, and other whiles to play the *Ape*,
Ghost, *Goblin*, *Faiery*, *in fantastique shape*,
Whereby mens outward senses he beguiles,
As their *Craz'd braines*, with visions, dreames, and wiles.
The greatest Clerkes sometimes he traines to folly,
Some for their *Pride*, and some for *Melancholy*,
Our *Youth* he leades with *Fancies wild vagaries*,
As at *Full Moone Apes dancing the Canaries*.
He wheeles about the world, the *Articke Pole*,
As *Southerne Coasts*; the vertuous, sicke and whole.
All's Fish alike: but his most dainty spoyle
Is *Learned Men* with *Crotchets* to embroyle;
Whom rather than they shall escape his clawes,
He tempts to jarre for *words*, *bare Names*, & strawes.
In *Samuels* shape he *Saul* by *Endors Witch*,
And in the *Serpents forme* did *Eve* bewitch;
Hating *the Womans Seed*, he sought by sleight
And *Angels maske* to bleare *our Saviours* sight;
But through the Aire to beare his Body up,
I feare to pledge *Scribes* in that *curious* Cup:
For in *the Place*, *where he first met him*, there,
We read he left *our Saviour* void of feare,

Although he did by *Viſion* or in *Trance*,
Or *Actuall forme* his higheſt Plots advance;
And *Jeſus* might through his *Humanity*,
Like *Peters Trance*, ſee *Satans* ſubtilty
Within that uncouth place, or *Deſart* coaſt,
As oppoſite to that which *Adam* loſt;
Becauſe he found *Chriſt* in diſtreſſed plight,
Sole, and *faſting*, he thought to hit the *White*.
" *Satan* might tempt his *Outward ſight* & Braine,
" But at his *Will* and *Heart* he ſhot in vaine,
" The *God-head* ſway'd thoſe parts, his *Angels Guard*
" About his Perſon kept both watch and ward;
So that nor *Satan* could, nor all his *Bands*
Without his leave once touch his ſacred hands,
Much leſſe againſt his Will him to tranſport,
Whom *God* alwayes did ſtrengthen and ſupport,
Till he by *Judas* ſold ſhould pay the Price,
Or *Ranſome* due for our Enormities.
Yet where *Gods Word* doth not my *Light* advance,
With *Humble ſailes* I vaile my Ignorance.

Since *Seraphins* their *zeale* were faine to cover:
How then dare I *nice Problems* to diſcover?
" *A modeſt wit* affects *the New-mans* ſtraine:
Packe hence therefore *ye wormelings of the Braine*.
Yet would I had the skill of *Auguſtine*;
Such knotty doubts to canvaſe and define,

Or

Or that I were rapt with *Poeticke Flame*,
Sedulius-like, or *Arato*, to tame
Wits puffes, that so I might in *English stile*,
As they in *Latine Layes*, a worke compile
Whereby our *Saviours deeds*, *the New-mans Glasse*,
Might with faire *Rayes* reflect on *Hearts of Brasse*:
I would imprint by his *Lifes Innocence*
In *Britaines* thoughts an imitable sence,
To shun *fond Quirkes*, and *Plainesse* to embrace,
I would assure them then of *Heavens Grace*;
Whereas *most Wits* now hover in the Aire,
Betwixt fraile *Hope*, *Presumption*, and *Despaire*.
Who knowes not that the *Fiend from his restraint*
Late loos'd goes on the *Saints* with doubts to taint?

But some will say, *An Angell cloath'd in flesh*
Cannot the *stings* so punctually represse
Of raging Sinne, as I have painted here;
Nor from *Hels tempting baites* his Passions cleare,
For borne in sinne how can we chuse but erre?
By our *first Parents* sold to *Lucifer*?
"*The wisest Man* some touch of madnesse hath,
"Of Pride, or Lust, of Niggardize, or wrath.
Doe what we can, our Glosse and *Merits* store
Looke like a *menstruous cloath*, or *mattry Core*.

I grant that None but *Jesus Christ* alone,
The Fathers Essence and his *Holy One*,

Did wholly live according to this forme,
Or spot-lesse could *the Will of God* performe:
But yet know this (*O worldly shifting man*)
That thou art bound thy *second Birth* to scan;
Enamour'd more on *Grace* and *Charity*
Then on the World, and carnall Jollity,
And in all points to imitate thy *Head*,
Or else thou art cut off, as *Member dead*.
Thou must at first repell the *Tempters snares*,
Be they *Ambitions hookes*, or *Golden wares*;
And if through *Faith* thou struggle and dost strive
Against lewd thoughts, thou shalt o're come, and (thrive;
If his *lives Type* for *Precepts* thou avow,
Thou quickly shalt attaine thy selfe to know,
And be assoyld by *Faiths Prerogative*
Of *Raigning sinne*, at least *imputative*.
For which Intent, and *Saints* encouragement
God many meanes both Old and Moderne lent,
To rouze the *Slothfull* up, to looke about,
Before that *Satan* puts their *Torches* out.
Among the rest, I hope, *Good men* will heare,
Or read my Lines, and with my *plainnesse* beare,
Since my ayme is *proud sinne* to mortifie,
And by *the New-Mans Lampe* to edifie
The *Lowly minded* and the *Penitent*, (ment.
Who more prize *Truth* then *Falsehoods* blandish-
Let others trim their *Muse* with *Gaudy* Tires:
I envy not their *Layes*, nor labours hires.

A

A *simple Robe* I like *without a Seame*,
(For such a *Coate Christ* wore) and such a *Theame*
Consorts most fit with an *Evangelist*,
Whether he *English*, *French*, or *Latinist*,
For publique use *the Praise of Christ* compose;
Be it in *Numbers*, or in *Copious Prose*;
And so for *Truth* he sound a *thankefull* Peale;
Ere vowes he hoord up, for his *private* weale;
Not like to *Clownes*, who when they gaine good turnes,
Neglect their *Patrons*, or pollute their *Urnes*,
And memory with *Urine*, Spittle, spight;
Instead of *thankes* tyth'd out to doe them right.
But howsoe're *Young Gallants* censure this,
The *Graver sort* will cleare me from amisse,
And for the Cloze, these *Golden Rules* inferre:
Plaine Poems best become a Gospeller:
The Strayned phraze puffes up: Truth suits a Saint;
Those women faire st looke, who never paint.

A Hymne of Thankesgiving to the Lord for his Churches preservation from Antichristian Tyranny.

1.

WHile *Natures Sonnes* at randome rove,
Our *New-Man* fixt on things *Above*

By

By holy Trance doth *Christ* descry,
In *Bethlems Cratch*, and *Calvary*.
Now, we *Gods word* and wonders sing,
Anon, we scan, *O Glorious King*,
Thy *Triumph*; how thy faithfull *Crew*,
While *Tyrants* rav'd, the stronger grew,
And how bright *starres*, *Hells* stormes withstood,
Till *Mungrells* on Mans *Merits* stood.
Lord, grant us Peace, our Crosses ease,
Or them release, if so thou please.

2.

As thou didst drowne proud *Pharaohs Host*,
And guid'st thine owne through *Marine Coast*,
So thine *Elect* through every Age
Thou didst preserve from *Satans* rage;
So didst thou raise to life againe
Thy Prophets twaine in Sodome slaine;
So didst thou, *Lord*, in Judgement meete,
In Eighty eight the Spanish Fleete;
And save us then, and since againe
From Ruine, Losse, and *Powder-traine*.
Lord, grant us Peace, our *Crosses* ease,
Or them release, if so thou please.

Their

3.

Their *Leaguers* force thou did'st divide
When we most fear'd *Hels* raging Tide,
Reforming *Faith* in *Publicans*
Among the *Britaines*, *Dutch*, and *Danes*,
Bohemians, *Swethens*, *Polanders*,
The Swizzers, *French*, *and Hollanders*,
To counterpoize *Great Babels* side
And by *thy Word* to tame her Pride;
Which neere hath rent her *Triple Crowne*,
When every *Bird* requir'd their owne.
Lord, grant us Peace, our *Crosses* ease;
Or them release, if so thou please.

4.

O Gracious God, how strange is this!
That thou hast cal'd blind *Strayes* to Blisse!
And didst for us *New Kings* beget,
When *Old Elizaes Sunne* was set!
The *Tent* she pitcht, *James* setled sure;
And *Charles* now Raignes, like *Cynosure*,
With *Golden starres* encircled round;
He doth not slight *the Gospels sound*,
But still renues the *Holy Fire*,
Bequeath'd him by his *Royall Sire*.
Lord, grant us Peace, our *Crosses* ease,
Or them release, if so thou please.

When

5.

When *Bavares Duke*, and *Ferdinand*
Had yok't thy *Flocke* in *Germane Land*,
There roſe up from the *Northerne Zone*
A *Machabee*, who eas'd their moane.
Nor is it leſſe *miraculous*,
That thou haſt rais'd *great Bourbons Houſe*,
Againſt the *Eagle* to make head,
When *Both* would gripe thy *Turtles* dead;
And this diverting of their Force
Spinnes Truce for us, in them Remorſe.
Lord, grant us Peace, our *Croſſes* eaſe;
Or them Releaſe, if ſo thou pleaſe.

6.

A thouſand yeares the Fiend was curb'd,
And no great *Plague* true *Saints* diſturb'd;
He made no fierce prodigious warre,
Till *Wichliffe* preacht what *Berengare*
And former *Saints* had vow'd with cares
Againſt the *Maſſe* and *Mauzzimes wares*.
But afterwards, when by thy *Word*
Some were *Reform'd*, with Fire and Sword
He then purſu'd thy *New borne Flocke*,
Becauſe they choſe *Faiths living Rocke*.
Lord, grant us Peace, our *Croſſes* eaſe,
Or them releaſe, if ſo thou pleaſe.

Even

7.

Even to this day, *Hels Magogs* ſtill
Thy *Servants* racke, their Blood doe ſpill.
O when ſhall we poore *Pilgrimes* be
From *Satans wiles* and tumults free?
O when ſhall we their Period ſee?
And ſing to thee our *Jubilee*,
Exempt from cares and *Carnall* ſtings,
O Glorious God and King of Kings?
Not in this world, till *Chriſt* doth come
In perſon firſt all Soules to doome.
Lord, grant us Peace, our *Croſſes* eaſe,
Or them releaſe; if ſo thou pleaſe. *Amen.*

The Fourth Dayes EXERCISE.

The Argument.

Chriſt *having Preacht the* Goſpel, *and* New-Birth,
Confirm'd the ſame by wondrous ſignes *on Earth;*
The Prieſts *conſpire his Death.* Judas *revolts.*
His Supper, Bloody Sweate, and ſore Aſſaults.

"IF I had dranke at *pale Pirenes well,*
" As to the wiſe *Bellerophon* befell;
" Or that I had *Urania* for my guide,
" I might tranſcend the *Starres*, and hope to ride
" On the *Pegaſean Steed* with Azur'd Reines,
" Untill the *Poles* reſounded with my *Straines.*
Such *Lofty* wiſhes through *Poeticke* guile

Farre

Farre be they from my Low and trembling ſtile.
Not *Phaeton*, nor *waxe-wing'd Icarus*,
But *Lucifers* and *Adams Fall* ſhould ſcare us
From mounting high to *Pinacles* and *Towers*,
Where *Lightnings Flaſh*, where raigne the *Aiery Powers*,
Which may our *Carnal* thoughts blow to deſpaire
(Such mighty ſway beare *Spirits in the Aire*)
Like them, whoſe *Hearts* once toucht with *hallowed Fire*,
Have quencht the *Flame* by ruffling to aſpire,
Or like our *Eves*, who in this Evening Age,
When they ſhould kneele, climbe up proud *Honours* ſtage,
Where *Mammon* they adore, and *Chriſt* by halves,
As if *Gods Grace* would breathe on *Golden Calves*.
No ſure; his *Spirit* loathes *Ambitious Fires*,
But the *milde* Soule and *humble* he inſpires:
Such as of Yore were *Jewries Fiſhermen*,
The Virgin Mary, *Anna*, *Magdalen*.
"*God* will not hold him guiltleſſe that preſumes
"To touch his *Ark* with *Flanting robes* or plumes.
Avaunt then, *Gallants*, with your Idoll-Fumes;
Depart, *ye Ladies*, with your nice perfumes;
Kiſſe not Gods Sonne, ye proud imperious Lords,
For he abhorres High lookes, Bug-beares, bigge-words!
A *ſimple Garbe* contents our *Saviours Cratch*:

Smooth

"Smooth glozing Termes take those who *Termely* catch
"Sad *Sackeclothes weed* becomes this age of Our,
"Where *Fiends* unseene waite ready to devoure,
As lawfull spoyles, our *Kingdomes faireſt flower.*
This suites me *plaine*; my Applications sowre,
Yet wholesome, like to *Lemmons* in a *Fever*,
To curbe those putrid Fumes of *Head* and *Liver*,
Which now of late the *Gentry of this Isle*
With Riot, Pride, and costly *Feasts* defile.
Then, *O Great Britaine*, take it for no wrong,
If I enchaunt thine eares with a meane song
Not grounded on false *Druydes* Antique Tales,
But wrapt in *Christ his Swathes*, & found in *Wales.*

From that *wild Place*, where *Satans Policy*
Failed to tempt his *Will* and *Phantasie*,
Arrived then to *thirty yeares of Age*,
Our Saviour, to perfect his Pilgrimage,
Returned backe to *Galilee* againe
In the third lustre of Tiberius Raigne,
Where he on *Truth* at *Nazareth* commented
But thence repuls'd, *the next Coast* he frequented,
With this true Note by that *respectlesse Towne*,
"*No Nation heeds a Prophet of their Owne*:
And having chose his *Prime Apostles* there,
Who to that end *predestinated were*,
He Preacht *good Newes* unto the true *Beleever*,

To

To cheriſh his *New Church* and to releeve her;
Good Newes indeed, which *thralled Soules* reſtore
To greater *Grace* then *Adam* loſt before.
The Tree of Life that of *Old Adam's* foiling,
And it of all *Luxuriant Sappe* diſpoyling
Chriſt did transferre to Mortall men on Earth,
Who hardly could beleeve *the Second Birth*;
They thought that none but an *Old Serpent* could
Caſt off his *Skin*, and ſo renue his *Old*
Inveterate New; None but the *Phœnix* dead
Could of his *Aſhes* reare another *Head*,
With lively *Parts* as burniſht as the *Firſt*.
This ſeem'd a worke *Divine*, which no man durſt
Attempt, before *our Saviour* made it plaine,
That *Humane Impe* muſt here be *Graft* againe
And *re-baptiz'd* by *the bright Holy Ghoſt*,
Whoſe *Name* and *Gifts* he blaz'd through *Jewries Coaſt*.
Elixirs dreame, nor *Pythagorean Change*
Could work this Feate, & *Ghoſtly Willes* exchange.
Not *Sun*, nor *Stars*, not *Humane ſeed*, nor Sence
Could breed or cauſe this *quickning Quinteſſence*;
That ſpirit, which breath'd on the *Waters* crude,
When that *earths Lumpe* confuſed lay and rude;
From a thicke *Chaos* th' *Elements* did ſever,
And with all-*quickning Thaw* did Ice diſſever,
Transforming what he would have new & ſtraite
Harmoniouſly by *Number*, *Meaſure*, *waight*;

This *Love-bred Flame*, grac'd the pure Virgins
wombe,
And none but him, such *wonders* great become.

This Doctrine *Christ* to *Nicodemus* taught,
Who then of him *Soule-Consolation* sought;
When at the bruite of his strange *Miracles*
This *Learned Scribe*, to heare *Christs Oracles*,
Had stole to him at *Salem* in the night
Fearing the *Factions* of th' *Herodians* Might,
Who nere about that time got *Captiv'd John*,
And through a *frisking Wench* slaine thereupon:
I heare (*quoth he*) that thou a *Prophet* art,
From *Heaven* sent *Salvation* to impart,
Thy Deeds import no lesse: for who but One
Of *Gods* owne Choyce, or his beloved Son,
Can doe such workes beyond set Natures reach,
Or utter such deepe points as thou dost preach.
Enflamed with the sparkes of thy renowne,
Which flyes abroad throughout our spacious
Towne,
I come to thee desirous to be taught,
In the true way: and so to *Heaven* brought.
Our Saviour turn'd to our *Faiths Alphabet*
And him to learne *Truths A.B.C.* did set.
Not *Principles* of mens *Philosophy*;
But Rules which Stony hearts doe mollify; (see,
"He must (*said Christ*) who will Gods Kingdome
Become

Become *New-borne*, and ſo an *Infant* be.
That ſaying is (*quoth Nichodemus*) ſtrange,
How can I now my Ancient yeares exchange
For a New Birth: I ſhall get ſooner roome
In an old Tombe than in my Mothers wombe.
Jeſus convinc'd his Errour, and miſtake,
With this reply; Thou doſt my ſpeeches take
In a wrong ſenſe, for truth I tell to thee,
None enters *Heav'n*, nor ſhall *Gods Kingdome* ſee,
Except he be of *Water* and the *Spirit*
Firſt borne, and then that place he ſhall inherit.
"*That part of Man borne of the Fleſh*, is *Fleſh*,
"More *Old*, than of the *Spirit*, which is freſh,
"Young, and Gallant, he which is borne hence
"Leads a new Life, and voyd of Luſts Offence.
When the *wind* blowes, thou hear'ſt a noyſe and ſound,
But know'ſt not whence it comes, nor whither (bound:
So fares it with the *Holy Spirits* man,
How he came rapt with Bliſſe he can not ſcan;
He knowes not how his *Spirit New* became
By *Grace unſeene* from the *Great Spirits Flame*.
When *Nicodemus* heard this Leſſon rare,
He anſwered, theſe things not likely are,
How can it be that *Man* without Commotion
Of *Natures ſenſe* ſhould apprehend this Motion
Of his *New-Birth* by the quicke Spirits Seed,
And grow ſo ſtrong except ſome thing him feed?

Except some *Rayes*, which we not *Outward* see,
Or *God-head* rap the Mind: how can this be?
Bear'st thou a *Doctours Style*? and dost thou teach
(*Said Christ*) and know'st not this which I doe
Preach?
I speake the *Truth*, and what my Soule hath seene,
I testify, yet all in vaine hath beene.
If when I speake of *Earth*, you le not beleeve,
Sure if I tell of *Heaven*, you will grieve
" None ever yet that *Glorious place* ascended,
" But through *the word*, which from that *Place* descended.
" Yea, none comes there, but who by *faith* on earth
" Beleeves *Gods Word*, *the second Adams Birth*.
" *The Womans seed* foretold in *Paradise*,
" Who should confound the Charmers *Sorceries*,
" Who was fore-doom'd to be *stung* in the Heele
" By the *Old Serpent*, and *Gods wrath* to feele,
" Whom men lift up, and wicked *Satan* stung,
" As the *Brasse-Serpent* in the *Desart* hung.

Out of this *Text* all ye who are misled
With glozing sinnes, your *destiny* may read,
" That no man shall behold *Gods Glorious Face*;
" Unlesse by *Grace Regeneration* raze
" *Sinnes aspicke stings*, & for those *stings* that *zeale*
" And *Love* be stampt in him with *Heavens Seale*;
" Unlesse we leave to serve *the Old Mans Lord*,

And

" And hate his Life and Lawes in thought and
word:
" Unleſſe we looke on *Him*, who was lift up
" On *Calvares Croſſe*, and pledge him in his Cup,
" Unleſſe we leave our ſinnes, and to conſpire
" Againſt his *Saints*: *Hell* is indeed our Hire.
" *Hell is Mans Hire*, Except his *Earthly Clod*,
" Be ſanctify'd and rebaptiz'd from *God*:
" His Braine, Heart, Tongue, and Soules chiefe
Faculties,
" In one muſt with *Chriſts Nature* ſympathize;
" Which ſpight of *ſinne Gods Spirit* ſoone or late,
" By *Grace* effects in the *Regenerate*:
" Which comes to paſſe by pondring *Truths* Re-
cord,
" *Chriſts Teſtament, his Covenants, and word*;
" Shunning *Scandall* the cauſe of foule offence
" By a pure Life, *Faith, Love*, and *Penitence*.
" And laſtly by oft cheering up the Soule
" With that *Repaſt*, which *Nature* doth controule,
" That *Myſticke Lambe* unſeene, yet *reall fleſh*,
" Slaine, yet living now Soules to refreſh.
Thus doth the *Holy Ghoſt* worke and Create
A new borne Babe, a Soule Regenerate;
Ev'n *He, that quickned Chriſt in Maries wombe*,
Will breath on him, and make him then become
By Motion calme, unſeene, and ſecret meane,
Chriſts lively Member, pure, Reformed, Cleane,

Conformed to *the Head, our Elder Brother,*
Whose last command was this: *Love one another.*
Now by these *signes* our *Britaines* sure may know,
Whether they be of his *true Christian Row.*

To be *Baptiz'd* without the *Sacred Spirit,*
Is surely never *Heaven* to Inherit.
They be but *Nurles, half Christians, dwarfes,* or *elves,*
Nor Hot, nor Cold, which doe perswade themselves
By *Baptisme* bare with Water, the *Communion,*
And *Outward workes* to be of Saint-like union;
For what will our *great Charters Seale* availe?
If to performe the *Covenants* we faile?
"That is, *to love our New mans Lord and Head,*
"*Learne his New Law, and a New life then lead?*
God by *Christs death* more power did restore
With that *Free-will,* which *Adam* lost before.
"*Grace* gave to us this *Supernaturall*
"*Free gift* to cope with the *Will Naturall.*
"This *Will* our *New-man* hath from *Bondage* free,
"Because true *Faith* brought *Bondage* on his knee,
"Which, as *Love-tokens,* each good *Christian* hath
"Left him by *Grace,* to lead him in *Christs path.*
But if he slights this *Path* being *Catechiz'd,*
How can he be with *Flames Characteriz'd?*
How dares he say that he doth harmelesse save
His Sureties triple vow, except he rave?

If

"If he delights in *Carnall* talke, or Lust
"More than *Gods Word*: his *Faith* lies in the dust.
"*Devotion* failes, whilst *sinne* in Man doth raigne,
"Whilst *Satans raigning fancy* guides his braine
"Nor can *Gods Grace* within his heart fix anchor
"Till it be cleans'd of rust and Natures rancour;
"Or if it burne, it quickly may expire
"By *Carnall meanes* and blasts, except the Fire
"Of *zeale* be kept still in by daily use,
"With watch and ward from *Holy things* abuse:
"Except the Soule for *Gods Faiths Tything* powres
"Heapt daily from the foure and twenty houres.
This is a Mystery, which few observe;
And fewer like: but give themselves to serve
The vicious Times: more for *Promotion* striving
Or Plots to please *rich humourists* contriving,
Then *Grace* to beg with humble hearts and sorry,
Then first to seeke before their owne *Gods Glory*.
"Joyne we our *wills* to his, we shall be pure,
For *Christ his death Old Adams Plagues did cure*.
But now adayes in worldly Policy
Some temporize, to hide their Lunacy,
Like *Adams nakednesse*, till time more mellow,
And ripe shall change their *Youthfull haires* & yel-
Or else because *against the Holy Ghost* (low,
For sinning they doe tremble to be lost,
If once *New borne* of the same *Flaming Spirit*
They lose their *Talent*, or chance to bury it.

O causeleſſe doubts, like to *Hob-goblins* Feares!
As though *Gods ſpirit* loathes the ſighs and teares
Of his poore *Converts*, nay, he will aſſure
And helpe to make their rathe *Election* ſure.
No *Fits* ſtop them, like *Agues*, ſtormes, or Raine,
But *Grace* moves to their *Centred Hearts* againe.
Though I confeſſe that *great Preſumptuous ſinne*
Concernes them much, who have *New-formed* bin,
(As many were ſoone after Chriſts Aſcent
Poſſeſt with Gifts to *Schooles* Aſtoniſhment)
By the *Immediate* wondrous Inſpiration
Of *Gods bright Flame*, though by the Inſtigation
Of *Satan*, they chance afterwards to fall
To *Lunacies*, yet let them hope with *Paul*
And *Peter falne by Chriſt his Blood Remiſſion*,
For who dares judge *Grds Grace* without miſpriſion?

Or ſentence our *Grave Cranmer* for his feares?
Since at his Death he purg'd his Fall with *Teares*,
And *ſacrific'd his Hand firſt to the fire*,
Becauſe it did againſt his Heart conſpire?
Let them take up theſe words with *Job*, and ſay:
"*Ile put my truſt in him, though he me ſlay.*
"Tis true I fell: which Fall I will not Cover.
"I was *Soule-ſicke*: but *God* may me recover.
"Barre *Aire and Blond* of *motion Circulare*,
"*Meteours* the one, *Heart-griefes* the other ſcare.
"The *Body* feeles ſins *Symptomes* and diſeaſes;

So

"So feeles the *Soule*, till *Grace* them both releaſes,
"Which never failes a *Saint*, though for a while,
"Foule *Luſtfull fogges Faithes* working may defile.
"Let none deſpaire that hath *Repentant* beene,
"Or can but once a day ſigh for his ſinne.

Many grave Rules and Documents profound
Chriſt left, and did unto the Jewes expound
Amongſt which others here I will relate:
"*The Lowly, Pure, the Poore and deſolate,*
"*The Peace-maker*, and for the *Faith oppreſt*,
"Theſe with the *Zealous* he pronounced *Bleſt*.
Chriſt termes thoſe *Bleſt, of Spirit Poore and Mild*,
"Then what is Mans Great Spirit? *Satans Child.*
"His briſtling up with Braggadochian vaunts,
"With fuming Spleene, with Gall, and Girding Taunts;
"His ſtanding on fond *Natures* brittle Pinion,
"Or his owne *Merits puffe*, or *Wits opinion*;
"His ſleighting of a *Saint* that favour craves,
"As if himſelfe were *Pope*; *Chriſts Members* ſlaves;
"His *thundring peales of Penalties* high rackt,
"As if his owne *ſwell'd Head* no *Surgeon* lackt;
"His falſe *deſignes* to bring home *Maſſy* Crimes
"From *Forraigne Climes* in *Antichriſtian* Times;
"His *Challenges* for *Honours* wrong'd repaire,
"Or by *Law-ſuites Saints* Fortunes to impaire:

What

"What *Spirit* swayes, shewes the *Red Dragons*
Mace,
"Not of the *Lambes*, but wicked *Belials* Race.
So farre was *Christ* from *wrath*, or *vengeance* taking
So farre from spoyling foes, or greedy raking,
That he bad *Peter* to put up his *Sword*,
When he had *Malchus* smote; and at his *word*
Confessing he was *Jesus*, though they were
Scar'd at his voyce, he will'd them not to feare;
And when his owne *Disciples* did presume
To urge him, like *Elias*? to consume
Those men with fire, which wilfully deny'd
To harbour him; the *fiend* then undescry'd
By them he checkt, and said, that they did rave,
"*For he came not to kill, but Soules to save.*
Who then beleeves Saint *Patrickes Oracles*?
That *Irish Kernes* he kild by *Miracles*?
Or credit our *New Sects*, who doe conspire
To plant our Saviours Church by Sword and Fire?
So farre liv'd *Christ* from *Pride*; at once he had
But *one plaine Robe*, wherewith his backe was clad;
One Coate he wore to shrow'd his naked skinne,
A Seamelesse Coate to cover *Adams* sinne;
A Coate indeed wrought *uniforme* and plaine,
To shew that he recover'd backe againe
Our former suite of Innocence entire
Without those seames of Schoolemens *nice* attire,
Which likewise we, like Turtle Doves, must weare

At

At our *New Birth* with *Love* and filiall feare,
Not slashing it, like *Schismatiques* unbid,
Nor *casting Lots*, as *Romes fell Souldiers* did,
Who not content to gore his *Guiltlesse side*
And *Body* slay, his *Rayment* did divide.
"*The Foxes had their Holes, the Aiery Foule*
"*Their proper Nests*: But *he poore harmeleſſe Soule*,
"Like *Noahs Dove*, on earth could scarce have foo-
ting;
"No certaine Lodg, nor comforts worth the boo-
"Glad in his Travels to receive releife (ring,
"Of them, who for his sake received Life.
Instead of Ease, he *Persecution* felt,
Chose *Desarts* oft, and into *Brine* did melt
His Eyes with griefe to see such Combination,
Such Pride among his owne selected Nation.
He spent the *day* in Preaching and good deedes,
The *night* in Prayer for their foule Misdeedes:
Yet liv'd he more contented with his *Fate*
Than *Solomon* with all his *Royall* state,
Before whose pompe & traines Illustrious muster,
He priz'd the *Lillies* for their native Lustre.
Such *Artlesse flowers* he saw of goodlier hew
And *Glaring* more then any *Maske* or *shew*.
This *Christ* expresst with *Gospels Majesty*,
With *Practicke* patience, Love, and Poverty;
Teares often shed, true zeale, and thereupon
His *Fathers Doome* for Sinners undergone.

To

To ſtint our daily Cares for *worldly pelfe*,
" *The Morrowes Carke he bids leave to it ſelfe.*
For why ſhould we diſtruſt our *Fathers* Ayd,
When we ſee *Fields* with various Robes array'd
And *Sparrowes* bred without Mans induſtry?
Then how much more will he our Need ſupply
Before we thinke on things meere Tranſitory,
Seeke firſt, *ſaid Chriſt*, the Joyes of *Heavenly glory*,
And then be ſure of this: you ſhall have more
Than ſerves your turn out of his bounteous ſtore,
Or at the leaſt, what *Nature* may ſuffice,
Food, Rayment, Lodging, or the like *ſupplies*:
Have you forgot the many *Thouſands* fed
With a few Fiſh, and Barley Loaves of Bread?
To teach us *thriſt*, the *ſcraps* when they were fil'd
Moſt *frugally* to be laid up he will'd:
Looke carefully the Fragments be not loſt,
Or caſt away (*quoth he, the Gentle Oaſt.*)
" A faire advice to them that ſpend on *Hounds*,
" What ſerves for *Humane uſe*, though wealth abounds.
" This Rule likewiſe a warning Type I place,
" For them that waſte their *Inward Food of Grace*,
" Diſtributing in *Playes*, ſome *Pearles to Hogges*,
" Chriſts holy ſcrappes, as *Huntſmen cheere their Dogges*.
" When we muſt keepe the *Reliques of our boord*,

Ought

"Ought we not more the *Sacred Word* to hoor'd?
"The ſmalleſt crummes and paſſages of *Grace*,
"May ſtead the *weake* in their *New holy Race*.
O let us then without *Sophiſticke* Brabble
Reſerve all *Remnants* of the *Myſticke Table*,
Leaſt that the *Seed*, which *Chriſt the better Part*
Moſt needfull calls, miſſe rooting in the Heart,
Leaſt *Martha*-like with *Houſehold* toyle oppreſt
We want the *Food* which *Mary* liked beſt,
The Word, which ſhe ſo well diſgeſted then,
That her *beſt Choyce* crownes her *Saint Magdalen*.

To weane us from aſpiring to *Promotion*,
The Old mans plot, the *Serpents* ſhining Motion,
When ſome of his *Apoſtles* ſtrove for *place*,
Jeſus did thus their *lofty* mindes abaſe:
He tooke and rank't a *Child* in midſt of them,
Proteſting that, though he of ſcorned ſtem
Were held by them: yet *Meeke* and *Innocent*,
His Spirit might an *Elders* worth prevent,
And that unleſſe a *Child* we imitate
In harmeleſſe Love, we ſeeke *Gods Lambe* too late.

Doubtleſſe there is a great *Antipathy*
Betwixt the *World* and *Heaven* for *Quality*
And *Motion*: when *the Church here Militant*
Failes to Conſort her Tunes extravagant
With the *Elects Allelujahs Union*,

The

The *Greatest* here may misse of *Saints Communion*
But if our thoughts shine circled in the Ring
Of mutuall *Love* with constant Faith, (a thing
That may not be except the *Holy Ghost*
Infuse those flaming *Twinnes*) then will the *Host*
Of Angels Quire by the like Sympathy,
As *Load stones*, meete our *Willes* conformity.
Though *Nature* doth Impostumated swell,
Or burne with *Feavers*, like the fits of *Hell*,
The Spirit yet more strong in the Vacation
Will overcome, and settle our Vocation;
Gods Mercy will with *Natures moods* dispence,
If fixing on his *Sonne* our Confidence
And Rest, we kneele twixt *Love* and *reverend feares*
To *Him alone* with contrite sighes and teares,
Unfaignedly sweet *Abbaes sound* to greet,
Oft looking downe on our vile *Peacockes feete*.

O would these *Layes* might now rebound with *Eccboes*!
And pierce the Eares of *Earths Magnificoes*,
With sad *Portents* reverberating *Rue*,
And *Wormwood* moods for slighting what is true:
Because they doate, despising *Saints* Correction,
On *Idoll-praise of Good my Lords* reflection,
And derogate from *Gods Prerogative*,
Not giving thankes to him by whom they thrive
With *Titles* more than *Dons*, then *Gundamore*,

Like

Like *Herod*, or proud *Babels ſcarlet Whore:*
Gods wrath in ſpight of all their brave reputes
Will ſqueeze their Pompe and *Popelike Attributes.*
Truth echoed *Ruth*: and he that ſcornes her *Eccho*
Pigmalion turnes, *Don Quiſhot*, or a *Hicco.*
Truth ſpake this doome with Trumpets ſounding loud:
"*God helpes the meeke, and tumbles downe the proud.*
"So ſpake her voyce in them that bad us ſhunne
"*High Seats, rich Robes*, to weare the homely ſpun
"Old *Sackecloathes weed*, plaine ſtuffe, or *Camels haire*,
"Contritions *Garbes*, puft Honours to impaire.
So ſpake bright ſhining *Truth*, that Noble Dame,
In them that warn'd the *Outward man* to tame,
Who by *Saint John* at the *Lambes Feaſt* records
That *Foules ſhall eate the fleſh of Mighty Lords*,
When pooreſt *Saints* and meaneſt of Eſteeme
Shall feed with *Chriſt*, though they unworthy ſeeme
To *Carnall* Eyes, and whilſt thoſe *Potentates*,
Or *pamp'red Lords* with all their *Gliſtring ſtates.*
For want of *Wedding Robes* ſhall be excluded.
And to become a ſhamefull prey concluded.
Meane while to gaine a Name like *Alexander*,
Some live by *Bloudy ſpoyles*, or elſe they ſquander
Their *ſureſt Meanes* on Earth for the ſupport
Of their *high pompe*, and *blazing ſtarres* report.

But

But after *death*, *O Fooles*, what *Harvest* shall
Ye reape by *Fame*? or *Port Pontifical*?
Or if perchance ye live to *dappled Age*,
Will not a *lingring hell* abate your Rage?
Would *God* these *Lines* might prove *Angelicall*
That they were stampt in *Letters Capitall*,
For never *Age* durst be so bold to call
Like *Ours*, *Damn'd Pride of Graces Principall*.

Christ wils us not to *Judge* men for that sinne,
Whereof we know our selves have guilty beene,
For looke with what *rough measure* we doe mete
To others, *God* will make the like complete
Upon our score: To cure a *Brothers* sight
Tis fit our owne be cleare to *Judge aright*.
We must not give *Gods holy things to dogges*,
Nor Minister his *Mysteries* to *hogges*,
For *hogges* in Mire the finest *Pearles* will tread,
And *envious dogs* with *Bruitish Passions* led,
Will *snarling*-wise their *Masters Guests* molest,
Whom he invited to his *marriage Feast*.
These *dogs* and *hogs*, *Christ* warnes us to prevent
Full cautiously, lest us they circumvent,
And interrupt our entry into blisse,
The *Gate* whereof is *straite*, and many misse
To find it out; *Although they have been Call'd*,
Yet very few are chosen and install'd
True Saints: (*so narrow is the heavenly Gate.*)

Some

Some know the *Way*, but comming there too late
They are repuls'd; ſome boaſt of *Miracles*,
And of *great Merits*, yet find Obſtacles,
And for their vaunts are daſht; *Not every one*
That cals Lord, Lord, or knowes Gods murthered Son,
Shall enter there with glozing ſnares and Nets:
The *hollow Hearts* prove then the greateſt Lets,
As doe their *Bragges* of *Meritorious workes*,
Or *naked Faith*. Here the *ſlie Serpent* lurkes
Unſeene of *Carnall eyes*, and will betray
Soules with faign'd *Ecchoes*, till they loſe their way.
But if they like *our higheſt Fathers will*,
They muſt ſhun *ill*, and ſo climbe up his *Hill*.
How many thouſands doate on *worldly Pleaſure*
So long, untill they loſe *Soules ſacred Treaſure*?
Sometimes *Hels theeves* breake in, and all is gone;
Some other time wanting the *Corner ſtone*,
Their houſe fals downe, which whilſt they build againe,
Death ſummons them, or tortures them with pain
That they forget their *Maſter* and their *charge*,
And loſe thereby his *Grace*, and their diſcharge.
All yee therefore, that mind the *Heavenly Palace*,
Take *Chriſts adviſe*; Build not for *carnall* ſolace,
On Bog, or Sand: but *build upon the Rocke*
Your Temple, where you need not feare the ſhocke
Of *Tyrant-waves*, nor foggy Earths eruptions,

Nor *undermining Fankes*, nor Theeves irruptions,
And then you shall be sure though *Natures date*
Concludes your *State*, to meet with happier Fate.
" To *Counterfeits* much blame *Christ* did impute,
" And such as gave their *Almes for vaine repute*;
" He willes us not to strive for *Wealth* or *Place*,
" Nor for *Good workes* to looke for *Humane Grace*,
" *To love his Friends, and not on them to prey*,
" Nay, to *forgive*, and for our Foes to pray.
" We must not on a *Brother* wrecke our teene,
" Nor let the *Sunne* goe downe upon our spleene;
We must remit not onely *seven Times*,
But *Seventy times seven*; and that betimes,
Lest that we run that wretched *Stewards* race,
To whom his *Lord* compassioning his Case
Suspended all his *Debts*, untill he heard
How he had dealt with others sore and hard.

He *God* forbad with *Babling* to abuse,
But when we *pray*, the *briefest Termes* to use,
" More tending to his *Praise*, then our *supplies*,
" Which last wee season must sometimes with *sighes*:
" Not *Parrot*-like by roate, but from the *Roote*,
" And *Bottome* of the Heart with *Abbaes* Note;
The *Module* whereof himselfe declar'd,
Thus having us from *tedious Formes* debarr'd:
" Father most High, *thy Name be glorified*:

Thy

"*Thy Kingdome come*: *As doth in heaven betide,*
"*Thy will on Earth be done*: *Food daily give,*
"*To us*: *As we our Foes*; *Lord, us forgive*:
"*And let us not be tempted by the Devill,*
"*The World, or Flesh, but free us from all Evill.*
This *pithy Forme the Lord* to us did leave
For patterne pure, if we it well conceive.
We must in chiefe looke on *Gods Sacred Power,*
And sanctifie his *Name* before we powre
Devotions forth for our owne *Private Ends.*
We must doe nothing *worldly*, but what tends
More to his *Praise* than to our owne respect.
He warnes that we *false Christians* must expect,

Who the true *Faith* to bring into neglect
Will forge strange things well-nere to foole the *Elect*;
False Balaams, who not holding *Love* for *Roofe*,
Would cover *Faith* with *Golden Clouds* aloofe,
"*False Teachers*, like the *Scribes* and *Pharisees*
"Who should seduce the world with *Dreames* and lies,
"Who like *Jewes Rabbies* for *Supremacies*,
"Should gape, and Hunt for *Lordly Primacies*,
"Over his *Members*, whom he *Brethren* styles,
A Caveat true for *Antichristian* Wiles.
Yea, and for *Lords*, if they good *Christians* grieve
Under pretext of *Gods Prerogative*.

To these he other addes, *signes* that portend
The Judgement day at hand, and the *worlds End.*
'When that we see *strange Plagues*, Fraud, Famine, Jarres,
'With *Massacres of Saints*, and *Bloody warres*,
'When *Mauzzims Type* raignes in *Gods holy place*,
'Like *Cæsars* set for *Sions* last disgrace:
'When *Frogs*, or *Locusts* wast our meanes of *Light*;
'When the *Baptiz'd* our *New mans Gifts* do slight,
'And *sell mens Soules*; when one betrayes another,
'And of *Christs flocke* the *Brother* hurts the *Brother*;
'When *Children* to their *Sires* rebellious prove,
'And *Wives* to *Husbands* faile in mutuall Love:
'These tearing *Unions Bond* by loves divorce,
'Those razing *Natures Fort* without remorce:
'When both these *States*, the *Churches mysticke type*,
'Each other cloy with *Tares*, or fruite unripe:
'When men create *New Christs* both here & there,
'Or, then in *Heaven*, *Christs body* seeke elsewhere,
'When his bright *Light* shines in the *utmost West*,
'Which, like to *Lightning*, rose first from the *East*;
'When most *mens zeale* shall *frozen* be and cold,
'Then every houre looke for the *End* foretold;
'Which *End* steales on, like *Daniels desolations*,
'Or *Noahs Flood*, which overtooke all *Nations*,
'Whilst they were *feasting*, like our Libertines,
Who slight these *Flames*, as they those *Crystall signes.*

Heed

Heed, *Readers*, then your *Monitors* advise,
And scorne not this his *Servants Sacrifice.*
Other good *Rules* to us *Christ* left behind
To cleare the sight of the most sinfull blind,
And those in solid words more comprehending
In one short *Parable*, more by descending
From *Generals* to formes *Particular*,
Conducting *Saints* to the *Archangels war*,
With easie steps, and *edifying phraze*,
More than by *thorny* doubts, *Meanders maze.*
'Which course if *Preachers* now adayes would trace
'With *Catechizing Lectures* to make place
'For *Seed* to spring, not halfe so many *Tares*
'Would choke *pure-seeded hearts* with worldly cares.
'If in their *Sermons* to the *simpler sort*
'They leave to canvase and to make report
'Of matters past their reach and Apprehensions,
Or such deepe points, which might provoke contentions:
As *Gods Essentiall Forme*, *Pelagian doubts*,
The Soules Free-will, *hels place*, or whereabouts
Departed Saints are seated till *Doomes-day*;
And not the *Pulpit* beate with an Affray
On *Bellarmine*, and other *Clerkes unknowne*,
Who they with *Latine* there would tumble down.
If they shoot not *Wits Squibs* against the *Truth*,
Nor *Legend-dreames* to fridge the eares of *Youth*;

If they Preach nothing but *Christ Crucified*,
And *saving Faith*, *sinne* would lye *mortified*:
Their *zeale* would spring, if they with zealous mood,
Expound *Christs Gospell* to be understood.
Men would repent, sinnes Baites if they disgrace,
Dividing *the Lawes Thunder* from *mild Grace*.

Some kind of sinnes, which daily he beheld
Committed by poore humble Soules, he held
More *veniall*, of compassionate regard:
He pittyed them, and their petitions heard,
If with *Contritions Grones* they did lament,
And of their sinnes unfainedly repent.
To shew his Love unto the *Convertite*,
To lift up Soules from discontented plight,
And that none should despaire of *Clemency*,
He did these short similitudes apply.
A man had lost *one sheepe* of many score,
But finding it with toyle, rejoyced more,
Than for the rest, which never stray'd at all
From their owne Ranke, his whistle, or his call.
A Woman next he cited, who did boast,
More of *one silver peece*, which she had lost
And after search recovered, then of *nine*
Left in her *purse*, that never made her whine.
For further proofe, he brought the *Prodigall*,
Who spent his meanes, both use and *Principall*,

Mo

Moſt laviſhly, yet afterwards Repenting,
With teares he found his *Fathers hearts* relenting,
That his *Returne a New-man* from a *Beaſt*
He welcom'd with a Calfe, and made a Feaſt.
"Such Joy (*Chriſt ſaid*) tranſports the *Angels Quire*,
"When men *Repent*, and ſeeke their *Heavenly Sire.*
"They triumph more for *One poore Convertite*
"Then for leſſe *Strayes*, or more in life upright.
So pittifull was *Chriſt*, that to unfold
His *Love*, *Remorce*, *and mercies* manifold:
Were endleſſe paines above Capacity
Of *Humane wit* clog'd with Infirmity:
As may appeare by that *Adultereſſe*
Led by the *Scribes*, when ſeeing her heavineſſe
He bad her to goe home, and *ſinne no more*;
And when himſelf ſtood tortur'd at deaths doore
He comforted the *Theefe* with *Paradiſe*,
Becauſe he askt for *Grace* with dolefull eyes.

"But for the *Higher ſort*, who proudly dar'd
"Maskt under *Lawes* pretence with burdens hard
"To Tyrannize upon mens *Conſciences*,
"And by *Schoole Quirkes*, or wreſted ſentences
"Of *Scripture* to moleſt *the Churches union*,
"Thoſe with a *woe* he doomed for diſunion,
With ſuch who force *the gift of Chaſtity*,
Unleſſe *God* gave it, on *Humanity*;

Who barring *Saints Gods Im age* to beget,
Would weave for foule *Asmodeus Priests* a Net.
Christ utterly misliket such *Scandalists*,
Like them who dare, beyond *Religions* Lists
As *petty Kings*, to Lord it by their gripes,
Wounding the Poore, worthy of many stripes,
Those he Judg'd to be, for above all sins
Then *raigning* strong, and whereby *Satan* wins
Most in *our Age*, *smooth-fac'd Hypocrisy*
He loathed as foule thoughts, *Soules Leprosie*.
Eight severall woes therefore against the *Scribes*
He thundred for their *hollow deeds* and *Bribes*:
'Who knew his *Masters will* and did it not,
'But wilfully would loyter, play, or plot
'Some lewd designe against his *Masters profit*,
'Or saw his losse, and not informes him of it;
Such *witting slaves* he sentenced to be
Worthy of smart in a most high degree.
It griev'd him much to see *Wise men* contend,
Like *Ideots*, and fond children to no end,
For shaddowes on the wall, for *Dignity*,
Short lasting Pompe, for so *true Liberty*
Quite losing through their *Pride*, and vaine desires
They quench the *flame* of *Intellectuall fires*:
Christ saw these Flashes, Dreames, and Fooleries,
And oft lamented them with weeping eyes.
To shun therefore *Gods wrath*, and to fulfill
While we on earth survive, his *Fathers will*,

Of

'Of force we muſt (*he ſaid*) forſake our owne,
'Though deareſt, *Luſts*, and tread Temptations downe:
'We muſt take up his *Croſſe*, and that prefer,
'As *Heavens doore*, and our Remembrancer,
'Before our *Parents*, *Children*, or Alliance,
'And on his *Blood* to fixe our whole Affiance.
To *Penitents* through *Faith*, hee preach't Remiſſion
Of ſinnes, but *Plagues* for temporiz'd omiſſion,
The which with Teares hee Propheſied would light
For wilfull ſinne on every *faithleſſe* wight.
This *Judgement* on *Jeruſalem* foretold
By *Romes proud Conqueſts* afterwards tooke hold,
When *Abrahams ſeed*, *the Circumcized Ligne*,
Were quite expulſt *the Land of Paleſtine*.
And ſithence we, the *Chriſtians of the Weſt*,
Yea, and *the Eaſt*, whom *Infidels moleſt*,
Have felt for ſinne *Gods Plagues* of Vengeance due,
And ſhall feele worſe, unleſſe we change our hue,
With better *Leaven* then the *Phariſees*,
Our *Faith*, like *ill bak't bread*, ſoone putrifies.
O hardned hearts! O moſt unhappy men!
How oft ſought *Chriſt*, like to a *careſull Hen*
Her wandring *Chickens*, or a *loving Brother*,
To reunite your *ſtrayes*? and wrongs to ſmother?
How oft likewiſe hath he recalled home,

Into

Into his *Flocke our Westerne Christendome*?
God grant *our Britaines* may regard this pittance,
These crummes of mine, not slighting their admittance
Into his *Fold*, least *Antichristian soule*
Devoure their *seed* and their *New man* controule;
"Lest for their want of Faiths Lampe-oyle in Heaven,
"They be like to the *Fooliſh Virgins* driven
"From the *Kings Feaſt*; or that they hide their *Talents*;
"Or they *ſhut out* for want of *wedding rayments*;
"Or like thoſe *Clownes*, who their *Lords Servants* ſtript,
"*Murther'd his Sonne*, and were themſelves extirpt.

Theſe ſeverall ſorts of *Temporizers* toucht,
We find by *Chriſt* himſelfe, and ſharpely coucht
Under theſe *pithy Parables*, like them;
Which praiſe the *Tree*, and yet the *Fruite contemne*
For ſome there are, as *Jeſus* did rehearſe,
Who by the *High way ſide*, *good Corne* diſperſe,
And this the *Birds* catch up, and prey upon.
Some ſow in *Barren ground* too neere the *Stone*;
Which wanting Earth & moiſture wants encreaſe;
"So *hardned Faith* can never harveſt Peace.
"And though *Gods word* be Preacht on *Sabbath* dayes;
"Yet lacking *Roote*, it withers & decayes.

Such

Such *Auditors*, and *outward Formaliſts*
Stand both excluded out of *Chriſtian* Liſts.
"Some *ſeed* ſprings faire, but choakt with *thornes*
and *Tares*,
"Soone faile, like *braines* too full of *worldly cares*.
"When *Satans weedes of vanity*, or *Luſt*
"Grow up with *Faith*, then *Faith* lies in the duſt.
So in *Gods Church* ſpring *Hereſies* accurſt,
Unleſſe *Good Paſtours* weed them up at firſt.
"But bleſt be they, who ſow in *Fruitfull ground*,
"Their *Graine* ſhall ſure a hundred fold abound;
"Like *Muſtard ſeed*, though at the *Prime* but ſmal,
"Yet at the *Harveſt*, it growes full and Tall.
If *Adams Sonnes* could with a zealous mind
Receive *Gods Word*, *his Spirit* they ſhould finde,
His *holy Gifts* would multiply with ſtore;
From *bliſſe* to *bliſſe* they ſhould riſe more & more.

Such *Propheſies of Chriſts* are come to paſſe,
Where we may ſee, as in a ſteely glaſſe,
How ſome lay for *Gods Meſſengers* a traine,
Yea and to ſlay their *Maſters Sonne* againe.
How neere ſome runne into *damnations* brinke,
Like *Beares* to eate his *Fleſh*, his *Blood* to drinke?
"For doe not they with *Blaſphemy* miſtake?
"To bragge, that they did *Fleſh materiall* take?
"When *Chriſt* before his *Paſſion*, as he ſate
"At *Supper*, did no ſuch *communicate*.

In

'*In reall forme*? nor yeeld for them to gnaw
'His *Limbes*, which then and there *entire* they saw?
'His *Flesh and Blood Christ* consters to be *Life*,
'And *Quickning Spirit*, and to end all strife.
'He saith, that *Man must have another Birth*,
'*The Elder borne of flesh*, or Carnall earth.
'*The second of the Spirit, New and quicke*;
'Whereto a *Saint* with constant *faith* must sticke,
'For as the *flesh* subsists with *earthly Bread*,
'So by his *Deaths Record the Soule* is fed:
'*His Sacrificed flesh* with *mouthes Confession*
'And *Hearts Beliefe* receiv'd, heales all Transgression;
'And doth through *Grace the Spirits food* impart
'Unto *Gods Image pure, Mans noblest part*.
'This made *Christ* say: *The flesh cannot availe*,
'For Blisse, but that his *quickning words* prevaile.
'This *quickning food Christs Spirit* satisfide,
'When *Satan* try'd his *Body mortifide*:
'*Mans person here not onely lives by Bread*,
'*But with the word of God he must be fed*.
'*This unseene meate Christ* had, as he did tell,
'Whereof they knew not, at *Samariaes Well*.
'On which *Eternall Cates* those *Soules* that feed,
'Of *Carnall food* shall never stand in need,
'Nor at *Doomesday*, when *Hagges* howle out, *Alasse*!
'Shall *Soule-fed Saints to condemnation passe*:
This Living water free'y without sale,

Christ cry'd to all athirst, both great and small;
'*To drinke, beleeve, and feed on Christ, implyes*
'*The selfe same thing in our great Sacrifice.*
Our Bodies food by Nature rots at last,
Converts to dung, and to the draught is cast,
Or is to *Humours* chang'd; but *Christ his food*
Transformes us to his *quickning flesh and blood,*
Of the like Substance form'd and Quality
As the *New man* by *Christs* Conformity.
'*The Rocke a figure was, the Vine a signe;*
'Blest be the *Branches* grafted in this *Vine,*
'So blest be they, who make true *Ghostly use*
'Of this *Rocke, Vine,* and *Blood* without abuse.
'As here *our Soules feed on Christs flesh and blood,*
'*By faith*: so musing on his *Sacred food,*
'We shall raisd up to higher Dignity
'Feed on *Christs Godhead* and *Humanity*;
'Where now we feed on *Christ the Lambe divine,*
'We then shall Feast through *Christ,* with *God in Trine.*
'*Gods word* begat the *Churches Sacraments,*
'Of sundry formes, yet *One* in their intents;
'The *Circumcision* and the *Easter Lambe,*
'Our *Baptisme* and the *Eucharist* became;
'Mysterious signes *Christs Image* to renew
'By *Grace* in man, the *Gentile* as the *Jew,*
'In which, as they their *Faith infolded* fixt,
'So we on *Christ Baptiz'd,* and *Crucifixt*;

'For in the *Cloud the Nation circumciz'd*
'Were in the *Desart* to *Faiths Rocke baptiz'd*,
'An easie yoake for us, *two Objects* free,
'Both which they *darkling* saw, through *Crystall* (we:
'They *God* admir'd in their *old Sacrifice*,
'As we doe *Christ* in ours with *Extasies*.
'*Faith* saved them and did their soules releeve,
'And the same *God* saves us, if we beleeve.
'Since they were sav'd beleeving in the *Shadowes*,
'Then why not we *receiving him that made us*?
'Yea sure, we may according to our *Creed*
'And *zeale*, feed on his *Flesh*, *true Flesh indeed*,
'Not *Chymicke*-like, with *changing Accidents*,
'But as *our New-man* feeds with *Soule-rapt sense*;
'Not with our *Teeth*, nor yet *Fantasticke flesh*,
'But as himselfe at *Supper* did expresse
'It for *Soules Food* to his *Disciples* then,
'As now, with his *Deaths type*, to *Christian men*.

Who this beleeves and helpes the *wounded man*,
Without a Fee, like the *Samaritane*,
If he be *Lowly*, as the *Publican*,
Asham'd of sin, and doth the best he can
To please the *Lord*, he shall be *borne anew*,
Of *Gods bright Spirit*, and see all things *New*,
'The *Sacraments* typ'd with *New* properties;
'The one doth cleanse the *Babes* impurities,
The other cheeres us up by *Sacrifice*

Of

Of *Bread and Wine, Food of new Qualities,*
Under whose veile they blest by sacred Word
We minde in Trance the Body of the Lord,
And then we checke *the World, the Flesh, the Devill;*
For *Saints* wel know, that nothing which is evil,
Nor yet that *Flesh*, wherein *our Spirits* move,
Shall *Heaven* see, till *Grace* our sins remove:
(Which may not be, unlesse we will *Repe*
To *Natures griefe*, and *Fiends* astonishme
How we become *New borne*, no more we know
Than *Nicodemus*, how the *wind* did blow,
But by our *Faith*: that *Gods Sonne crucified*
Doth now on his *Right hand* sit glorified
Above all *Thrones*, *A Saviour*, *Priest*, and *King*,
Triumphant over sin, *the Dragons sting*,
And may heale us, as *the Brasse Serpent hung*
Did Israelites by fiery Serpents stung,
If we receive this *Viands* excellence
With *Inward taste* more than with *Outward sense*.
But why did *Christ* Evangelize *Salvation*
In *mysticke* sort? and aime at *Reprobation*
By sentences to *carnall wits* so darke,
Was it that we more seriously might marke,
The Sence, when they should moralized be
By *Clerkes* of our *Leviticall Degree*.
Perhaps such *Tropes* propt with Divinity,
May worke in some with greater *Majesty*
So *Saints* sometimes to *States Tyrannicall*

Have

'Have read by *Riddles*, or in Generall
'*Grave Lectures* on the *Gospels* Lightning Text,
'Least their *seeds growth* by spleene or by pretext
'Of *winding Lawes* were dasht with dis-respect,
'Or *silenced* themselves with foule neglect,
'If bluntly they, or headlong out of Season
'Preach much of *Peace* to *Tyrants* voyd of Reason.
Christs flocke well knowes his voyce: but on the rest
That stu[illegible] *Wolves* and *Roamers* Feast,
Let *carnall Sots* poare on *Carnalities*,
Whilst we *Christs Body* see with *Angels eyes*,
Or at the least, while with *our New-mans sight*,
We doe discerne from *Carnall Sense* his *Light*:
After this *way* hid from the *Old mans* brood
Our Noblest part receives Christs mysticke Food.

Some other times *He* prov'd his *Oracles*
Concerning *fruitlesse faith* by *Miracles*;
As when he to a *Figge-tree* did repaire
For *fruite*; which a farre off seem'd greene & faire
In show, but finding there not ought but *Leaves*,
Incens'd, he it with indignation leaves,
Because he found it backward in the yeelding,
And not well *Graft*, he left it for a *Hielding*,
And from thenceforth a *Reprobated Tree*:
For when he said, *Let never fruite on thee*,
Ripe or unripe, *be from hence forward found*,
The *Boughes* fell dead, & withered to the Ground.

What

What shall I write of *Tabors Mount* the Story?
Where *three Disciples* saw his *shining glory*?
In all his workes of greatest *Eminence*,
He ever had his end and Reference
To *Constant Faith*, and to his *Fathers Will*,
Which for Mans good he thirsted to fulfill.
The number of the *signes* which *Jesus* wrought,
Were infinite, beyond mans Wit or Thought:
Whereof the first was *water turn'd to Wine*,
To grace a *Marriage-feast* by Deedes divine
At *Cana* wrought a *Towne of Galilee*:
Which him confirm'd the *Mysticke Vine* to be;
That as *raw water* tooke the taste and shape
Beyond mens reach of *Natures rarest Grape*,
So might dull *Thoughts*, though cold, receive impression
Of the *Fire-cloven tongu'd* zeales expression.
He by *his word* made simple *Fishermen*,
More *wise* then *Doctours* without Booke or Pen.
He made the *Blinde to see*, *the Lame to goe*,
The dumbe to speake, *the sicke past cure*, *forgoe*
Their Palsies, *Dropsies*, *and Issues of blood*
Yea, *from his Vesture toucht proceeded good.*
He forc't his Foes, *the Luciferian rout*,
To *quake*, and at *his word* he chas'd them out.
He many freed with Reall fiends possest;
Cleansed Lepers, *and all as were distrest*
With Feavers Fire, *or Humours foaming Rage*,

Or were diseas'd of Young or Elder Age,
In *Body*, or in *Minde*; *He raisd the Dead*
To Life, and *Lazar in his Earthy Bed*
For foure dayes space entombed he revivd,
And thousands with small victuals he relievd:
Which deeds his Power prov'd *Omnipotent*,
That could raise *Food*, and make his *guests* content.
He walked dry-foote on the liquid Seas:
He calm'd rough stormes with words: *Be still & Peace*,
Words cyphring him *Gods mighty Sonne*, *and Word*,
Which could so soone both *windes* and *waves* accord.
Not one, who had of *Faith* the smallest graine,
Departed from his sight uncur'd of paine.
He cur'd their *Bodies griefes*, their sinnes remitted,
He calm'd *Gods wrath*, and nothing he omitted
Expedient for the Soules salvation here,
Whereby we might before *Gods Throne* appeare,
Made pure by *Faith*: free from *Concupiscence*
Originall, and sinnes deriv'd from thence
By meanes of his great *Merits* excellence,
His *words*, his *workes*, and *Virgin-Innocence*.
He knew the thoughts and Plots of *Salems Clerks*,
And did strike home at their slye muttring quirks.
And all these *wonders* of amazement full,
Christ acted to provoke a *Nation dull*,
Yea to confirme his *Gospels Oracles*
Transfer'd from *God*, he wrought such *Miracles*,

To

To make our Soules to see the *Heavenly Light*
With Eyes of *Faith*, and here to live upright,
According to his Patterne: more to raise
Our *Makers Glory*, then our causelesse praise;
To muse on more *the New mans lasting Food*,
Then *Transubstantiate Toyes* of Flesh and blood,
That we by *fiends* and worldly wiles perplext,
Might find sound *Cure* in his true *Gospels* text,
Christs Testament, which in the Church more bold
Then wise, some in their *hands*, not *Hearts* do hold
But tis in vaine to turne the *Scriptures* over,
To quote some *Text*, and presently to hover
About our worldly businesse, as if borne,
Like *Butter flies*, or Natures shamefull scorne,
To flutter time away with painted wings;
But we must plod on these *Eternall* things
With serious care, that when our *Tempters* come
(As come they will) they may not find us dumbe,
Or *Planet stricke*, but finding us prepar'd,
With *Jesus* in our mouthes, and hearts, out dar'd,
They out of hand will from our *Lodge* depart
To other Rankes their *venome* to impart.

Such *wonders* were atchieved for *three yeares* space,
To witnesse *Christ Gods Sonne*, and in *Gods place*,
The first at *Canaes Marriage* did appeare,
The last concludes by *healing Malchus Eare*.
More *Miracles* were by our *Saviour* wrought,

To satisfie *the true Believers* Thought
Then living in that *Age*. But these suffice
To manifest his *Godhead* to the *Wise*,
To *Penitents*, and hopefull *Catechists*,
Which were left by the *foure Evangelists*.
For if the *Precepts* all, which *Jesus* taught,
With *Wonders* wrought, were to our knowledge brought,
They would confound the *Hearers* memories,
And *fables* seeme in *Baals* blind Oratories.
Gods word is pithy, short, and ponderous,
Where *Humane Glosse* is long and frivolous.
We have enough *Christs Gospel* to confirme;
We crave no more to keepe out *Infidels* firme,
Than what we by the *Spirits Penmen* finde
Recorded there to edify the Minde.
If any covet more, let them take heed,
That they smart not for their *Presumptuous* deed
As sometime sought a *Princesse* fond with zeale,
Of *Christ* his deeds to adde an ampler deale;
Those which *Saint John* omitted she desir'd
To bring to Light, but while she thus aspir'd,
A wandring Fryer of like Holynesse
From *Italy* arriv'd, and did possesse
Her mind so much, that he by Revelation,
False dreames, deceites, and *Satans* provocation,
And faigning, that he got into his hand
Saint *Peters Reliques shooe in Jewries Land*

Had soone perswaded her, that from her *wombe*
A Prophet horne should afterwards become
The man, that should those *Miracles* omitted,
Divulge to Light, whereby he was admitted,
Because more *Holy* in her vaine opinion,
Then other men, to be her *Carnall Minion*,
Untill at last, [z] *A Dukes Inheritrix*
With a great Belly turn'd a *Meretrix*.

[z] *This Story is largely set out in that Treatise entituled, Les Comptes du monde Adventureux Imprinted at Paris.* 1572.

BUt all *Christs workes* could not from *Martyrdome*
Protect his Life, such was the *Godheads* Doome,
That him to sting the *Serpent* should aspire,
And him to slay now men and *fiends* conspire:

That *Yeare*, when *Caiphas* sate in *Aarons* roome
By Deputation from *Imperious Rome*,
In th' Eighteenth yeare of Old Tiberius Raigne,
When *Pontius Pilate* for ambitious gaine,
And bloody spoyles had rackt *Judæaes Land*
About *seven yeeres* with his *Prætorian Band*:
Then *Christ* his Fame for raising *Lazarus*
From death, and for such deeds *Miraculous*,

Began to spread abroad with glorious wings,
And then it pleas'd *the Soveraigne King of Kings*
To free his *Sonne* from Earthly cares and feares,
And to recall him from this vale of teares,
Where he had liv'd among the *Jewish Route*
For *three and thirty yeares*, or thereabout.
The period now approacht of that *Decree*
Foredoomed by the Sacred Trinity:
That *Gods deare Sonne, New Creatures to create*,
Should for *Old Adam* dye a shamefull Fate.
The *Jewish Scribes* of *Salems Hierarchy*
Had long before with plots begun to try,
How him they might intangle in his speech,
But his wise answers still outstript their reach.
Sometime they did with *questions* him assay,
To know, if they should unto *Cæsar* pay
Tribute or no; whereby they might for Treason
Attach him: but they failed for that reason.
So wary in his talke they found him still,
They could no way entrap his Tongue for ill,
Nor taxe his life with the least hainous Fact.
At last *the bruite of his late famous Act*,
How *Lazarus* revived from his *Grave*,
Where he had laine for *foure dayes* space, that gave
More cause of envy and astonishment,
New Jealousies, fewell of discontent;
But most of all when loud *Hosanna's* shout
To welcome him the City rang throughout.

How many griefes on his *Humanity*?
How many wrongs on his *Divinity*
Did they from time to Time, when they should render
Him gratefull thankes, inflict? though thankes were slender:
Instead of *thankes* his *Favours* they requited
With *Adders stings*; his *wonders* they backebited,
And tooke him for a *Witch* or *Conjurer*,
With Belzebub in League; that he did erre,
Dislodging *Fiends* but by *the Prince of hell*.
But *how Christ raisd the dead*, they could not tell
Which way that chanc'd before the *latter date*
Of crooked Time doom'd to a *flaming fate*.
That some *reviv'd*, they had some instances,
But they were few, or but few houres in trances.
Never did *Enoch* pay his debt to *death*,
Death never stopt the zealous *Thesbites* breath:
For these they had their *Schoole-distinctions* cleare,
But *Christs late Act* amazed them with feare.
They fear'd the losse of their high Temporall sway,
Lest this *New man* might turne mens hearts away
From *Moses Lawes*, and make their *Offerings* lesse:
They had of late by *Rome* felt some distresse.
Their yearely gaines, wch did support their pride,
They doubted much would fall with his Spring-tide.

This mov'd the *Scribes*, with their *High Priest* and *Judge*,
Proud Caiphas, so at *Christ* his Fame to grudge;
Which to deface a *Councell* they did call
Of their *chiefe Priests* and *Scribes* in *Caiphas Hall*,
Where *Annas* styl'd the *High Priests Suffragan*,
Or SAGAN to *Jewes Metropolitan*,
Whose *Daughter* was that time to *Caiphas Wife*,
Conspired thus against our *Saviours* life:
Right Reverend Rabbies, and renowned Scribes,
The Countenance of our most holy Tribes,
Have we not suffer'd griefes enough of late?
But that more cares must now infest our state?
A Counterfeit Messias, a New Man,
Jesus of Galile, a Puritan,
Thinkes now because he is a *Nazarite*
Profest, to change *the Priesthoods Ancient Rite,*
And Ceremonies of Mount Sinaies Law.
Behold, how he doth labour to withdraw
The fraile and giddy-headed multitude
From our *Traditions*, which he tearmeth rude,
Humane, and not *Divine*. If this World hold,
Farewell *Peace offrings*, which our *State* uphold.
We must bid *Moses*, with *Gods Lawes* adieu,
And *Aarons Tinkling Bells* shall lose their due.
We shall no more meete here before the *Lord*,
If this *upstart* with his *unlettred word*
Shall by *New dreames* raise up a *Newer sect*

Then

Than *Holy Johns*, whom none of us ſuſpect
Of Fraud. To *Schiſmes* this matter ſure will tend,
Which in ſhort time our *Synagogue* will rend.
Romes greedy Kites will of theſe Newes be glad,
Nor *Herod* will be thereof very ſad.
But both will joyne to ſhare our fineſt wooll,
And downe they will our goodly *Temple* pull.
How ſhall our *Levites* then themſelves ſuſtaine?
Nay, how ſhall our *Grand Mitred Prelate* raigne,
To repreſent great *Aarons Majeſty*?
If this *Impoſtour* maskt with poverty
Doe ſtop the gap, through which to *Paradiſe*
We leade Mens Soules, the ſimple and the wiſe.
I doe proteſt it grieves me to the Heart,
And I foreſee, we ſhall hereafter ſmart,
If he goes on in this his *New-found* motions,
Though Begger-wiſe, yet may it breed Commotions.
For did you note, when through the *Streetes* hee paſt
Upon a *bare-backt Aſſe, how ſome did caſt*
Their Garments on the way, with Branches greene
Held in their hands, like Fooles, to have him ſeene,
And for a *Demy-god* obſerv'd, the *Crowd*
Hoſanna with great Shouts proclaiming loud?
And all becauſe he had by *Satans* Ayd
To *Lazarus late dead new Life* convayd.
Indeed ſome *ſignes* he workes, and men poſſeſt

With

With *Fiends* he cures, having some league profest
With *Belzebub*: for which he hath no warrants
From *God*, or us, to execute such arrants.
Annas had scarce exprest himselfe at full:
When *Caiphas*, like to *Basan bellowing Bull*,
Began to roare: Shall we put up this wrong?
And not suppresse him, ere he be too strong?
Have we not yet *both Swords* at our Command?
Pilate will not deny, if we demand
His *Armed helpe* to take a *Mutineere*,
Who calles himselfe *Gods Sonne*, to domineere
The sooner by that high and *lofty style*.
But let us now attache him by some wile,
Lest to some *Desart* he depart againe,
When he shall heare, that we would take him fain;
And thither will a world of people flocke,
Itching to heare what of the *Living Rocke*,
Or the *New Birth* he blunders out, to bleare
Their silly sight, and so away to beare
The *Palme* from us, or draw them to despise
Our *Ancient Rites*, and *Stately Sacrifice*.
Tis meeter for one man, though Innocent,
To dye, then that we live in discontent;
Yea, and that *Lazarus*, his late-raisd minion,
Shall suffer too, to stay the worlds opinion.
And then with shame *the Rabble rout* shall see,
That *Prophets never rose from Galilee*;
For *our new King* in Bethlem must be borne

With

With ſtate and pompe, not like this *wretch* forlorn
Who for a *Throne*, ſhall mount the Croſſe moſt royall,
And for a *Mace*, ſhall beare a Reed as loyall.
This is his doome, though he the dead revive,
That dares affront our high *Prerogative*
Deriv'd from *God*, with *Ephods golden Gard*,
With *Urim* which and *Thummim* we regard;
Which evermore *Jehovah* did aſſigne
Over his *Church* to us of *Levies Ligne*;
At leaſt untill our *Great Meſſias* come
Of Judaes ſtocke in Kingly Davids roome,
Before which day *Elias* muſt deſcend
From *Heaven* downe, things crooked to amend.
In the meane time let us *our State* defend
Againſt *New wits*, which labour it to rend,
By broaching forth a *New Religious* Forme,
Under pretence the *Ancient* to reforme
From all *Traditions* and Formalities
By their *New flames*, *the Spirits* Novelties.
Before his fame ſoare up a higher pitch,
Clip we his wings, leſt his *New Sect* bewitch
The better ſort with *Hells* attractive charmes:
His ſudden fall will ſtop all future harmes.
So *Caiphas* yalpt; and all the Sadduces
Approv'd his plot with ſome proud *Phariſes*.

From that time out they ſought to apprehend

The

The *Lambe of God.* And *Satan* to that end,
Becauſe he *thrice* fail'd in the *Wilderneſſe*
To *Tempt* him with his Baſtes to wickedneſſe,
With all his Art began to play his part,
And to his *Mates* his poyſon to impart,
Ayming at *Peter*, whom he thought to ſift
As *wheate.* He had already to his drift
Snar'd *Judas* in by Nets of Avarice
To gape for gaine, and ſome of thoſe ſupplies,
Which by Free-hearted men for their Reliefe
Had beene conferr'd, to turne, like a falſe Thiefe
To his owne uſe. With him therefore the *Fiend*
Conſpir'd to bring to paſſe his damned End;
Which was to ruine *Chriſt*, and all his Crew
Before he could on Earth *Gods Church* renew:
But could none other of th' *Apoſtles* winne
Save this *Perditions Child* to act that ſinne.
Judas ſuborned thus his Inſtrument
Againſt his *Lord and Maſter* did invent
An ambuſhment *Chriſts Body* to betray,
Though he his owne, and Soule did caſt away
To *Satan* for a Prey. For when he ſaw,
As Purſer, that he could no money draw
More than he had by *Chriſt* his Company,
And that at *Simons houſe in Bethany*,
Whilſt he ſumm'd up with avaricious Care
His Theft, he markt how *Chriſt* went poore and bare,

Not

Not caring for the world, or worldly gaine
(His chiefest ayme) and would not then restraine
The woman which powr'd Nard upon his Head
And feete; an Oyle, that might him much bestead,
If to the *Druggist* sold; he murmur'd sore,
He could not catch, as he had done before.
This when our *Saviour* mark'd: Why doest thou grudge,
Judas, *said he*, like a pelfe-serving drudge?
This *Oyntment* sold disposed to the poore,
I grant, might have their wants relieved more;
But they are alwayes here, so am not I.
Embalmed thus, know, I shall shortly dye;
And through the world, where shall be read my story,
Her loving deed shall publisht be with glory.
These words distasted foule *Iscariots* thought,
And to betray him now he hourely sought.
Away he went to the *Chiefe Priests* in hast,
And told them of *Christs life*, and of this *waste*.
Now is the Time, *quoth he*, for you to take him,
Whilst he at *night* to *Prayers* doth betake him.
He names himselfe the *Christ*. I heard him say,
He would *Gods Temple* raze and cast away,
And afterwards rebuild it up as well
In *three dayes* space in spight of Men and *Hell*.
The Priests were all of such a Chapman glad,
And presently a *Contract* with him made,

That

That their *Catch-poles* might without jeopardy
Arrest him by the Nights obscurity,
For *thirty peeces* of that Countrey Coyne,
Which to their *Treasure house* they did purloyne
By shifts and fraud, for which they were reprov'd
Of *Christ* before, which them to malice mov'd
Farre more for that than any other cause,
Though they surmiz'd the breach of *Moses Lawes*,
For plucking Corne upon the Sabbath day,
Or bringing downe their *Temple* to decay.

About that time, *the Paschall feast to hold*,
On *Maundy Thursday*, so entityl'd of Old,
Jesus did sup that *Evening tide* his last
At *Salem* in an upper roome, where plac't
With his *Disciples twelve* he first tooke *Bread*,
B'est, brake, and gave it them, whereon they fed
After his blessing: *This my Body is*,
'*His body sure Mans sacrifice for Bliss*,
'If rightly tane by a *Just true Receiver*
'With Inward taste, and of a true Believer
'(For otherwise *who touch* Christ in the Presse
'As well as the Blood-flux'd had found more ease)
'*In the remembrance of his body naild*
'*Unto the Crosse*, whereby the *Saints* stand baild
'From terrours here and in the world to come;
Nay, warranted in Spirit they become
Against *doomes-day* from the darke *second death*.

He

He blest *the Cup* alike with holy Breath
'*After the New mans way, and bad them drinke*
'The Sacred *Wine*, and on his *Blood* to thinke;
As lately at our *New mans Sacrifice*
With bright day-light confounding *Heresies*,
My ravisht Muse beheld the *Heavenly Vine*
With Purple Grapes for Mortals prest to Wine.
'This *costly food, Soules Manna* purging vice,
'*The figure of his Bodies Sacrifice*,
'*This Type of Blood unbloudyed Mystery*,
'*Christ* left for *Saints* to keepe in memory
'*His death*, untill his comming from *above*,
'Where yet he sits to intercede, and move
'For *Penitents* his *Father* wrong'd by Man;
'This way I feed through *Faith*: And who dares scan
'Another sense, yet with Humility
'Let him here stop, as with the *Trinity*
'*Of Persons in the Godhead*, which he ought
'More to admire than by transcendent thought
'To soare more high than *Eagles* to the *Sunne*,
'Where, by *the flame* his sense may be undone;
'Since how wee change to *Christ* no more hee knowes
'Then *Babes* the manner how the *Spirit* blowes.
'The *Sunne* drawes up *Earths vapours*: And so can
Christ lift like *Stephen* up our *Inward Man*.
This *humblenesse* of mind, when *Christ* had supt

That

That *Evening*, as it were to interrupt
Our Future doubts, he shew'd by stooping downe
To wash his Servants feete with Love unknowne.
'To which he added, that the *Matke for ever*
'*True hearted Christians from the false* to sever,
'*Was mutuall Love, which a Commandment New*
'He styl'd, for *without Love Faith proves untrue.*
'*Our soules, and bodies are the Church*, where *God*
'*In the third person* holds his sweete abode.
'But if we hate good men, *God* dwels not there,
'For *the true Churches Roofe Love ought to beare.*
The Sacrifice all done, *Christ* went his way
Out of the *City*, as he us'd, to *Pray*,
Accompanyed with his *Disciples* true,
For *Judas* was departed to his crue,
(His *Masters nippe* made him the sooner goe,
Doe quickely that which thou intend'st to doe.)
To execute his Treason and Compact,
And to receive his *hire*; while *Jesus* rackt
With griefe prepar'd by *Fervent Love* aswell
As *Faith* and *vowes*, against *Sin, Death and Hell*.
With his ensuing griefes he had acquainted
His *Chosen Mates*, how he should be attainted,
Bound, and arraign'd that night, how thereupon,
As scattered Flockes, his servants would be gone,
And him would leave amidst his Bloody foes
Enthrall'd, and sore distrest with dismall woes.
But *Peter* trusting to his rusty sword

Seem'd

Seem'd to distrust his *Lords Prophetick word*;
No Mortals force, nor death, nor Furies grimme
From *Gods deare Sonne* should ever sever him.
Before the Cocke crow thrice, thou wilt deny,
Replyed *Christ*, *me* and my Company;
Thou and thy Mates before the *Mornings peepe*
Will flye for feare, like weake and heartlesse *Sheep*.

There close unto *Jerusalem* confin'd
Neere *Olives Mount*, a place for him assign'd
By *Destiny*, which was *his Fathers Will*,
To vent the throbs which did his *Inside* fill,
A Garden styl'd of Old *Gethsemanee*,
Secure at Nights from *Worldlings* Company.
There, *Jesus* felt what might the *stoutest* quell,
A world of griping cares, of Torments fell,
The dreadfull vengeance which the *Godhead* past
Upon Mankind, his owne so over cast
And almost sunke with *Agonies* of sorrow,
That one had thought he could not live till morrow.
His tender Body did extreamely languish,
And did partake of more and sadder anguish
Then other mens, wanting the *Nature Male*
In the mixt frame of his *Conception Female*,
Or weaker earthly Flesh, whereby he stood
So tortur'd, that he *sweated drops of Blood*:
So sensible, so full of piercing paine,

'That he could not but more then man complain;
'Like him, whose youthfull Lockes chang'd into Gray
'In one nights space, on fame that the next day
'He should be slaine. But *Sweates* to sacrifice
'Of *streaming Blood* exceedes all *prodigies*,
'And shewes that *Saints* by meanes most violent,
'Win *Grace*, to *Natures* sore astonishment.
Christ by this *Strange Pro-passion* tortured
Shewes that his *Mind* as *Body* languished.
His Agony surmounted all mens Feares,
Whose eyes for sin gush seldome out with teares:
Nor can they force one brinish pearly drop,
Nor fetch true sighs, thogh sighs might vengeance stop:
To which I joyne the burden which he bare
Of *Adams sins*, which did augment his care.
His delicate smooth *mortall Flesh* did strive
With *Hell*, and as it were sought to reprieve
The comming vengeance of the *Godheads Doome*
To every Mortall due, even from the *wombe*;
And after he had crav'd his *Fathers* Ayd
For his true *Church*, thus for himselfe he pray'd:
Deare Father, now let not my Soule become
For *Sinners* debts charg'd with a greater summe,
Than Nature can repay. But let me passe
Without more paine; poore man is like to glasse,
Soone broke & bruis'd; or like the wither'd grasse,
Vnlesse

Unlesse he be supported by thy grace;
'Unlesse thou please the Torture to abate,
'Or give him strength. hard is the *Martyrs* Fate.
Ist possible thy Lees and wrathfull *Cup*
To passe, that I shall not sins banquet sup?
Ah no; *The Ordred course of things to come*
Must correspond with thy *Eternall Doome.*
Therefore my *will* to thine, *Lord*, I submit,
I kisse thy *Crosse*, I love and honour it.
Such piteous plaints *Christ* with a troubled spirit
Powr'd, when no curse he for himselfe did merit.
And no marvell, for he endur'd the scourge
For all mens sins, and all he sought to purge:
'He tooke on his owne backe, on his owne score,
'The whole burthen, which made him groan the more.
'Of meere *Free will, and Love*, not by constraint,
'He tooke on him our frailties, as our shape,
'That from the *Hunters snare* we might escape.
'*Our Pride, our lusts, mallice, and wiles* he bare,
'And bath'd them in his *sweat, teares, blood and care*
He suffred for all *Adams Progeny*,
Unlesse some madly crosse their Destiny,
And chuse the *Kite*, the *Foxe*, and *Leopard*
Before the *Spirits Dove* or *Lambe* for *Guard.*
All *Christians* reape his *Passions* benefit,
Save those who had renounc'd him of despite:
Or those who fixt their hope on others Fate,

Distrusting him to be *Sole Advocate.*
O that men markt what their *Redemption* cost,
How *Christs deare Blood* hath *Gods Hand-writing*
croſt!
And that they waigh'd *the Persons dignity*
Abaſed thus out of meere charity;
To *Sacrifice* his owne moſt *guiltleſſe Blood*
For ſaving from *hell-fire* fraile *Adams Brood.*
With weeping eyes and with a bleeding heart
He came to his *Diſciples* gone apart,
And in this poſture ſad beſmear'd with ſignes
Of griefes exceſſe, Teares ſhed like brackiſh Brines
He calls to them, whom faſt he found aſleepe:
Awake my Friends, from ſleepe can you not keep
Your ſelves one houre to *watch and pray* with me
Ariſe, I ſay, for now my time I ſee
Drawes neere, I may not ſhunne what is decreed
In *Heav'n*, that I muſt ranſome *Adams* Seed.
The *Fatall Houre* drawes neere, that I muſt ſmart
For *Humane kinde*, Come, let us hence depart.
With ſuch *Propheticke* words he them awakt,
Although his heart ſtrove with deepe ſorrowes
rackt.
And thereupon the beaten path they tooke
Neere *Olivet* to croſſe Old *Cedrons Brooke*,
Which running through *Jehoſaphats faire vale*
Did, where they were, bedew the *Garden pale.*

A Hymne in honour of the blessed Trinity, for our New Birth and Spirituall Regeneration.

LEt us extoll with Sacred Mirth
The *Triple Spring* of our *New Birth.*
The Father, Sonne, and Holy Ghost
Recalled us from every Coast,
When we were tost,
And almost lost.

The Father chose us for our Good,
The Sonne redeem'd us through his *Blood,*
The Holy Ghost came from *Above*
And seal'd us *Faith* with *Flaming Love,*
Yea, *Jordans* Dove
Taught us to *Love.*

The *Turtle Dove* loves onely *One,*
But losing Him, she lives alone:
And so doe we, as heretofore,
In Persons three one God adore,
One God implore
For evermore.

The Sonne of God, who represents
The Fathers Person, Excellence,
And Majesty, we daily blesse,
And sue unto in our distresse,
For wrongs redresse,
Or more or lesse.

Above the Starres three persons shine
Of God-head One, One will Divine,
Who *bath'd our Wounds*, and gave us *Wine*,
When we for paine were like to pine.
Christ is the *Vine*,
His Crosse the *signe*.

By them we change from Death to *Life*;
By them we hate fell *Passions* strife;
By them we doe these *Rayes* partake,
That *Pride* and *Lust* we must forsake,
And *Fiends*, which rake
For *Tophets Lake*.

For *our Old Lord the Tempter*, now
We *Christ* for *our New Lord* avow,
And for *old Plots* and *Cunnall lies*,
With *our New man* we sympathize,
And *Christian*-wise
We Sacrifice.

By his deare Blood we doe confesse
He ransom'd hath our wretchednesse;
If we represse the *Rebell Flesh*,
He will not leave us comfortlesse,
But us will blesse
With *Joyes Excesse*.

He, as *our Head, Faiths Living Rocke*,
Both God and Man of Judaei stocke
Was borne, and bath'd in Jordans streame,
To wash us from sins foule extreame.
This *Holy Theame*
The New-mans Dreame,

We to *thy Throne* present, *O King Supreame*,
Dipt in the *Spring*, which from thy *side* did stream.

The Fifth Dayes EXERCISE.

The Argument.

Christ *is surpriz'd, and* Peter *him forswearcs,*
But soone repents. False Judas *raves with feares.*
Led after flouts to Cæsars Judgement Hall,
Christ *is condemn'd, to stint the* Jewish brawle,
By Pilate *to the* Crosse, *where pain'd he dies;*
Then Joseph *begges the* Bodies Obsequies.

HE that affects th' eternall *Sabbaths* Rest,
There with the *Lambe* to live for ever Blest;
He that desires to be a *Saint* profest,
And to the *Sonne of God* a joyfull Guest,
Must in this world for sad *Good Frydayes Feast*
Reserve

Reserve one Day within the Weeke at least:
He must take up the *Crosse* with *Love-dread* Note
And weare with *Abbaes sound Christs seameles coate*:
He must lay cares aside, be mov'd to pitty,
And for his sake sing out a dolefull Ditty.
Tis not a *Poets feast of Progues Cooking*
Her guiltlesse Child, but heere's one worth the boo-
And looking on without *nice wits* rebukes (king
By Men of *Lowest Ranke*, as *Greatest Dukes*.
A Feast in blood before the Father laid
By his deare Sonne to save the Soule dismayd;
A Feast indeed, which *Carnall minded* despise,
Because it types the *New-mans Sacrifice*.
O Happy Guests, for whom this *Feast* is drest!
O Happy me, if I could cooke this *Feast*
According to the *New-mans* appetite,
And without blame to doe the *Founder* right!
If it be drest like to a *Hodge-podge*, say:
What meate God sent, the Scullion *marr'd to day*.
If well, give *God* the praise, and not to me,
Give *Him* the Thankes, who sent these Cates to thee,
Bought at a *Costly rate* to cleare from *Lust*
And *passions Gall* thy Soule, and mine I trust.
To further this, we must first *Purify*
Our selves with *Fasts*, and Nature mortify,
Not like our *Gulles*, or *gutling Libertines*,
Who slight all *Fasts*, vowes, and Religious Lines.

Packe

Packe hence therefore, *ye carnall Epicures,*
Touch not this *feast*, nor our *Mount Calvares cures.*
Good Frydayes Priest warnes them that went astray,
With *Peters Teares* to greete that mournefull day,
Which puts the Soule in minde twixt *Love* and *Feare*
To heed *the Crosse* each *Fryday in the Yeare,*
Or *ofter*, if Occasion so require,
To *watch*, and *cast Sinnes viper in the fire.*

Now had *the Priests* the silent *Night* chose out
To act their plot, which they to bring about
By *Day-light* fear'd, lest that the *vulgar sort,*
Who late *Hosanna* cry'd, might *Christ* support,
Or rescue from their foule injurious hands,
In spite of all their *Scribes*, and *bribed Bands.*
Whilst *He* the path with his *Disciples* tooke
Which led from *Olives Mount* to *Cedrons Brooke,*
That *Brook*, which gliding through the *Royall vale*
Did teares then from *Gethsemane* exhale;
Judas arriv'd, who, his Compact to gloze,
Thus with a *kisse* betray'd him to his foes:
Master, All-haile; at which watch-word *a Band*
Of Armed men commanded him to stand,
And yeeld himselfe to the *High Priests* command.
Christ soone obey'd, not willing to withstand
The Serpents Hisse, but like a *Lambe* gave way
To their *Arrest*, as to sterne *Wolves* a prey,

Know-

Knowing that now the *Fatall time* was come
To satisfie *Gods wrath* for *Adams Doome*:
For at their first Approach, to their demand,
Which *Jesus* was? He them to understand
Gave without false *Equivocations* wiles,
Wherewith *Hels Dragon* now the world beguiles:
I am the man, said he; But why come ye
To apprehend with Clubs and Halberds me,
As if I were a Thiefe. I dayly taught
Among you in the *Temple*, yet none sought
Me to impeach. Though at his *Lightning word*
They backward fell, and *Peter* drew his Sword
In his Defence, and lopt off *Malchus Eare*,
Yet he control'd the Fact, bad them not feare,
Heal'd the Cropt Eare, and voluntary went
Along with them without astonishment
To *Annas house*, who to his *Sonne in Law*
Transfer'd him bound, whom when proud *Caiphas* saw,
He on some points examined, but still
The *witnesses* produc'd agreed but ill,
For *the chiefe Article* they stood upon,
Or in blind zeale so seem'd to stand thereon,
Was for their *high towr'd Temples* casting downe,
And in three *dayes* to build it with Renowne:
Which words he spake by *figure* or a *signe*,
As he term'd *Bread his flesh*, *himselfe the Vine*.
Unto the which when *Jesus* stood still mute,

Not

Not answering with cavilling dispute,
Caiphas adjur'd him *in the Name of God*,
As him he lov'd, or fear'd his smarting rod,
To tell; if he were *Christ*, *Jehovahs Sonne*,
Who *Israel* should restore then neere undone?
Our Saviour then engag'd to shew the *Truth*,
Undauntedly, though Inward toucht with Ruth,
I am, said he, *the very same, and yee*
Shall me the Sonne of Man hereafter see
A Judge from Heaven descending on you all,
I am that Christ, Messias whom yee call.
When *Caiphas* heard this constant Protestation,
He rent his cloathes with yelling acclamation:
O Cursed speech, Intollerable Tongue,
Worthy of stoning both by Old and Young.
So fum'd the *Fiend*, so cry'd the *Orgian Priest*,
As at *Gods Word* did since the Foes of *Christ*,
As likewise to this day, blood-sucking *Rome*
His *Members* tempts with taunts and fiery doome.
No other proofe than this his *Blasphemy*
Need we produce worse than *Idolatry*.
Who hearing this can from Revenge containe?
With outcryes loud they roar'd, and did arraigne
Christ guilty of a foule notorious crime,
Of Sinners the most capitall and prime;
They rail'd on him, and could no longer brooke,
But *buffeted*, and with their *fists* him strooke.
They strove who first his Person should deface,

And

And with a *Reed* they ſmote his Head and Face.
They bound his eyes, and rapt with *Lunacy*,
With *Girdes* and *Blowes* they ſaid: *Now Propheſie.*
They ſpat on him, who with his *ſpittle* cur'd
The *Blind mans Eyes*, and him his ſight aſſur'd.
One while his tender Fleſh the *Serjeants* nipt,
Another while with *drunken Songs* they quipt
His Doctrine; which they term'd *New Oracles*,
And by and by they mockt his *Miracles.*
Such ſpite they wrought on him with *revel reakes*
Till word was brought to them, The *Morning breakes.*

When *Peter* had obſerv'd, who preſent was,
How all things did againſt his *Maſter* paſſe,
And that ſome charg'd him *borne in Galilee*,
Bewray'd by Speech of *Chriſt* his crew to be,
He utterly denyed, and *Chriſt* renounc'd,
Which he with Oaths to ſave his life pronounc'd
He never knew the man. This *thrice* he ſwore,
But then the *Cocke* warn'd him, that he forſwore.
By which ſure reall *ſigne* poore *Peter* knew,
That he had broke his *Vow*, and prov'd untrue.
With trickling teares diſtilling downe his cheeks
He then retires aſide, *Gods Mercy* ſeekes,
And with ſuch words as theſe bewailes his fault:
'Why did I wretch *twixt God and Belial hault*?

Why

'Why did I play the base *Dissembl'ers* part
'For feare of rage, or momentary smart
'*The Son of God, my Saviour to deny*?
'Who for my sinnes fear'd not deaths agony?
Why did I not thinke better on my *Fate*;
Whereof my *Lord* forewarn'd me so of Late?
That Satan watcht to winnow me like Wheate?
Why did I not his *Propheſie* repeate?
That I would him *thrice*, *Craven* like, not know
Before *the Cocke* should clap his wings to Crow?
Alasse, that I a *Member* from my *Head*
Disjoynted prove, like *Judas*, false, and dead!
Alas that I *Baptiz'd to Grace*, once feeling
Good motions, pine with *Falling sickneſſe* reeling!
That I a *Saint* in Possibility
Am turn'd *Apoſtate* by impiety!
That I late taught by *Christs eternall word*
Am now become a *Traytor* to my *Lord*!
Alas, that I, *whoſe feet my Saviour waſht*,
Should now so soone with *Durty sinnes* be dasht!
Sinnes paine I doe deserve, and foule disgrace,
Because I strove *ambitiously* for place;
Because I stood too much upon my worth,
I well deserve from grace to be thrust forth.
O what is *Man*, if destitute of *Grace*
He shall presume with *Saints* to gaine a *Place*?
In stead of *place* with *Saints* he merits well
With *Lucifer* to tumble into *Hell*.

But

But I disclaime *Mens merits*, *Grace* intreat,
And fly from *Justice* to *Gods mercy* Seate.
Mercy I crave, for *Mercy* still I cry,
And if that failes, no other meanes Ile try.
If for this fault I meete with *Mercies* streame,
I will take heed how ever I blaspheame.
Ile clense my *Heart* with *Folly* lately stung,
And will henceforth reforme my *erring Tongue*.
I will redeeme my foule *Apostacy*,
That all the World shall see my Constancy.
'I will protest the *Truth*, *that tis Damnation*
'*To cloake the Truth with mentall reservation.*
'Let him retaine *Hels Scribe* for *Advocate*,
'That traines his Fellowes to *Equivocate*:
'*Though with his Tongue he hath untruely sworne*,
'*Yet in his Heart he beares a Minde unsworne.*
'But I was taught within a better Schoole
'At *Truthes Well-head*, than so to play the *Foole*.
My Conscience, upon whom my thoughts relied,
This Hearts true *Judge* tels me, I foulely lyed.
There needs no tricke, nor traverse in my Plea:
One may the Sands count sooner of the Sea,
Then reckon up the many sinnes I did;
Of Sinners chiefe I vouch my selfe unbid.
Yet of all sinnes none troubles me so deepe,
As this my last, for which I waile and weepe.
O would my eyes a Fountaine were of Teares!
If teares would please my *God*, and ease my feares,

I would then hope to shew a *Converts* Love,
And to my *Lord* a constant Soule yet prove.
But though *salt teares* doe faile, *sighs* shall abound,
Which with my *Heart* well-nigh in sorrowes drown'd,
I once againe present to thee, *Dread Lord*,
Aud without shift here of mine owne accord
I humbly doe confesse my grievous crimes,
For which I merit *Hell*, unlesse betimes
It please thy *Grace* some pitty to extend
On me vile wretch, & my weake thoughts to bend
Towards thy *Lawes*, forgiving what is past,
That my sinnes be from thy memorials rack't;
The which I begge *for thy Sonne Jesus sake*,
Whom I henceforth will never more forsake.

Thus poore *Saint Peter* bitterly complain'd,
And liv'd to *Christ a servitour unfaign'd*
Chiefe Elder of that memorable Towne,
Where, by that Name *first Christian men* were known;
One of the Prime Apostles in Commission
With *James*, and others for all doubts decision,
Toyling with them to feed *the New-mans* flocke,
Which built their *Faith* upon the *Living Rocke*.
Which *Pastours* place he did so well improve,
That all true *Saints Saint Peters* deeds approve.
Nay, he that roome did since so well discharge,
That *roaming Rome* doates on *Saint Peters* charge,

And

And till this day, to gratifie his Fame,
Our *chiefest Townes* hold *Temples* of his Name.

This happy Lot did to this *Saint* befall,
'Whereas the Traitor *Judas* by his Fall
'Exemplifies to us what *Carnall Scribes*
'Shall reape at last for their *Truth-choaking bribes*
'For *sale of Soules*, and what great dangers ly
'For them in store, who plot most wickedly
'Good *Christians* ruines, hir'd for *Golden Fees*
'To play the *Waspes* by wronging painfull *Bees*.
But we have now more sobs of griefe to vent,
For *Pilates Doome* recalls us to lament.

Scarce did the day, sad *Frydayes Morne*, begin
To dawne, when that about their *Bloody Sin*
The Clergie met, consulted, and arraign'd
Of Treason *Christ* with Accusations faign'd.
Nor paused they too long, what should become
Of him. They had already read his Doome,
That Christ should dye for their whole Nations good,
Lest his *New sect* might put downe *Levies Brood*.

And to this end, soone as the *Sun* had rose,
Because they would not the least minute lose,
Themselves not daring on that *Sabbaths Eve*
Him to condemne, lest they their *Nation* grieve
Or scandalize for sitting then on Blood.

When they should more prepare to do some good
They *Jesus* led to *Cæsars Judgement Hall*,
Who had reserv'd *Offences Capitall*,
Such as concerned not *Religions Breach*,
Or their *Misdeeds*, who did *false Doctrine* teach
To be heard by his *President* alone:
To *Pilate* there with glozing bitter mone
They *Christ* accus'd, how he himselfe a *King*
Had styl'd to *Cæsars wrong*. About which thing
When *Jesus* was demaunded, he stood mute,
Griev'd at his *Nations* spite, loath to dispute,
Or make his power knowne unto his Foes,
For whose Salvation he resolv'd those woes
To undergoe, and his deare *Blood* to give
In *Sacrifice* for them that would *believe*.

But when the *Judge* had oft to him reply'd;
He said, that never he on Man reli'd;
'*His Kingdome was not earthly, but Divine*,
'To which *high Orbe* he did his thoughts confine;
Which by this signe and Argument he prov'd:
For if he were a *King* on Earth belov'd,
His Armed troopes his Scepter would defend:
Whereas the cause, which made him to descend
From *Heaven* downe, was Sacred *Truth* to shew
To sinfull men, who for *Gods Grace* would sue.
Truth was to *Pilates Eares* so rare, *divine*,
And mysticke, that he could not it define,

But

But askt him what *Truth* was, yet would not stay
To heare it blaz'd, but wondring went away,
And told the *Jewes*: I find no heinous fault,
No Treason, Theft, no Criminall assault,
Nor crying sinne. In utt'ring of which speech
One whispred him, his *Wife* did him beseech,
As he himselfe did love, not to proceed
In Judgement against *Christ* for any deed
Pretended by the *Jewes*, but to take heed
Of their *false Bills*. It makes my heart to bleed
Said she, to thinke what troubles most extreame
I for his sake have suffred in a Dreame.
This Message I scarce risen from my Bed
Have sent to thee, lest that thou be misled
To yeild consent for shedding guiltlesse blood.
Therefore for mine and for thy Future Good
Be not severe against *that Righteous man.*
When *Pilate* did this *dreame* and message scan,
And knew the *Priests* had of meere Envy brought
Jesus before him without cause, he sought
By all faire meanes to free him from their spite,
And him of causeless Treason to acquite.
'*Feare*, *pitty*, *fraud*, wrought on his Policy,
'But *Fraud* at last got the supremacy:
And thereupon he shifted for a while
To lengthen out the cause, or them beguile,
To satisfie his *Wife*, or else to brew
A plot to make the *Envious King* to rue;

To curry favour, or to Complement,
Becauſe he was of *Herods Government*,
At *Nazareth* bred up in *Galilee*,
(That part, which *Cæſar* tyl'd *the Tetrarchy*)
Who at that time lay in *Jeruſalem*,
He *Chriſt* transferr'd to him, and cauſed them
What circumſtance or proofe that might conduce
Before the *Tetrarchs Throne* there to produce,
And to obey what *Herod* would adjudge,
Whom you ſhall find, *quoth he*, a *Meeter Judge*,
A man that Better knowes your Countries Laws
Than I a ſtranger doe, ſhew him the cauſe.

Herod ſeem'd glad at firſt the Man to ſee,
Of whom he heard ſuch Fame in *Galilee*;
Or that *John Baptiſt* was roſe up againe,
Whom for a *Dauncing wench* he late had ſlaine;
In hope he might behold ſome *Miracle*
Wrought in his ſight, or heare ſome *Oracle*,
Which might delight his curious carnall ſence
With *Courtly Newes*, or Projects excellence.
But finding *Chriſt* in outward habit plaine,
Of ſad aſpect, and that he could not gaine
What he deſir'd from him to ſee, or heare,
With Thankes to *Pilate* now his Friend moſt deare,
By this late act of tendred Amity,
(For till that time both liv'd in enmity)

He sent *Christ* backe to the *Pretorian Barre*,
Despis'd by him, his Guard, and men of warre.
Yet morall-wise betokening *Innocence*
They veil'd the *Lambe* in white, and packt him thence.
Thus was the *Lambe of God, Mens Saviour*, tost
By wicked men from pillar unto post.

When that *Romes Prætour* saw, he must content,
Or move the *Jewes* to wrath or discontent,
And thinking that some corporall correction
Might qualifie their spleene or Insurrection,
He *scourged* him. But that they deem'd too light,
For they, like *Dragons*, gap'd his blood outright
To sucke. Yet *Pilate* seem'd to calme their spite,
'Like to those rash and partiall *Politicians*,
'Who punish *Saints* to pleasure *Antichristians*.
Because they had a *Customary Right*,
Or Indulgence to bleare the *vulgars* sight,
To pardon one against that *Festivall*,
He sought to save, or else to make reprivall
Of *Jesus*. But they all cry'd out amaine:
Not him, but *Barrabas*. *Jesus* in vaine
Thou offrest us, for this man may amend.
If Jesus scape, thou art not Cæsars friend.
This *Barrabas was a notorious Thiefe*
With murther stain'd, the more was *Pilates* griefe,

(For of the both he *Jesus* favoured).
Yet seeing their Hate, he at the last agreed
To please the *Rout*, whom *Caiphas* with his mates
Of *Herods side* to murther animates.
And thereupon *the Roman Hypocrite*
First *washt his hands*, as if he were upright
And cleane from Blood shed by his owne com-
mand,
Alluding that he could not them withstand,
'When as he might the *Prisoners Life* defend,
'Or him before the *Romane Senate* send,
'Or conster with mild sense *Jewes* wrested Laws,
'Or on the cause, like grave *Gamaliel*, pause.
But to content the giddy multitude,
He chose the suite with slaughter to conclude,
Adjudging to the *Crosse* in *Cæsars Name*
Christ to be nail'd, whom he found void of blame,
Whom neither he, nor yet th' *Incestuous King*
Could once in compasse of set *Treason* bring:
Nay, when he heard the People *Christ* upbraid
With Title of *Gods Sonne*, he seem'd afraid:
As witnessed his Conscience prickt within,
As openly he said: *I find no sinne*
Deserving Death, what evill hath he done?
They yelling still, he stiles himselfe *Gods Sonne*,
Himselfe a *King*, to *Cæsars* wrong a *King*:
The former merits Death, the Latter thing
No lesse than death. The first is *Blasphemy*,

The

The other *Treason* in a High Degree:
By our *just Lawes* he well deserves to dye
Without delay, demurre, or remedy;
Let then your Judgement passe securedly.
His Blood on us and on our children lye,
His Death on us and on our Nation rest.
Yells ominous. And so they live unblest:
For ever since their *Nation* far'd the worse
By this entail'd hereditary curse.

The *Romans* since, on whom they did rely,
Like *Ægipts Reed*, in stead of *Aydes* supply,
Or *humane Ruling Lords*, prov'd *Hellish Rookes*,
With rapines, spoyles, and circumventing Hookes
Imbru'd in blood by *Albines* Briberies,
Felix, *Florus*, and others Butcheries,
Such griping *Tyrants* prov'd at last their Foes,
Ransackt their *City*, turn'd their weale to woes,
Burnt their *Temple*, and made them slaves abhor'd
As they had scorn'd and *Crucified the Lord*:
And to this day they either live in Bonds
Of *servitude*, or, like *Caine*, vagabonds;
To *Christians* odious for their bloody workes,
For killing *Christ*, as odious to the *Turkes*;
For their *Religion*, or patcht *Alcoran*
Beares Christian showes, as lies Mahumetan.
'They breathe, and that is all, by *Brokery*,
'Onely to keepe the *Nations* Memory,

'Leaſt if they periſht quite, ſome doubts againe
'Might grow perhaps of the *Meſſias ſlaine.*
Their *Land*, which once with milke and honey flow'd,
Lies waſte, and curſt as with a *Fatall Cloud*;
In ſtead of *Wine, Figs, Balſame, and good ſeedes*,
Repleate with *Snakes, wilde Beaſts*, & *ſtinking weeds*
Like a rude deſert growne, for where the *Horſe*
Of Ottoman once ſwayes, he leaves a Curſe.

When that the *Judge* had ſo deliver'd him
To his *Prætorian Eand*, or *Sergeants* grim
With the Mad *Jewes* applauſe, they *Chriſt* attir'd
In *Purple Robes*, as if he had aſpir'd
By mutiny to make himſelfe a *King*, (*ſting*,
Which he worſe loath'd then they the *Serpents*
A Crowne of Thornes they plaited on his *Head*,
And him blaſphem'd with a baſe *Sceptred Reed*
Saluting him: *All haile thou King of Jewes*,
With bended *knees* weele pay thee all thy dues.
Yea, *Pilate* too for all his *Inward ſting*
Proclaim'd: *Behold the Man, the Jewiſh King*,
And to the *Croſſe* he fixt that ſtyle alike
In Characters of Hebrew, Latine, Greeke.
When they had mockt their fill, with many bobs
And ſcornes they took from him thoſe *royall robes*
Apparrell'd him in his *owne Coate* againe,
And fell anew to their deriding veine,

Beſmea-

Besmearing him with spittle on the Face,
And with a *Cane* they lasht him in disgrace.

O bloody Folke! the grieved Soule to gore!
To torture him, who tortur'd was before!
Hood-winking him, like *Boyes at blind mans Buffe*,
With Frumps, who smote? they did him lately
And now againe vext him, till *Nature* stoupt, (cuffe
And but for *Heavens* strength had deadly droopt.
The *Thornes*, wherewith they *crown'd* his tender *Head*
Put him to so much paine, that almost dead
His Soule was forc't most grievously to grone,
The thought whereof would melt ev'n hearts of stone.
They heard the *Prætours* doome, yet would they
More fewell to the flame to make him sad. (adde
They heard his groaning sighs, & that no sorrows
were like to *his*; *his* face seem'd plow'd like furrows
They wreath'd his *Head* with *thornes*, and yet that *wreath*
Saves us from *prickling Thornes* of sinne and Death
When *Judas* now had seene his *Master* bound
Reviled, beaten, spet upon, and found
Guilty of Death, he grieved, but too late,
Felt deadly gripes, and therewith desperate,
He to the *Temple* speedily resorted,
There left his *hire*, and to the *Priests* reported:

Loe,

Loe, here I yeeld you backe the Price of Blood,
The man, quoth he, *did never harme but good.*
He, whom I sold I know is Innocent,
A Righteous man, from God a Saviour lent.
Your Eyes have seene his mighty *Miracles*:
Your Eares have heard his *Gospels Oracles.*
His words and life his *Innocence* expresse:
For who with sin can taxe him more or lesse?
Ah woe is me, that I have liv'd the day
For a base *Bribe* my *Master* to betray.
Looke thou, said they, to that; for dy he shall,
Were he more Just, to save us from a Fall:
For, if he liv'd, opinions would arise,
And *Cesar* then would stop our *Sacrifice.*
Tis better that one dye, than many fall;
That one miscarry, then we perish all.
This policy the *Jewish Church* profest;
And the same course *Great Babels whore* possest,
As testifies her Hate to *Protestants,*
Whom for no cause shee calls *Extravagants*
(Excluding them from *Romes* Society,
Although *one God* they serve in *Trinity*)
But that she feares the Radiant *Gospels Light*
With their *New-man* might quite expel the night
Of Ignorance, and *Superstitious* mists,
Which darken yet her roaming *Romanists*
With bribing sale of *Pardons meritorious*:
Redeeming *Flames* to sinners most notorious.

For

For ſo that *Whore* her *Lovers* beares in hand,
If they bequeathe unto her Goods or Land,
Or Fight for her *Croiſadoes* Liberty;
Under her guard they need not feare to dy:
She will appeaſe, like an *Indulgent Mother*,
Gods Juſtice, though for murth'ring of a *Brother*.
But from the *Weſt* returning to the *Eaſt*:
See here what rage ſeaz'd on the *Traitours* breſt.
Judas diſtract with furious diſcontent
By *Satan*, and his *Spirits Inſtrument*
Choller aduſt, departed out of hand,
And wanting *Grace* his Paſſions to withſtand,
He hang'd himſelfe, and to be markt the more,
The *Lunaticke* his waight downe headlong bore,
Till all his *Bowels* guſht to publique view,
And at his death ſuch words as theſe did ſpew:
And ſhall I live, quoth he, *a Traitour nam'd*,
For ſelling guiltleſſe Blood, alwayes defam'd?
What hope of Reſt, when *God* doth me debarre
Of inward Peace? When he proclaimes me warre?
And lets thoſe *ſlaves*, which I was wont to tame,
Baſe *Paſſions*, now to blacke my former Fame?
O let the Sea on me *Chriſts quarrell* wreake
With vengeance, with a *Milſtone* at my necke.
Curſt be the houre that ever I was borne,
I am undone, *My Wife* all quite forlorne,
My Children muſt unpittyed *vagabonds*
Range through the world, my ſelf in *ſatans* bonds

For

For tis decreed that I in *Hell* muſt lye
And that *Another muſt my charge ſupply.*
Nothing but horror ſounds without, within
My *Soule*, like *Zims* and *Oyms* full of ſinne
Scritcheth out aloud: *Judas Iſcariot*,
Come away to *Hell*, for thou haſt forgot
And renounc't thy *Baptiſme*, betraying *God*,
The Sonne of God, make here no more abode
On Earth. I come, I come, a Damned Ghoſt
By you, *O Furies*, to be ever toſt.
God frownes, becauſe my *Maſter* I did ſell:
And now, becauſe *God* frownes, *Ile downe to hell.*

The fearefull end, which *Judas* made, ſo knowne,
So common ranne diſperſt through all the *Towne*,
That *Salems Clergie* ſtood as men agaſt,
And doubting leſt for their raſh ſentence paſt,
And treachery, *the hand of God* might ſtrike
With vengeance them for their falſe deedes diſ-
like:
They all agreed their *Church* not to defile
With *Bloods Reward*, but ſo to reconcile
The fact with *workes of Merits baſtard kind*,
That *God* might ſeeme to them, like *Mortals*,
blind.
This made them play for cloaking of abuſes
Bo-peepe with *Faith*, and turne to *Pious uſes*
The Thirty pence, the hire of treachery,

As

As *Zachary* foretold their Salary,
Buying therewith the *Potters field to Bury*
Poore strangers in, thereby to slacke *Gods* fury.
O fond conceit! to doe an Injury,
And afterwards, like *Halifaxes Jury*,
To sit, and see the wronged man redrest,
When doome forepast could never be reverst,
Nor ransomed with guerdon Competent,
Chiefely for *Blood*, to which they gave consent
Against *Gods Lambe*, not of Religious care,
But factiously the *Churches Fleece* to share
Without reproofe, or *Shepherds* Brow severe;
For this made them to *Christ* such mallice beare,
Fearing lest that in time the Cautious wise
Might counterchecke their maskt hypocrisies,
If this *New man* in that luxurious Age
Should draw their *Flocke* to his *New Pasturage*,
With *Parables* infolding *Charity*,
Repentance, *Faith*, *and Hearts Humility*.
No doubt but they acknowledged *the Word*
To be *Divine*, and worthy of Record,
Which *Jesus* taught confirm'd with *Miracles*,
But *Satan* had cast forth such Obstacles
Of *Merits Clouds* before their *Carnall sence*,
That they might slight *the Spirits Quintessence*,
The Bread of Life, *the New mans nourishment*,
As crosse to that which they for *Lucre* vent:

Gods

Gods holy Writ corrupting with *Traditions*,
With *Thalmuds Quirkes*, and thorny Expoſitions.
For *Juries Church* with *Carnall Phariſees*
Was branded then, and with dull *Saduces*,
Which with their *Monkes Eſſenees* would deface
By *Merits* bragges *Gods Covenant* of Grace,
Making the weaker ſort of Soules beleeve,
That they could ſtint *Gods wrath*, or it reprieve.

But why blame I the *Jewes Apoſtacy*?
When now the time of *Daniels Prophesie*
Was come, that their *Meſſias ſhould be ſlaine*?
Not for himſelfe; but for *Anothers ſtaine*?
(The more vile wretches we, that gave the cauſe
By the flat breach of our Creatours Lawes.)
'He *Legions* might of *Angels* to his Ayd
'Have cal'd, but then *Mans ranſome* was not paid.
'He might to *Hell* all *Adams race* have caſt,
'But then he had left none his *Grace* to taſt.
And this ſweet *Grace* of his made him to beare
Such wrongs in *Jewry Land*, and to forbeare
With us our debts, which none could ſatisfie,
But he alone, whoſe *Merits Juſtifie*.
'This is my *Faith*, the upſhot of my *Creed*:
'*Thy Blood, O Chriſt*, can ſave fraile *Adams ſeed*
'If they *Repent, believe, and turne to God*,
'Thou wilt abſolve them from thy *Fathers* rod,
'Yea, from *Hell-flames*, for thy worths excellence

Reſtor'd

'Reſtor'd what *Adam* loſt, *Soules Innocence*;
Thy humble Life and Death upon the *Croſſe*
Have croſt *Gods Sentence*, and repair'd our Loſſe.
Let therefore to his *Croſſe* our zeale returne,
And never ceaſe with *Holy Flames* to burne,
Untill we end ſad *Fridayes Sacrifice*,
And ſee what *Chriſt* paid more for Humane vice,
'I meane not onely that which *Helene* found
'With rubbage ſoil'd, but *the Croſſe*, ſolid, ſound,
'Which ſcorching Soules for *new Jeruſalem*
'Affords to *Saints* a more expedient Theame.
We never ſaw the *Croſſe*, where *Chriſt* was fixt,
Yet we beleeve, that he was *Crucifixt*.

Now to his Death, his ſore tormenting Death,
They led *Gods Lambe* to end his wearyed breath.
With *floutes* and *ſhoutes* they led him to the *Croſſe*;
The waight whereof by force they did impoſe
(Becauſe his *Lambe-like ſtrength* began to faint,
And could no longer beare it by conſtraint)
On Simon of Cirean, a labouring man,
A good poore Soule, an honeſt *Publican*,
Whom there by chance the *Ruffian Souldiers* met
Upon the *Raiſed Croſſe* they *Jeſus* ſet
With loud Out-cryes as at a *May-pole Game*,
And to the ſame with Contumelious ſhame
His hands and feete with piercing Nailes *they fixt*,
And, like a *Judge*, plac'd him two *Theeves* betwixt

The

The more to ſpite him. But the *Morall* is,
Some he ſhall doome to *Hell*, and ſome to *Bliſſe*,
For theſe *two Theeves* were of a diffrent Faith,
Th' one railes at him, the other meekely ſaith,
We faulty are, but this man guiltleſſe dyes.
Remember me, Good Lord, when thou doeſt riſe.
To whom *ſweet Jeſus* inſtantly replyes:
This day thou ſhalt with me to Paradiſe.
Which words well markt, who will not thence inferre
But Grace workes more than *Merit*? and averre
'That *Chriſt Gods power had*; when *Crucified*
'He could ſo ſoone a *Theefe* make *Juſtified*,
'To reape that Harveſt, where he never ſow'd,
Even *Bliſſe*, which with their *Caterwalling* loud
Some hunted for, yet could not with it meet,
Like *Cats for Fiſh, that would not wet their feete.*
But th' *unbaptiz'd*, that liv'd not to reſtore
What he had rob'd, doth wonder-rap memore
To ſee him Crown'd a *Saint* in *Heaven* Above,
Then that I dare diſcuſſe *Gods hidden Love*,
Who of meere *Grace* payes ſome at Sun-ſet hires
Equall with them, whom earlier he inſpires;
Or aske *the King*, why he to *Honour* ſcrewes
Some men of leſſe deſert than mine in ſhewes.

Faith wins us *Grace*. So while proud *Rabbies* laught,

Poore

Poore Women wept, and at the *Crosse* were taught.
With *Swan-like Song*, though in deaths Agony,
Christ warned them by way of Destiny:
Shed not, yee Daughters of Jerusalem,
Your Teares for me, but for your selves shed them.
My Father, to whose care I recommend
My Soule, will to his children comfort send.
The dayes will come, when they that *Barren* are,
More safely shall then *Women Fruitfull* share;
When many shall in perills dolorous
Cry out, *yee Caves and Mountaines cover us*:
For if a *Blooming Tree* of verdant sap
Be thus cut off, how shall the dry escape?

To shew what *Love* is unto *Parents* due,
His *Mother Mary* at his last adieu,
(*Whose Soule with his*, as *Simeon* did relate,
Was, as with sword, pierst in that Bloody fate,)
Having with constant mind, whilst others fled,
Staid by the *Crosse*, till she should see him dead,
He comforted with *John, Behold thy Sonne,*
With charge to him: *Behold thy Mother, John.*
(Two sacred Saints joyn'd in one Legacy,
Two Soules fast knit in Saint-like Amity)
John therefore home *the blessed Virgin* tooke,
And never she *her Sonne bequeath'd* forsooke,
But in his house remain'd *a Widow-Mayd,*

Untill her debts to Nature ſhe had paid.
Theſe pithy Types of Charity and Grace
Chriſt dying left for his *New Church* to trace.
God grant, that they may ſink with ſome remorce
Into our Hearts, and that they *Nature* force
With her proud wanton brats to lay aſide
Our pranks, and view what from our *Saviours ſide*,
Two-fold, beſides his *Hands and Feete* did flow:
That to *Chriſts Yoke* they by thoſe ſignes may bow;
An eaſie yoke, if on thoſe *double Rillets*
They humbly poare without vaine quirkes and quillets;
If inwardly his *Croſſe* they muſe upon,
As *Mary* did with dolefull teares, and *John*.

While Natures *Light*, *the New mans Glory*, lay
Thus on the *Croſſe* in dolefull paines diſmay,
The Sunnes Noone-light mourn'd for ſuch cruelty
From twelve to three with Sable Canopy,
At ſight whereof *Romes fierce Centurion* quakt,
And like to Aſpen leaves moſt *Newtrals* ſhakt.
'Note here the Nature of the *Clay* and *Waxe*:
'The one turnes hard, the other ſoft doth waxe
'By *the Sunnes Heate*, or *Fire*. And ſo were then
'The lookers on, ſome mild, ſome hardned men;
'Some mollifyed by *Grace* griev'd with remorce;
'Some ſcorch'd by *fiends* yell'd out till they were hoarſe,

Chiefly,

Chiefly, some *Scribes* were hardned more & more,
For they *Christ* still derided, as before:
Though *Nature* did her childrens deeds deplore,
Some stiffe-necked *Jewes* held on with taunts to gore
The fainting *Lambe*: *Now, if thou be Gods Sonne,*
Come downe from thence, or else thy Fame is done:
Where are become thy famous Miracles?
Thy latest vaunts, stupendious Oracles?
That *Gods faire Temple* ruin'd to the ground
Thou in *three daies* couldst build it up more sound
Physitian, heale thy selfe. Couldst others cure,
And raise to life? and not thine owne assure?
Some mockt his comming forth from *Galilee*,
His *Native home* suppos'd: Hurle downe the *Tree*,
Great Nazarite, and teare those boring Nailes,
Which trouble thee. At him another railes:
Couldst thou a man from death to life restore,
Which in *the Grave* had laine *foure dayes* before?
And canst not now thy dearest selfe redeeme?
Thus did they, like mad *Bedlems*, scoffe & skream,
While the poore *Lamb* almost brought to despaire
Soules by his *Crosse* and patience to repaire,
Perplext as well for their obduracy
Of heart, as for their foule conspiracy,
Like a *Childing Woman* o'recome with *Throes*
He cryed out in height of all his woes,
(Borne downe with waight of mans mortallity,

His *Fathers* wrath, his *Nations* Cruelty,
And preſt with *Satans* threats of Tyranny)
Eli, Eli, Lamaſabachthani?
In Engliſh, *why haſt thou forſaken me*
My God, my God? When I forſake not thee?
Some hearing that, *and doth our Great Meſſias*
Vouchſafe, ſaid they, *to call upon Elias?*
Well, let him come, and ſave this *Royall man*
With *Fatall Fire* from *Heaven*, if he can.
Neere to deaths point he made his Mone: *I thirſt*,
That is, *for Soules Salvation*, which accurſt
By *Juſtice* ſtand in a ſuſpended plight,
Like to be chain'd with *Spirits of the night*,
Unleſſe, *O Father*, this my *Sacrifice*
Thou wilt accept to purge their damned vice.
But his leud *Foes* with unrelenting Gall,
In ſtead of *drinke* to quench his thirſt withall,
Soone dipt a *Spunge in gally vinegar*,
Which on a *Reed* reacht him, although *eager*
And *bitter* too, he taſted to fulfill
The *Propheſie*, as thereby *Luſt* to kill
In *Adams Seed*, and likewiſe to diſtaſte
The *Fatall Apples* ſweete delicious taſte.

Since now all needfull things for *Humane* good
Chriſt had fulfill'd by ſhedding of his *Blood*,
Which through his *Nailed Hands and Feete* did
ſtreame

With

With paine in Soule and Body moſt extreame,
The New-mans Offring, powr'd out to aſſwage
Gods wrath conceiv'd againſt the Old mans rage;
And knowing that all *Prophefies* relation
Were to the bottome brought by his *Oblation*,
He ſaid: *Now all is at a finall End.*
Into thy hands, O Father, I commend
My Spirit. O forgive this Crying ſinne,
Which they of Blindneſſe are now plunged in.
At which *Laſt words* groan'd out with Sacred breath,
The Lambe of God, mens Saviour, ſeal'd his death.
Aſſoone as *He* had yeelded up the *Ghoſt*,
Whilſt at his death the *rout* inſulted moſt,
Blacke hideous clouds, which had begunne before,
Quite dimm'd the *Sunne*; *The Earth* then labour'd ſore,
As if her *wombe* ſome *uncouth Birth* would vent;
Her *Center* ſhooke with *Throes* ſo violent,
That *Salems Temple veile* aſunder cleft
(A ſigne that *Levies brood* ſhould be bereft
Of the *Holy of Holies*, by *Entaile*
The High Prieſts roome, and parted by that vaile
Then rent) ſo that the *vulgar* gazed on
The Myſticks hid, and *Tetragrammaton*
With *great Jehovahs Name*, which *Satan* feares,
They ſaw diſcloſed in *Hebrew Characters.*
This *Rupture* chanc'd ſoone as by *Pilates Traine*

Our Prince Meſſias on the Croſſe was ſlaine,
When *Nature* was, or *Natures God* perplext,
As one then gloſſd at *Athens* on the Text
Of this Eclipſe, if Credit be to *Greekes.*
But *Holy Writ* informes us that with *ſhriekes*
Some *Jewes* that ſaw thoſe *ſignes*, diſclaim'd their crimes,
And *beating of their breſts*, bewail'd the Times.
Others ſtood ſtill, and lookt on him with feare,
When they beheld his ſide piere'd with a ſpeare.
God grant their *race*, which roam as yet, like *Cain*,
May turne to *Chriſt*, and ſo redeeme their ſtaine,
Preferring more the *Croſſe*, than *Aarons Rites*,
Chriſts living Temple more than *Carnall* lights.

Now yee, that read, or heare this *Tragedy*,
Tell me, did any man more cauſeleſſe dye?
'If ye retaine a ſympathyzing ſenſe
'With ours on Earth, and know what paſt from hence,
'*Yee Paſſengers*, who ſaw that bloody day,
'*Was any griefe like his*? declare I pray. (taint
That harmeleſſe Soules ſhould for leud ſoules at-
Be pain'd, deſerves a pitteous ſad complaint.
'When faithfull *Pythias* ſhould for *Damon* dye,
'*A Tyrant* could not brooke that *Tragedy*;
'But that *Gods Sonne*, to free men from *hell-feares*,
'Should ſuffer death, might *Tygers* move to teares

His

His *Cares* tranſcend all mens Capacity;
His *Love* ſurmounts *Seraphicke Charity.*
O thinke on *Chriſt his Paſſion, ſinnefull Man*;
What here I pen'd, with underſtanding ſcan;
And never let his *Bloody Croſſe* depart
By *worldly charmes* or wiles, out of thy Heart;
'But every day in ſpite of *tempting vice*,
'Thinke on *the Croſſe, the New mans Sacrifice*;
How he ſpent *yeares, Man* to *regenerate*,
Who did the *World* but in *few Daies* Create.
Thinke how *He dy'd* to ranſome us from Death,
By whoſe ſweet *Word man* firſt receiv'd his breath.

At *Evening tide*, on this their *Sabbaths Eve*,
Among the *Jewes*, who then for *Chriſt* did grieve,
One *Joſeph* was of *Arimatheas Towne*,
An upright Man, a *Counſellour* well knowne
In *Salem* for his zeale, *good deeds*, and wealth,
One that *Believ'd*, but as it were by ſtealth
In viſits cloſe, for feare of *Factious Scribes*,
Which in thoſe dayes poſſeſt the Jewiſh Tribes
With doubtfull *Schiſmes*: He griev'd the *Prieſts* to ſee
So fierce and ſo unnaturall to be,
Like to thoſe *Cains, Spaines Inquiſitions hounds*,
Who trounce poore Soules beyond *Religions* bounds,
As to complot the murther of their *Brother*;
But now his griefe he could no longer ſmother,

Undauntedly, not caring to be ſhent,
He for *Chriſts Body* unto *Pilate* went,
Entreating him, that from the *Croſſe* he might
Remove the ſame, and bury it in the night:
For with our *Feaſt* ſuits not this ſight of ſorrow,
You know (quoth he) *our Sabbath is to morrow*,
And by our *Law*, we are by *Moſes* Taught,
That but till night no hanged Body ought
To lye unburied, leſt it taint the Aire,
Defile the Land, or Health with ſmels impaire.
We vow'd our ſelves, a *Nation conſecrate*
To *God*, who hates all things contaminate,
Such as might barre us to be *Sanctified*
In Soule, and in our Bodies purified.
Our *Soile* likewiſe, while we from vices ſtand
Abſolv'd, is ſtyl'd *Jehovahs Holy Land*;
Which *Holineſſe of Body, Soule, and Soile*
Makes for his Buriall me to keepe this coile.
O let not then *the Nailed Coarſe* endure
Polluted long for want of Sepulture;
Since not ſo much as any *Carrion Beaſt*
Is left uncover'd at our ſacred *Feaſt*.
My Countrey men have wreackt their ut-moſt teene
On him, and you their bloody minds have ſeene,
When *Barrabas, that Robber*, they preferr'd
Befor his Life, whom now to be enterr'd
I beg and crave at your moſt gracious hands.

And

And none of them, I thinke, this Boone withſtands,
Or if they ſhould by ſcrupulous ſurmiſe
Oppoſe my ſuit, that he againe will riſe
Within *three dayes* from Death to *Newer Life*,
Becauſe he did ſo *Propheſie*: In briefe,
I am content they watch the ſilent *Grave*;
Or ſeale it up; And what more would they crave?
When *Pilate* knew, that *Chriſt* was dead indeed,
After ſome pauſe, he at the laſt agreed
With this *Proviſo, that the Prieſts ſhould ſet*
His Seale, and with a Guard the Tombe beſet.
Then inſtantly, unto his great renowne,
Good *Joſeph* tooke the *breathleſſe Body* downe,
Enwrapt it in a *ſhrowd*, and it convey'd
To a *New Tombe*, where no man elſe was layd.

An Epitaph upon our Saviours Corpſe hanging upon the Croſſe.

MArke, *Worldling*, heere a *Tragicke Miracle*,
Suſpend vaine Hopes, and view this Spectacle:
The Sonne of God hanges fixed to that Tree
With nayled Hands and Feet, thy Soule to free
From

From his *Dread Fathers Curſe*, and the ſame paine,
Which thou of right ſhouldſt feele, Hee doth ſuſtaine;
Gods wrathfull Cup, to ranſome *Adams Fall*
And luſtes, he drinkes with *vinegar and Gall.*
To adde more woes, in preſence of his Mother,
Like *Kids-fleſh boyl'd in the Dammes Milke*, their Brother
See how the *Prieſts* doe flout, the *Romans* mangle
His *Harmeleſſe Corpſe*, whom they could neere entangle
In the leaſt Word or Act, whilſt he did Preach
His *Fathers Will*, and in the *Temple* teach.
He tendred *Grace*, and eas'd *Lawes Penalties*;
He cur'd their Feavers, Palſies, Leproſies;
Reſtor'd their Lame, gave Sight to Blinded Eyes;
Rais'd up the Dead, and for theſe *gifts* he dies.
He *Praying* dyes; and then *Gore-Blood* did come
From his *pierſt ſide* with that *cleare water from*
The Pericardion Skinne about his Heart,
Which late it held to coole that *Moving part.*
O wretched Men, who did *Gods wrath* provoke,
And were the cauſe of this great Bloody ſtroke!

A

A Lamentable Hymne in the Memoriall of our Saviours Passion.

AS our *sinnes* did *Our Saviour* pierce,
So must we bathe with teares his Hearse,
Though *One* of his *Bloods* many drops
Exceeds all Teares, and Passion stops.
How can our Soules chuse but complaine
To see *our Prince Messias slaine*?
Not for himselfe, but for our Cause,
Who daily breake our *Makers Lawes*?
How can the *Members* chuse but weepe,
That the *Good Shepherd* for the *Sheepe*,
The Head of all our Humane Race
Should lose his life with such disgrace?
With bitter Jibes, more bitter stripes,
And dismall Deaths most bitter Gripes?
His *Forehead Crown'd* with pricking *Thorne*,
His Hands and Feete Crosse-naild and torne?
Christs senses all pay'd for that sinne,
Which *the first Man* delighted in.
For the faire *Fruite of Paradise*,
The *Jewes* hood-wink'd his harmelesse *Eyes*;

For

For *Adams liſtning* to his *Wife*,
His *Eares* heard ſioutes and raylings rife.
For *Eves hand*-reaching to the *Tree*,
His *feeling* grip'd with Tortures ſee.
For the *ſweet fruites* delicious taſte,
With *bitter gall* he brake his Faſt;
And where *the Fruite Eve* Fragrant ſmelt,
He *Skulles* foule ſcent at *Golgoth* felt.

This dolefull doome to *Chriſt* befell,
Though he diſlodg'd *the Fiends of Hell*;
And though their *Prince* fail'd him to win
With his *three ſnares*, or charmes to ſinne
Within that wilde or *Deſart* place,
Where *Chriſt* withſtood him to his Face:
Yet now in part he got his *Will*,
And to that end with poiſned skill
By *Judas* meanes had made his way
For greedy gaine him to betray:
He got his *Will*, *bruiz'd Adams Heele*,
And mad with Rage made *Chriſt* to feele,
As he was *Man*, his utmoſt ſhaft,
Since him he miſs'd to gull with craft;
Nor could him charge in thought, or word,
That he tranſgreſt againſt *the Lord*.
Onely becauſe our ſinnes he bore,
God ſuffer'd *Satan* him to gore

By Sinners hands, hells Instruments,
The Guiltlesse Lambe with Punishments;
Which we indeed, and none but we,
Had well deserv'd for *Adams Tree*
To Undergoe from Crowne to foote,
With *all the Paine of Hell* to boot.

The

The Sixth Dayes EXERCISE.

The Argument.

The foure great wonders wrought at Christ his Death.
How Paradise *receiv'd his* Ghostly Breath,
Purgatory *condemn'd, and* Tombes expence,
The Crosse *is prais'd, what profit comes from thence.*

I Sing no songs of antique *Saturnalls*,
Emblemes of Time, *Sithes* mowing *Festivalls*;
Though *Saturnes* name I wrest to that *set day*,
On which our *Saviours Corpse* entombed lay:
Nor daigne I once his memory to greete,
Who fled to *Latium* from his Native *Creete*.

Nor

Nor ſtrike I at that *Melancholique Spheare*,
Whoſe *Motion* ends not till the *Thirtieth yeare*.
No ſuch conceites intoxicate my Braine,
To thinke, that *Ovids Tales* might grace my ſtrain
No ſuch Capricious Toyes, wits whimſey-dances
Nor dreames of *Raving Pates* take me with trances
Improper for a *Chriſtian Scribe* to hold,
Or them to blaze abroad, like *Bardhs* too bold,
Who in this Age of impudence and ſcorne
Turn'd more *Baboones* then *Babes* for *Chriſt Newborne*,
Would gul the world with leud *Fantaſtique fables*,
Our *Youth* with *Cupids baits*, or *Elviſh Bables*:
No line ſhall glide through my *New* ſacred Pen
Save that, whereto *Gods Angels* ſay *Amen*.
But who will heare, or credit our *Reports*?
When men wax deafe, bewitcht with *Babels* ſports
When though they know, that her *Chiefe Forts* were taken,
Her *Lovers* ſundred, and her *Baſans* ſhaken
By them that hate the *Whore*, yet ſtill they ſtrive
By the *Old Dragons* falſe prerogative
To build her *Walles*, like *Jerichoes* againe?
And blow up *Sion*, with *Hels Powder-traine*?
Looke how they Plot to undermine our walles!
And to repaire their owne, Juſt ruin'd, falles!
See how *Romes Mungrels*, mercenary whelpes,
Goe on to bite the *Saints*! And how ſhe helpes

Some

Some, *viper*-like, their Neighbours hearts to teare
Under pretence of *Purgatories* feare!
Behold how *Mammon* tempts our brighteſt *ſtarres*
To fall downe from the *Orbe of Peace* to Jarres;
Whilſt *Humane Arts* doe want no *Licencing*,
They threat *Gods Heraulds* with a *ſilencing*.
But O! are not thoſe *wordlings* much too blame?
Or doe they not obſcure *the Spirits Flame*?
Well meriting from *Heaven* puniſhment
Exemplified with *Arrowes Peſtilent*
For their Ecclipſe of zeale? if that they feare
To favour thoſe *Choyce workes*, which every yeare
Some *New borne Spirits* in theſe dayes of evill
Preſent from *Chriſt*, to conjure downe the Devill?

I feare no ſuch falſe Squibs, nor cloudy Brow,
That ſome with *Benets Badge* might overcrow,
Or clog my *Conſcience*, like an *Ape*, in *Hell*;
I feare no ſuch *Bug-beares*, nor *Magicke ſpell*,
Wherwith *Maſſe-mongers*, *Flamines* moſt prophane
Bragge to fetch *Fiends* from out a *Puritane*.
For *in my Will the markes of Chriſt I beare*,
His Image on the Croſſe, which thus I weare:

'Like as *the Fiery Serpent made of Braſſe*
'Within the *Deſart* rais'd an Object was
'To cure all ſuch as were by Serpents ſtung,
'Onely by ſeeing that which *Outward hung*:

'So

'So the Resemblance of *Christ Crucifixt*,
'With constant *Faith* in our Remembrance fixt
'Heales up the wounds and scars which *Python old*
'Procur'd to sinne, when our *first Parents sold*
'Themselves for slaves. There is no *Antidote*
'More strong than *Christ his Crosse*, or *Seamelesse Coate*
'Against our Foes; The which with more impres-
We shall believe, if following our Profession, (sion
We marke what dismall change the whole world crost,
When *Natures God* on Earth gave up the Ghost.
Even then (O strange) Apparent to the Eye
'*Foure Miracles* amaz'd Mortallity,
'Which *foure* likewise *foure Creatures* made agast,
'For *Nature* they, *Sinne*, *Death*, and *Hell* defac't.
The first, that rapt the standers by with wonder,
Was *Salems Temples vaile* then rent asunder:
(A Signe, that *shadowes* of Reallities
Ceas'd with the *Jewish Rites* and *Sacrifice*)
The third did *Tombes* and Monuments uncase,
With *Trembling Motion of the solid Base*,
(A Signe, that *Satans Kingdome* was undone,
And by the *Crosse*, the *Gentiles should* be wonne.)
The Fourth, *the Resurrection* did make cleare,
For certaine *Saints* did visibly appeare
Unto their Friends out of their *Monuments*,
When *Christ* fulfill'd the *Propheties* Contents;

(A certaine ſigne, that *God* will, like to thoſe,
Others through *Chriſt* into New life tranſpoſe)

In the meane time the *Souldiers* ſtood not Idle,
Nor would their ſpite, nor greedy Paſſions bridle.
Some ſwagger'd for their *Robes* with open throat,
Some did caſt lots about Chriſts ſeameleſſe coate;
Some broke the Priſoners Bones; but finding ſure
Jeſus deceas'd, yet they to keepe in ure
Their Bloody hands, them would not then forbeare,
But one of *them his ſide pierſt with a* ſpeare.
'*A Souldier of proud Rome then pierſt his ſide*
'As now that *City* would his *Limmes* divide.
'Out of whoſe wounds two Sacramentall ſignes
'Did *Water* flow and *Blood*, like juyce of Vines
'Both *White* and *Red*; The One for *Circumciſion*,
'Pre-figur'd *Baptiſme*; th' other *Sinnes Remiſſion*
'By *Blood unſeene* within the *Vine* preſented
'Inſtead of *Carnall Altars* repreſented
'By *Moſes Lawes*, and abrogated ſince
'By *our great Prophet, Saviour, Prieſt, and Prince.*
The Guardian Chiefe, whom they *Centurion* ſtil'd,
Began to quaile, and to become more milde,
When he had ſeene thoſe ſtrange and fearefull ſignes
From *Heaven* ſent for *Pilates fierce Aſſignes*
To warne Mankind of *Jndgements Doome* to come:

That

That *God* for wrong was neither deafe, nor dumb
He (to conclude) did make this Protestation,
That Jesus was most Just, and Gods owne Sonne.

View here ye *Mortals*, the effects of *Blood*,
Of *Crying sin*, wherewith the *Jewish Brood*,
And the *Old Romane state* imbru'd their hands.
O let their *Deeds* amaze our *Christian Lands*
With horrour, dread, and true relenting Feares
Mixt with the Hearts Compunction & sad teares,
To see *the Sonne of God* slaine for our sakes,
For our defaults Felonious, as Mistakes;
Aive his hands and feete, transfixed were
With Iron Nayles; And after death his *side*
So gor'd through with *a Souldiers speare* beside,
That many there dismay'd in sight and *Breast*
Most earnestly behold him, whom they pierst.
(Which dolefull sight likewise thrice happy we,
Could it in our deepe Breast reposed be)
But what ensu'd to them, that were the cause
Of this *sad Feast*, you heard in *Frydayes* Clause.
As for *the Judge*, *false Pilate*, *Romes Records*
Authenticke shew, that by the *Senate-Lords*,
And the Imperiall doome, a Banisht wretch,
(Because his deedes beyond the *Lawes* did stretch)
He went forth in despaire, and slue himselfe.
And for *Romes state*, then Proud for worldly pelfe
Triumphant, Great, and Potent over *Nations*,

She never found one yeare without vexations.
Her *Consuls, Knights, and Legionary Bands,*
Her Tribunes, and her Pretours had their hands
So full of *Treasons, Treacheries,* and *Blood,*
That seldome since but she Confused stood.
Yea, and her *Cæsars,* like to *Cedars* fell,
Whilst *Christian shrubbes,* mauger the plots of hell
Gayn'd Rooting firme through both the *Hemi-*
spheres,
Spreading our *Saviours Fame* with filiall feares.
The Parthians, and *Arabians* robb'd her *East,*
The *Gothes* and *Vandals* spoyl'd her in the *West*:
'And her huge *Scepter* to the *Thracian straite*
'Transferr'd, she staid behinde for *Babels Baite,*
'Or *tempting Bath* unto *the Man of sinne*
'For *Sale of Soules* to plunge the *Faithlesse* in,
Such *Plagues Rome* felt, and shall feele yet far more,
If she holds on *Christ* through his Limbs to gore.

So suffred *Christ* for our Infirmities,
Whilst *his divinest part to Paradise*
Rapt up with Joy, expatiated free
From *Satans* spite, where tasting of the *Tree*
Of Life, to his *Elect* perpetuall Life
He gaind instead of those darke *Passions* rife,
Which *Adams sinne* with deaths Calamity
Had heapt on him and his Posterity.

Such

Such *comforts* there, of *Immortality*,
Christ of his owne, above capacity
Of our weake knowledge did no doubt possesse,
As he deserv'd. And yet our *Schoole-men* presse
So farre to know of his *departure* hence
In those *two dayes*, before he did commence
The Resurrection of his *Bodies* hew,
That some have broacht what *Curious Wits* did brew
By *Satans fraud*. And thence did *schismes* ensue,
To yoke, and *Christ to Crucifie* anew.

What *Croaking noise* in our decrepit yeares,
Have lately beene stirr'd up by *Mauzzims Peeres*,
Like *Hellish Frogges*, for *Purgatories* seate?
The Quintessence of *Superstitions* heate
Extracted from the *Dregges* of Gods *just wrath*,
Because they did forsake the beaten Path?
And worshipped *a God* not knowne before,
Which *Christ his Primer Church* did ne're adore?
These *Lees* made *Fryers bray*, like *Balaams Asse*,
Made *Schoolemen* prate, and both like *Chymists* rash,
New Bodies Formes by crotchets to create,
By *Sophistry* strange termes to procreate.
Such *Gibbrish stuffe*, and *Mettals* blinde Projecti-on
Bewitcht *Grave Clerkes*, and caus'd true Faiths defection;
Whilst their *Craz'd Braines* commixt Divinity

With dunghill heapes of mens Philosophy:
(As Curious *Chinois* hatch their *Ducklings* rathe,
Like *Chymists Temper of Saint Maries Bathe*)
With *Apish Art the Spirit* to disguise
And more then *God* was pleas'd with, to seeme
'Bare *Accidents* by *Whymsyes* of the Braine (wise;
'To *Substances* turn'd ot *Promethean straine*,
'With *Moone-sicke sense*, and *Carnall* Apetite,
'Like *Capernaites*, *eating their God* outright.
Out of such *Egges* many a *Cockatrice*
Hatcht to uphold *the Old mans Sacrifice*.
Were fostred since the Time of *Hildebrand*,
The Westerne Churches scourge, *Plague and Firebrand*.
Out of such *Nests* came *words of Giants* growth,
Huge *Mungrels* fit for *Garagantuaes* mouth
Baals sophistry, and *Chymickes Transmutation*
Begot and coyn'd *Transubstantiacion*.
Then, *Vulcans* built *Soules Purgatories Forge*,
And by those *Flames* phantasticke lies did forge.
For neere about that time did *Alchymy*
Begin to raigne with *Schoole-Theology*,
When *Satan* was let loose from his *Restraint*
To play upon *the Conscience of a Saint*.
Woe to the Time that our *West Church* forsooke
The *New-Mans way*, which *Berengarius* tooke,
And dar'd *Christ Body* so to understand
Which till *Doomes day doth sit on Gods Right hand*
Since his *Ascent*, and there in *Heaven* stayes,

Till

Till *Saints* at reſt, his *Foes* ſuppreſt he layes.
Thence *Purgatory* ſprung, *Romes* forged *Bull*,
Of *Satans* plot to fill their Bellies full
Like *Bels falſe Prieſts*, by making men believe
They could *Redeeme*, or *Purge* poore Soules that grieve
In that *Third place* for their Offences paſt,
Which *Pardons bought with money* might lay waſt,
And fruſtrate, if *Romes Indulgence* aſſure,
When ſhe her ſelfe of *Sickneſſe* cannot cure
By *Miracle* or *Charme*; nor ſtop one houre
Of *Deaths Arreſt* by her *Tranſcendent power*:
Much leſſe can ſhe, fraile *Mortall wight*, abate
Anothers paine, when *Phyſicke* comes too late.

Some *Fathers* dream't at *doomes day*, not before,
Soules ſhould be *purg'd* with *flames*, or leſſe or more.
But in this *Life*, where time is limitted,
Soules muſt be *purg'd*, or they are forfeited: (*on*;
'*Soules* may be *purg'd* with *Sighs*, *Faſts*, & *Contriti-*
'By *Faith with workes*, which ſome hold in deriſion
'*Soules* may be *purg'd*, and that with *Sacred fire*,
'If them *Gods Grace* with *Faith* and *Love* inſpire.
Tis not enough to have a *Chriſtians* Name,
Except we be *Baptiz'd with Chriſt his Flame*.
The Jewes did vaunt of *Abraham* for their *Father*,
Where they ſhould joy of *Abrahams Faith* the rather.

Tis not enough to be *Baptiz'd* alone,
For so were *Jewes* in *Jordans Floud* by *John*;
Nor yet sufficient to *Communicate*;
So *Judas* did, yet *Excommunicate*.

The *gentle Sparke*, that stirres *the Heart and Braine*,
Must pray *Gods Spirit* in those *Seates* to raigne,
For whose Content, as he was *Catechiz'd*,
So with *Loves Flame* he would be *Re-baptiz'd*;
Which done, he *harmelesse* growes, *an Infant twice*
In worldly Craft, and in *Christ* onely wise;
Though *tempting fiends* with *carnall baites* he feares
Yet, *Serpent-wise*, *a newer Coate* he weares,
A Coate quite voyd of Seames, or *Factious Schismes*,
Which with *Gods Word* he weares for *Exorcismes*.
Soules Comforter then to *Gods Sonne* doth marry
The Understanding, *Conscience*, *Memory*,
Those *Three-fold parts* of this *adopted Soule*
Whose Name with *Saints New Man* hee doth enroule,
And signes with *Abbaes Seale*. The Man vowes *Love*,
And this rare vow *the Trinity* approve,
Thence-forward giving him *the Two fold Flame*
Of Christ his Crosse, *and Zeale*, *with Christian Name*
To purge his Outward Man of Earthly drosse,
Which may be styl'd *our Purgatories Glosse*.
Long since *God* earn'd *the New man* for his *Sonne*,

And

'And gave through *Christ* him *Free-will* thereupon,
'Which for his *Faiths* support can never faile him
'But in the proofe and combat shall availe him;
'The *Sonne*, by whose *deare Blood* he's *Justified*,
'Loves him, because his *Will* is purified;
'He loves, and makes his first *Election* firme
'By sending *One* his Conscience to confirme.
'Because he chose his Patterne and his *Crosse*
'When as he mought false joyes and wealth ingrosse
'According to the *Freedome of his Will*,
'Which *Grace* restor'd, and *Faith* had School'd from ill:
'He carkes for him, and sues for his *Persev'rance*,
'He heares his griefes, & warrants his delivrance,
'*The Holy Ghost*, as *Mans Love* ebbes and flowes,
'His sweet gifts more or lesse into him blowes;
'And chiefely him he graceth, *who is mild*,
'*Free-hearted, Just, and not with wiles defild*:
'*One that adores not creatures, nor yet swells*
'*With Merits puffe*: In such a one he dwels,
'In such a mind *He* breathes *Truthes* gentle gales,
'Which scornes old *charmes*, vaine legends, dreams and tales.
Thus *Sanctified*, with *Christ* incorporate,
A Bastard slip becomes *Legitimate*,
Co-heire with Christ, partaking of that *Feast*
Of Unity, which brings eternall Rest.

Thus

Thus is a Man *borne of Immortall seed,*
A Saint new-made, a Priest, a Prince indeed,
Nay, *a true King commanding Lordly passions,*
Which *Monarches* have enthrall'd in fearefull fashions.
Thus Saints are Crown'd: and thus is tendred *grace*
If men doe not their *Charters Seales* deface.
But not, before *the Old man* be suppreſt,
Shall any mortall wight be this way bleſt.

O Grace more rich then *Chinaes* glittring Treasure,
O Love more sweet then *Mahomets* faign'd pleasure
Elected thy he Father without merit
At the Sonnes suite, and sealed by their Spirit.
This *Grace, suite, and Seale of Gods Majesty*
The persons working in the unity
For dust and ashes, sinfull Mans Salvation,
And with *New flames his Spirits inspiration*
Doe wonder-rap my Soule with *Extasies,*
In gazing on their *Lights* supremacies
With *glaunces* more beseeming *Prophets visions*
Then those, which *Arrians* blurr'd with blind misprisions:
That to speake much of their *Transcendencie,*
Would me confound, halfe put in Jealousie,
Lest I offend my *God,* or goe awry
With narrow bounds to stint this *Mystery,*
Like *Lucifer,* who for opposing *Christ*

Was

Was throwne to *Hell*, to father *Antichrist*.
Thence with his *Mates* to tempt and poyson such
As dare to scan *Gods Secrets* over much.
With our *weake Braines* can hardly apprehend
Those *Axiomes*, which to *Quadrate circles* tend:
How dare we Clouded with infirmity
Rake for more *Light* of *Heavens Trinity*?
Whose knowledge long lay hid from sinfull Men
For *our first Parents fall*, till *Christs time*, when
It pleased God, *three persons* to reveale
By *Him*, which he did formerly conceale.
From *Carnall wits*? as from *Crownd Popes* he did
The *Gospels* use, and which as yet lyes hid
From their *crownd-shaven Crew*, and *Babels Rable*
Who darkling grope for *Christs Communion Table*;
As they doe likewise for that *Orbe of Rest*,
Which for good Soules *departed God* hath blest.
Yet *our New man* sees by his *rayes* reflection,
As through a glasse, enough of *Gods* perfection,
And roome enough without such *purging flames*
For *Saints* to sing *Alleluiahs Psalmes*
To satisfie our *Faith*; whilst by high mounting
Some meet with *Fiery foes* their strength surmounting.
Nor must we scale the *Sun-beams* with those *Eagles*
Whom *glory*, *pride*, or *curious Art* inveagles
To know *Gods will*, conceal'd from humane breast
Or to eate more than *gluttons* can digest.

This

This ſure I know by Holy Inſpirations,
'*God breathes in humbleſt mindes moſt Revelations*;
'For when our Hearts with lofty thoughts ariſe,
'*Fiends* ſcrue themſelves into our *phantaſies*.
'Yea, they will tempt the moſt *Regenerate*
'And *Holieſt* Men, as the moſt *reprobate*.
Some under Forme of *Art* they ſlily Charme
With hired plots to work their Neighbors harme
That by their ſowing daily *Tares* of ſtrife,
The Father, Sonne, the Husband and the wife,
Friends, kindred, Towne, and Country Folkes may vary,
So as with *Chriſt* their Soules can hardly *marry*.
'Such ſleights uſe *Helliſh Fiends*, though few ſuſpect
'Their ſhining Baytes, yet ſurely *Gods Elect*
'Know, that all *make-bates* have juſt cauſe to tremble.
'As well as they, who being at *Maſſe* diſſemble.
'Theſe *Members* helpe to make up *Antichriſt*:
'For without *Parts* how can the *head* ſubſiſt?

But chiefly *Hell* claimes thoſe men, who beleeve
They may for *Gaine* coyne doubts *our Church* to grieve,
To yoke weake Soules, and *Faith* to falſifie,
Which through *Chriſts death* alone doth *Juſtifie*,
Without *Romes purging flames*, or Humane deeds,
Trentals, *Maſſes*, or ringing more then needs,

To

To foole weake minds, which knew not *Paradise*
Was promised by *Christ*, where in a trice
His Spirit did arrive with the *Good Thiefe*,
And there for ought we know, might find reliefe
With *Abram*, *Moses*, *Daniel*, and the rest
Of *Saints*, *untill* his *Body* rose releast
From *Josephs Tombe*, wherein it lay interred,
As *Jonas* staid within the *Whale* as buryed,
'Or, to speake plaine, *his Spirit without stint*
'*United with his Sire in Triumph went.*
As for the certaine place of *Paradise*,
Let this our curious Intellect suffice,
That *Gods high Orbe* hath many glorious Mansions
Unlimited by *Locall spans* dimensions;
Like as to us on Earth ly *Many Lands*
Beyond *New-Guiny*, which none understands
As yet; If sundry *Starres* our world exceed
In compasse, why doe some their Fancies feed
With hopes of *Limboes Rest*, *Elisian Groves*,
Or the like Place, which none but *Rome* approves?
But leaving these for *wits Fantasticke flim-flams*
More fit for *Apes* or *Owles* then *New borne Lambs*,
God give me *Grace* the *Scriptures sense* to follow,
The solid *Truth*, without *Abysses* hollow,
Not daring to maintaine *Hels Paradox*
With the *old Serpent*, and the *Wily Fox*:
That after death *Christ* suffred more unrest;

Since

Since he himselfe said: *Consummatum est.*
The manner how *Christs Soule* went downe to *hell*
Before his *Body rose*, I dare not tell;
Nor search that *depth*. Yet who can safe deny,
But that *his Soules Triumphant Majesty*
Did there *descend*, or from some *Higher place*
By vertue of his *God-head*, *hell* deface?
(Which whether part in *sulphurd cavernes* glowes,
Or at the *Poles* part *Frozen hard*, who knowes?)
Christ did descend, *Hels fury* to asswage,
For, *where his Spirit is not*, *fiends doe rage*.
So undiscern'd by sense some *fiends* may dwell
Within the *Aire*, as in the utmost *Hell*.
Tis probable a *Battell* might be fought
By *fiends*, although unknown to mortall thought
In that *darke time*, *when Christ gave up the Ghost*;
Which *battell* soone they through his *Godhead* lost
Whilst that in *Spirit quickned* up he went,
And preacht to them in *Errours prison* pent;
For *by his Death Christ spoyl'd them in a trice*
Of their chiefe sway and *Principalities*;
(When in Mens hearts *the Gospels buds* did bloom
And at the noyse *Hels Oracles* fell dumbe.)
This mov'd *Saint Paul* to publish for *Christs glory*,
Death, *where's thy sting*? *And Hell*, *thy victory*?
Yet my Rule is, where *Holy writ*, for *Guide*
I find obscure; when gravell'd I abide,
Another *Theame* I take, another *Lampe*

Alight anew, and quite forsake the dampe
Of *Sulphur'd Meteours*, and *erroneous spels*,
Which smoakt out first from blind *Monasticke cels*
For of *Deepe Gulfes* a holy Ignorance
I farre preferre before a *curious Trance*.

Now returne backe to my *Saviours Grave*,
Where yesterday I left, a *Virgin-Cave*
Afforded by the *Arimatheans* care,
Which ever since did to the *Church* declare
This *Mystery*, that as a *Virgins Wombe*
Became his Birth, so dead a *Virgin-Tombe*.
When *Joseph* had the *Body* there transferr'd,
He decently forthwith the same enterr'd,
By *Nichodemus* ayded in the Night,
To doe their *Master* this last pious Right,
Without much pompe, or Prides solemnities,
Or *Ceremonies* us'd at *Exequies*,
By *carnall* Friends, who oftentimes consume
In *Glozing showes*, for *Ostentations* fume,
More substance to set out a *Funerall*,
Then would well serve to build an Hospitall.

To shew the *Fruites of Love* at *Obsequies*
Is not amisse, but not *Hels Sacrifice*;
To pacify *Dis* or *Persephone*,
By *Masses Orphean* Harpe, or *Orgian* Plea.
This *Baal* and *Bacchus* did, the One for *Gaine*,

The

The other his mad *Revels* to maintaine.
This *Dives* doth, whilst at his *Lordly Gate*,
Poore *Lazarus* with *Christ* incorporate
Begges needfull Almes for his deare *Passions* sake,
Yet cannot have them, though his *Head* doth ake.
This *Dives* did, while the *Prince Palatine*
With *Britaines royall seed* forc'd from the *Rhine*,
Their proper Right, as from *Bohemian Pragüe*,
Stood to our shame confined to the *Hague*.
This *Dives* did, when thousands did lament
In *London streetes* with *Fevers pestilent*.
What *Obeliskes* with teares of *Crocodiles*?
What *Mourning weedes* with cryes maskt under wiles
Doe our false *Christians* sumptuously prepare,
Perhaps for cursed bones, with care on care?
Did *Dives* to his *Tombe with pompe* convayd
Passe *Lazarus* in *Abrams Bosome* layd?
Leave off for shame such *Heathnish Sacrifice*,
And for your *Dead* build roomes of richer price,
Nay, for your selves with lasting *Royall State*,
Whereby you may passe for *Regenerate*.
More *Hives* for *Bees* with necessary stuffe
Heere or abroad, to shunne vaine glories puffe,
Ye may erect with lesser cost and charge,
Your duties in some measure to discharge,
Redeeming *Plagues*, I meane the *Temporall*,
Which on frayle men for *carnall pleasures* fall.

That

That way will help to expiate, and to cover
Those sins, for that great vengeance which hangs over
Your heads unmarkt; Lo, how *Virginea* vents
Forth heavy grones, and *new-found Land* laments.
See how *New-England* under *noble Gorge*
Against the *Dragon* craves a *new* S. *George*;
All *three* looke for their *Infant Age* no more
Out of their *Mothers* ranke superfluous store
Then what shee riots. There, brave *Monuments*,
May be set up to *Christian* mens contents
Farre fitter, then in needlesse shewes at home.
And these will passe old *Peters pence* to Rome.
Or if you be home-tide, and wealth betide,
Christs Members feed, but doe it without Pride.

Above all things I wish you to forbeare
From *Burying Coarses in Gods Temple*, where
His *Word* is Preacht; O doe not taint the Aire
With *Golgothaes*, which can not but impaire
Your tender healthes by damps and exhalations
From *sulphurs sweat*, Earths putrid oppilations.
Our Saviours deeds should for a patterne stand,
Who from the *Temple*, with a *Whip* or *Wand*
Drove *Chapmen* out, and such, who over bold
Within that sacred place wares dayly sold.
My Fathers House (sayd he) *appointed was*
For Prayer, not a Money-changing place.

Why may not in the Fields a heape of ſtones
Serve as the *Church* for *Graves* to rotten Bones,
Reſembling that, which neere to *Mamre* ſold
Dead Abrams Wife, for Sepulture did hold?
Or the *Church-yard* croſt by *Maſſe-Mongers* old
From *Goblins haunt* their Carkaſſes might hold?
For ſhall the words of that *Mahumetan*
Spoke at his death confound a *Chriſtian* man?
To Saladine one winding Sheet is left,
Of all his ſtate by cruell death bereft.
Who then will doate on *Shrines* and *Mauzzims Wares*?
Give mee the *Quick*; let *Satan* take his *Tares*,
With them in *Reliques* who *Religion* place,
Beſainting Bones within a *Silver Caſe*.
Let not the *Church*, nor glozing Epitaph (ſtaffe
Grace my poore Corpſe. From *Crowes* the *Cynicks*
May guard me for a need. Were *Martyrs bones*
Quite burnt in *Flames*? And ſhall rich *Marble ſtones*
Encloſe my *Coarſe*? Farre be it from my thought,
Who higher place crave then for *Money* bought.
That *ſtation* I expect through *Chriſt his Croſſe*,
Which worldly minds prize leſſe then chaffe or (droſſe.
Another kind of *Body* I expect,
Which like to his *my Saviour* will erect.
This moved mee *my Children three* to bury
In *the Church-yard*, whilſt I ſaw moſt men hurry

Proud

Proud Carkasses into *the Church*, polluting
Gods house, and *zeale* with *superstition* suting
This moved mee *New Cambrioll* to Baptize
In *New found land*, whilst others Idolize
Their native smoake with sloath & griping Cares,
Caught with false Pleasures baytes in *Satans*
snares.
This moves *good wits*, whilst here they make abode,
To send so oft *loud sounding Bookes* abroad,
To cure or curbe litigious Braines that Rave,
And by such *Fruits*, to build them selves a *Grave*,
A quickning Grave, that when their Sinewes rot
The Saints for them might praise the *New mans*
As I doe for *Great Brittaines shining Lights*, (Lot
Or them, whom *Andrewes Posthume* now invites
Andrewes, that shames *Beauford* and *Gardiner*,
And yet all *Three* were styled *Winchester*:
For how shall wee discerne another Man,
Then with bright *Trueth* his living workes to
Whether a *Lambe* or *Wolfe* he led his Life? (Scan?
In Peace with *Christ* or with *Hell Fiends* in strife?

What more then *Swan like Songes* keep Men alive?
Or can on Earth their Noble deeds revive?
Beare witnesse then, my *two-fold Epitaph*, (draffe
Whilst *Windy wits* lye swill'd, like *Swine* with
This *Glasse* renewes brave *Roberts* Memory
Of *Essex Earle*, *the Flower of Chevalry*:

Whō *Flanders*, *Lisbon*, *Cales*, *Spaines Iles*, nor *France*,
Nor *Irish Force* could daunt with *Shot* or *Launce*,
Home-Ostracisme this Famous man did foile,
Whom *Mars* durst not affront in *Forraigne Soile*.
'But his sweet Soule, because he Sacrific'd,
'*Christ* Cleer'd from Guilt, and *Saints* him Cano-(niz'd.
Or if the *Seas* and *Land* contend for Roome,
The Seas will Ebbe, and shew us *Desmonds Tombe*.
'Scotland his Birth, England his Tilting Fame,
'Venice claim'd his venture, Ireland his Name.
'Whilst these Foure strove to build a Monument.
'For Desmonds Corpse, the Seas crost their intent.
'Because the Seas for Worthyes might appeare
'To match the Land, they took this Noble Peere.
Thus *Two by Sea and Land* have *Lawrelles* got,
While *worthlesse Lords*, like *Falling Fire-drakes* rot.
Thus *Vertue* some Crownes with a *Living Tombe*
Which more doth them then *Coronets* become,
And longer will then *Mausolæans* last, (blast.
When Time shall Pomp, and nine dayes Wonders
'Hence I inferre, that *God* hid *Moses Tombe*
'Lest men might *Saint* his Bones in time to come.
'Hence I resolve: from *Graves* old Folkes began
'To make an *Idoll* of a Mortall man. (ons,
Hence I conclude, to hang a Hearse with *Scutche-*
Serves for a Bait to catch our *Heyrs*, like Gudgeons:
For without worth *Guilt honours* proves but vaine,

And

And *Styles* the scumme of a Fantasticke Braine.
'Without the New mans Robes none are indeed
'True Noble Men, but borne of Mungrell seed.
Let men therefore besides the *Cynicks Staffe*
Upon my *Grave* Engrave this *Epitaph*:
Taint not *the Church* with Skulles; *O yee that mourn*;
Nor with Wormes-meat; *the Yard* will serve my turne
Rob not the quick, a dead man to adorne,
But bury me as poore, as I was borne.
Only a *Shrowd* for decencie I crave,
Such as my *Saviour* wrapt in *Josephs* Grave.
I hated Pompe, and Drunken Sacrifice
When I breath'd Ayre, much more in Paradise.

'*Man* here is but a *Steward* of his Pelfe,
'For others bound, aswell as for himselfe,
'To cark and care according to the *Talent*,
'Which so to him was on *Condition* lent;
'For which mispent he must one day account
'Be he a *Knight*, a *Baron*, or a *Count*.
'Looke how *Christ* did, the *second Adam*, live,
'So must we sure, if we intend to thrive
'In *Piety*; we must esteeme *the Crosse*, (losse.
'Though sad, true wealth; & pamp'ring ease soules
'Therfore when *Honour*, *Gaine*, or *worldly Pleasure*
'Doe thee befall, suspect *the Heavens* displeasure,
'Unlesse thou out of hand to some good use
'Convert them without Riot or Abuse,

'Looke where so e're thy worldly Treasure is,
'There lyes thy Bane, thy hindrance into Blisse.
'*No man two Masters serves* with conscience cleane,
'*God*, and *the World*, but he becomes uncleane
'And quickly soild with sense-alluring Toyes,
'Which him bereaves of true *Immortall Joyes*.
'For by superfluous Cares and Worldly Wealth
'The way is quite blockt up from *Saving wealth*.
The serious thought of which Impediments
Made wisest Men amidst their sweet Contents,
(As sometime did the *Samian Tyrant* fling,
To season *Joyes*, into the *Sea* a *Ring*)
To mixe some *Worme-wood* Cares and Objects sad,
To live, like *Angells*, here in *Sack-cloth* Clad,
To fly to *Celles* from *Warres* and worldly wrath,
Like *Austriaes Charles*, and *Turkish Amurath*:
To choose a *dying Life*, retir'd from Ease
Rather like *Monkes*, then like *nice Damocles*,
(Or like some *Kings maligned Favorite*,
That dreames not of a Fall, till *Envy* smite,)
To live with Lushious Cheer, and pleasing plenty;
Fore-seeing that at last scarce one of twenty,
Which gives himselfe to *Carnall Liberty*,
Escapes unstung with some Calamity,
If not living, yet surely at *Deaths Gaspe*
The Libertine shall feele the *Hellish Aspe*
Poison his Soule unseene with Mortall sence,
Mauger his *Heires vaine Obits* and expence.

(For

(For after death all *Sacrifice* is vaine,
Nor can *Rewards* redeeme the Soule from Paine)
The which empoisoned thus, barr'd of *Gods sight*,
Of the least glimpse of comfortable *Light*
With the *rich Glutton* in the *lowest Hell*
Till *Doomesday* roves among the *Furies* fell;
And then the *Body* in more hideous state
Joyn'd with his *Spirit*, he cryes out too late
For *Mercy*, when the *second Death* is come,
Which by the *first* he might have smitten dumbe,
And Conquer'd too, if like *our Saviour*, He
Had living di'd, or living sought to be
Reborne, and form'd after his *Image* true
With *Faith* and zeale (contending to eschew
His Spirits Foes, the Letts unto the *Crosse*)
Which every *Christian Soule* ought to ingrosse,
As *Mysticke Type*, and *Seale* of Mans Adoption,
His Ransome lent from *Lordly Sinnes* Irruption.

'Unhappy is that Wight, that never felt
'The *Crosses waight*, whose Heart did never melt
'At others smart, but living all at Randon
'*Gods Justice* to dull ease did him abandon:
'Since it is hard to have smooth comforts twice,
'Both in this World, and in the *Heavens* likewise.
'Yea, most unhappy He, who for his sinne
'Was never Chastned, but hath suffred beene,
(As *Epicure*, not Checkt by *Sickness*, *Griefe*,

(As *Epicures* till checkt by *Sickenesse, Griefe,*
By *Shipwrack, Fame, Friends losse, want of Reliefe*)
By our *Creatour* to consume amisse
His usefull *Talent*, and to swarve from Blisse,
Without controule, or mailterly reproofe,
As if *God* slept; or sleighted mans behoofe.
So on the other side I count him *Blest*,
Who in this World felt Sorrow and unrest,
'For we ne're feele *the comforts of Gods Spirit*, (it.
'Till our *Flesh* quailes, or outward troubles stirre
'Fraile Flesh & Bloud may not in Heaven reside,
'Till *Christ his flames* the same have purified.
The Crosses sight the *Carnall* mind confounds,
But it lookes bright, and with perfumes abounds
Within *Gods sight*, who thereby maketh roome
For his rare gifts to lodge in, with the broome
Of *Discipline* sweeping foule *Lusts* away
And *the Worlds love*, which bring into decay
The *Heavenly* Seed, choakt up with *Pompe* & cares,
Like Earthly Graine with *Cockle, Thornes*, & *Tares*.
What makes a *Surgeon* use *Corroding Waters*
For *Festred Soares*? but that they are Abaters
Of the *proud Flesh*? why doe *Physitians* give
Their *Bitter Pilles* unto the Sicke that grieve
Of causes hid? but that the bodyes sink
Cannot be Purg'd of Filth and Humours stink,
'By *sweet Receipts*? no more should *Gods Elect*
'The Joyes of *New Jerusalem* expect

Without

'Without first passing through the *Bloud red Seas*
'Of *Sorrowes deepe*, to gaine perpetuall ease,
'I meane not *Griefe* for losse of worldly wealth,
'Or Carnall Friends, but losse of *Saving health*;
'*Griefe* for *the wordes ecclipse*, *Griefe* for our sinne,
'*Griefe* for the *Snares*, which *Saints* are toyled in.
Who to this *dying Doctrine* will encline
His Heart, and to Austerity confine
His Life, he shall be crowned for his durance
With *Heavens Blisse*, whereof *Christ* gives assurance
With these true *Golden Rules* seal'd in the Heart:
None gaines the Godheads love without some Smart.
Who Christ his markes more here of Torture beares,
In Heaven he the brighter Garland weares.

A Hymne explaining the cause of our Saviours Sufferings on the Crosse, together with the effects of his Buriall.

VVE were the *Cause*, and none but we,
Why Christ was nailed unto the Tree,
We were the *Cause* worse then the *Scribes*,
Nay, worse then *Judas* with his Bribes
Of Christ his death, and Guiltlesse Bloud;

We

We tore his *Flesh*, like *Vipers Brood*;
We drunk his *Blood*, like *Cannibals*,
Who men *Redeem'd*, when they were *Thralles*.
The Jewes misus'd *Him* but one day,
Whereas we dayly him betray,
And *Crucify the Lord* againe,
Saints in his Limmes, for spite or Gaine;
We rave farre worse then did the *Jewes*:
Our Carnall Lusts, and Ghostly shewes,
Our Pride, Deceites, and Avarice,
Our Riots, Feasts, and Fopperies,
Our Healthes, Debates, and losse of Time,
Shew why Christ up the Crosse did climbe.
Let us then waigh with *Penitence*
Sinnes fiery sting, the *Crosses* sence,
Let us bewayle our wretchednesse,
Which brought *our Saviour* to distresse,
And think upon these Rules with Feare:
'That *Trees*, which are both *dry* and seare,
'Shall sure be fell'd, since *blooming Wood*
'Hath beene destroyed as with a Floud;
'And that *all Soules* shall suffer losse,
'Unlesse they muse upon *the Crosse*,
'And thereby hope for inward Peace,
'*The Spirits gifts*, and sinnes release,
'By vertue of that *Costly Price*,
'Which hung thereon for *Sacrifice*.
For which high Deed while we have breath,

We

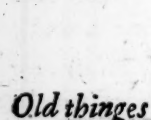
We never will forget his Death,
But in our Mindes wee will infixe
His *Merites, Love,* and *Crucifixe.*
'His *Living Rock* can hide our *Soares,*
'As *Josephs Vault* entomb'd his *Coarse:*
'We may to *Blisse* rise up from *Bale,*
'As *Jonas* did from out the *Whale,*
'If on his *Wounds* wee fixe our Soules,
'Like *Doves* that pitch on *Rocky Holes.*

The

The Seventh Dayes EXERCISE.

The Argument.

Old things made New: now is *Jewes Sabbath Day*
Chang'd to *the Lords*, to mind *our Saviours* ſway,
Who *Roſe*, ſtay'd here *ſixe Weekes*, then went his
To *Heav'n*, & Men Inſpir'd on *Whit-ſunday*. (way



'Ir *two Dayes ſtorme* is cleer'd: come, let us ſing,
And *Tribute* pay to *our Triumphant King*
Who trampling on our Foes hath led the way
To Reſurrections Port on the third Day
After his Death, which *firſt of their Weekes Date*
Old Hebrewes Calendar did Calculate.
O Bleſſed Day! moſt bleſt in the Exchange!

Whilſt

Whilst we do not from *zeale* like *worldlings* range!
But all with joy for this our *Worlds Creation*,
And *Christ his Rising*, minding our votation,
As likewise for *the Holy Ghosts descent*
On Whit-sunday, ten dayes from *Christs* Ascent,
We Holy keepe our Lords, this Seaventh day,
And in his Prayse our thankfull Hymnes display,
Who did, because our sinnes *the Old* withstood,
Transferre a *newer Feast* cleer'd by his *Blood*. (*on*,
Though *Christ* was *Lord*, & *Sabbaths* prime *perfecti-*
The manheads Crowne, yet he to make defection,
Of *that Dayes Rest* did never Condescend,
But left it us untill *Times finall End*.
He left it us to mind *th' Eternall Day*;
When Time with baldnes never shall decay;
That *Feast of Feasts*, with none can paralell,
For it above all *Triumphs* beares the Bell,
The *Harmony* whereof no Tongue can tell,
And more doth *Our* then *Our* the *Sixe* excell.
The which whilst we looke for, let us foregoe
Our Deeds prophane, and Pious duties doe
On this High day. Let us congratulate
With Jubilees our Resurrections state,
And our through *Christ* redinte-gratious Peace
With *God the Father* in his *Flockes* increase.
Let us cheere up our Soules with *Joyfull Psalmes*,
And shew *our Love by Prayers, Vowes, and Almes*;
Let all the Earth, let *Christians* all rejoyce,

And

And heare *Gods word, the Lord of Sabaoths voice,*
Not in a *Language strange,* or Noise unknowne,
But in that *Tongue* which men doe terme their owne.
Let them with *understanding* sound his Fame,
And Glorify *Jehovahs* awfull Name,
With *Voices* & *Musick*, *sound*, and *Symphony*,
With *Davids zeale*, and *Asaphs Harmony*.
Unanimous let us proclaime his Glory,
Not dreaming wise, but in a reall story,
To be admir'd of all the Sonnes of Men,
And Registred with adamantine Pen:
All Glory be to thee, as heretofore,
In Persons three, one God for evermore,
'Who, least that *Cares* might dull our *Inward sight*,
'Hast *Weekely* left us one of brighter *Light*,
'Aswell to match *the Hebrewes*, as to rayse
'*New zeale* on it for *our Redeemers Praise*.

Because *Christs Faith* stood firme, not shakt at all,
His *Manhead* calling *God*, *God* heard his Call.
Because his *Manhead* spurn'd *Hells Crown* of strife,
Preferring here on Earth an *Humble Life*,
And constantly endur'd the dreadfull shock
Of Perills, like a *Shepheard* for his *Flocke*,
And to his *Father* deare did pray alone
For helpe; heat the last did heare his Mone:

When

When he his *Bloud* had on the *Altar* shed,
Soone as he sayd: *All is now finished,*
His sacred Soule straight way to *Paradise*
Leaving *the Crosse* and his *Dead Body* lyes.
Whence in *Earths wombe* after *two Nights repose,*
Brave Gyant-like refresht with wine he Rose,
His Body Rose from Grave, from *the Whales Belly,*
Rays'd *Jonas-like* to live Triumphantly;
For how could he, whom *God* ordain'd to save
Old *Adams Seed,* be captiv'd in *the Grave?*
Thou art my Sonne, Mens Light, whom I begot,
Sayd his just Father, and here take thy lot
In choisest Soile. *The Heathen* I give to thee
For *Heritage,* and all the world in Fee,
To bruize or breake, for thy owne pretious *merits.*
Thou *by thy bloud* hast tam'd *the wily Spirits,*
O murther'd Lambe. Hence-forth on my Right hand
Sit in thy Humane shape, none shall withstand
Thy Powerfull will in *Heaven, Earth,* or *Hell,*
For thou shalt judge all Men and *Furyes* fell.
My sentence just thou hast appeas'd alone,
For which mysterious deed wee both are *One.*
Because *the Wine-presse thou alone hast trod,*
Thy *Flock* shall ever dwell with mee their *God.*
Because for *Sinne* thou hast endured wrong
Thou shalt divide the best spoyle with the strong.
And for thy love to Man bought with thy *Bloud,*
I Cancell quite against *Old Adams Brood,*

Their

Their Bodyes Death excepted, my Decree
Of vengeance due, if they beleeve in thee,
Without adhering to *Idolatry*,
To their owne works, and humane Foppery.
'Be thou their Patron, and sole Advocate,
'(Who trust to other *Courtiers*, I doe hate)
'Sue thou for them in thy *Humanity*
'Before our *Throne* of endlesse *Majesty*;
'And for thy sake, I will *Elect* them sure,
'For *unto thee all Glory I assure*,
'Till th'Elect come in, and thy Foes in Thrall,
'That then our Godhead may be all in all.

To this effect *our Heavenly Father* spake,
When his deare Sonne his Body Rais'd did take
From *Josephs Tombe*; when by the dawning day
Those Women came there, where his *Body* lay
Entomb'd, with mind to sacrifice their woes
For *Him*, whom they saw *Martyr'd* by his Foes.
To solemnize his sacred *Funerall*
Out of true *Zeale* and hearty love withall,
Thither they came, not *Superstitiously*,
Nor yet for *Fashion sake*, but really.
With an intent on his *Dead Corpse* to powre
Most *pretious Oyles*, but by the *Heavenly Pow're*
They were debarr'd. For as they did adventer
To shew their Love, and in the *Vault* would enter,
An Angell all in white of lightning hew

Them

Them interrupted with these Tidings true:
What would yee now, *poore Soules*, embalme his
Coarse;
Whom late your *Nation* wrong'd without re-
morse?
Why seeke yee here the *Quick* among the *Dead*?
'Gods living Sonne within an Earthly bed?
'God would not let his Sonne Corruption see,
Nor could his *Body* long enclosed be
Within this *Rock*. *The third day* now is come;
Christ Risen is from Tombe, as from earths wombe.
Then goe your wayes, and his *Disciples* tell,
What *Newes* yee heare, what Lot to him befell.
The women shudder'd and distract almost
With the strange sight, as if some *wondrous Ghost*
Had them encountred, ran away from thence
(Such is the nature of weake mortall sense,
When they meet *Objects of Immortall Frame*,
Reason lyes hid, as under Ashes *Flame*)
But *Pilates watch* with horrour sore agast
Forsook their charge, and fled away more fast.
Then did *the women* at the *Angells Noise*,
For they (good Soules) were soone repleat with
Joyes;
And when their Witts they recollected had,
Christs true Disciples they acquainted made
With these glad Tidings, who them held too
good

To be so true, untill in zealous mood
Christ did himselfe expostulate the cause
With *two* of them, who travell'd to *Emaus*
The selfe same day, when he did Rise from Death:
O simple Soules voyd of Cælestiall breath,
Ought not (*quoth he*) *Messias* to be slaine
By sinners hands? and all these wrongs sustaine?
Do not the *Prophets* all agree in one,
Which men refus'd should be the Corner stone?
That evermore *Melchisedech's high Priest*
By *David* sung should rule? that *Jesus Christ*
Messias should be first smote with the Rod
Due for your sinnes, by *your Dread-loving God*?
Though, as *Gods Sonne*, he might have chose to
feele
The Taunts and Nippes of men more hard then
steele,
Yet he of meere good will, n ot by constraint,
Enthrall'd himselfe to sinners false complaint.
'He opened not his mouth, nor them withstood,
'*But*, as a Lambe before the shearer stood
Dumbe, Patient, Meeke, whilst for your Treacheries
He wounded was. Aud these perplexities
With Tortures, Stripes, and scornes he underwent
To ransome *Adams seed* from Punishment.
But now yee are by his Afflictions heal'd,
And through *his* Crosse shall shortly be enseal'd

'A Gospell New, a Testament of Grace;
An easy yoake with covenants to raze
The former Curse. If yee beleeve that Christ
Is Gods owne Sonne, your Saviour, Prince, and Priest:
If, like to him, yee *humbly* live together,
As he rose up, so shall each faithfull Brother. (record
These say'd, and more then my weake thoughts
By giving thankes, and breaking Bread, the Lord
They knew, and then he vanisht from their sight;
He vanisht from them *Twaine*, and in the Night
He did appeare to his *Apostles*, where
For zeales devotion they assembled were,
And catechized them for *Faith* and *Love*,
With other points which might their Soules improve.
Nor can I overship my ready Pen
From laying downe his love to *Magdalen*:
Whilst her confused thoughts twixt doubt and Feare
Rov'd what became of his *Dead Corpse* elswhere;
He kindly call'd her by her proper name,
Shew'd her his person, and confirm'd the same
By Message, which unto his friends he bid
Her to declare. Thus sundry times he did
Appeare to them, whom formerly he knew
To be *th' Elect*, and his *Disciples* true,
That they might be Eye-witnesses, and blaze
To all the world this wonder of amaze.

'And that true *Flesh* his *Body* was become,
'He eate with them *Bread*, *Fish*, *and Honey-combe.*
'To shew himselfe a *Perfect Man* indeed,
'And not a *Ghost*, *Christ hungred*, and did feed;
'*Immortall he* with Mortalls, as a Guest,
'Tooke what was next at hand, not *curious* drest,
'To let men know what *Nature* might suffice,
'And that with Men *He man* did sympathize.

Among the rest when *Thomas Didymus*
Was absent first, and all unanimous,
Excepting him, believed what they saw:
Although *the Newes* might well his senses draw
To credit them, yet he stood off, and sayd,
Unlesse I see, I am not well appayd;
Unlesse these Eyes his *Person* shall behold,
How can *these Newes* for currant true be told?
Unlesse my selfe shall feele his *nayled hands*
'And side late pierst by the fell soldiers Bands,
'At sight of which deepe Wound by Romane Speare
'The lookers on appalled were with feare,
I will not you beleeve. Therefore *the Lord*
His wavering *Creed* to settle, and record
To future times his love, a *sev'night after*
His first appearance, he againe did enter
Into the *Roome*, where *Thomas* with his *Mates*
Were then shut up, and there *Christ* animates,

Command-

Commanding him *to touch him*, and to ponder
With *Faith* and understanding rapt with wonder
His misbeliefe, and told him for our Rest,
Who so beleeves what he had seen is blest.

When *Jesus* had conversed *forty dayes*
On Earth, halfe way twixt *Sions walls* he stayes
And *Bethany*, where his *Disciples* met
Upon *the Summet of Mount Olivet*,
The place where he *the night before his Passion*
Had powr'd forth bloudy sweates, his antepassion,
Which over-peeres *Jerusalem*, and all
The Countrey round about with stately fall:
Wherelikewise some do *Critickly* conceive,
That all men shall their *Finall doome* receive;
There, *He* full Powr' to his *Disciples* gives,
Their sinnes to loose, that vow to lead *new lives*:
As also those to *Excommunicate*,
If they offend, that were *Regenerate*.
'This Charge to them and *Peter Christ* prescribes
'*Joint*, as to judge hereafter *Israells Tribes*:
'Thus speaking in the Plurall: Go your wayes,
And Preach; to bind or loose yee have the keyes.
Above all rules, on *Faith* he most insisted
And *fruitfull Love*, both which who so resisted
With wanton spleen, or contumacious willes,
He propheſied Damnation for their Illes:
But *saving-health* to them, who should confesse

Such *faithfull love*, as *Peter* did expresse.
Assoone as *Christ* his documents had ended,
Some did presume, who on him there attended,
To aske him, *whether then he would restore*
To Israel the Kingdome as before?
(Forgetfull so of *Jesus Crucifixt*
Were they, and to a *Carnall Monarch* fixt)
Whereto *Christ* answer'd: It concernes not you
To know *the times and seasons* which ensue.
Such secrecies *the Father* doth reserve
Unto himselfe. Do you my words observe,
Who am your King, the Head of humane-kind,
As I to *you*, so to my *Flock* be kinde;
My *Gospell* Preach, *the weak ones Catechize*;
See, that my Sheepe yee feed, my Lambes Baptize,
Invoking on, as you have learn'd of me,
The Father, Sonne, and Holy Ghost, all three;
Which *Last* shall shortly you *Baptize with Fire*,
As *John with Water*, and your *Soules* inspire,
As *Gods Viceroy*, or *Angell of the Lord*,
By *Heat* of what I taught, *the saving word*,
Untill I come in Person from *Above*,
See that yee *Watch*, and one another *Love*.
Such or like words when *Christ* had fully ended,
He in a *Cloud* up to the *Heavens ascended*,
Where he as *God and Man* all thoughts beholds
Preferred by the *Father*, and there holds
As *Man* for Men, a *Mediatours* place

On

On Gods right hand, Saints joyfull to imbrace
As *God and Man, Paules* Fury he did fright:
As *God and Man, Saint Steven* saw his Light.
So did *Saint John* from *Pathmos* see his glory,
When he reveal'd his future *Churches story.*
By *Visions* have some others ravisht beene,
That they from Earth his Power there have seen:
'For had we seen him here with *Carnall* sight,
'Our *Darknesse* could not comprehend his *light.*
Whilst his *Disciples* there with carefull Eyes
Watcht as he went, *two Angells humane-wise*
Apparell'd white appearing to them said:
Yee Galileans, why are yee dismai'd?
Why gaze yee up? This Jesus, *who is hence,*
To Heaven gone, shall so returne from thence.
Seeke not therefore his *reall presence* heere
On Earth, untill as *Judge* he do appeare:
Meane time *on Gods right hand a Prince and Priest*
He raignes, and doeth you in your vowes assist.

On *Whitsunday* next after *Christs ascent*
He ravisht his *Disciples* with content,
Who then attended at *Jerusalem*
For the last promise, which he made to them:
That he would send *Gods Spirit* in his steed,
To rectify and ayde them in their need,
And, while the world should last, his *Church* informe

In ſome or other place with wondrous Forme.
When *that high feaſt of Pentecoſt* was come,
And for that end they meeting in one Roome
With one conſent: there fell a buſtling noiſe,
Or *ſuddaine ſound*, replete with ſtirring joyes,
As of a mighty Breath, and ruſhing Wind,
Which fill'd the Houſe, and wonder-rapt the mind:
For Cloven Tongues appear'd to them, like Fire;
And ſate on each of them, and did inſpire
Their Soules with giftes of the great Holy Ghoſt:
So that the Standers by of *Aliens Coaſt*
Aſtoniſht were *th' Apoſtles joyes* to heare,
Men of a *diff'rent Tongue* and *Climate* there,
Poore *Hebrew Fiſhermen*, that never went
Far out of *Jewry Land*, *extatick* bent
With them in their owne Language to agree,
And in their zeale to *God* to be ſo free,
And fluent of their Phraſe, that *Babels Breach*
Seem'd reconcil'd by their *harmonious* ſpeech (*rapt*,
Some thought they were like *Bardhs Enthuſian*
Or that *ſtrong Wine* in them ſuch Blabs had clapt;
That men before the *third houre* of the day
Should rave with *Wine*, they wondred with diſmay:
They were amaz'd, till *Peter* made it knowne,
That for *Chriſts* ſake *God* ſent this *wonder* downe,
Not for *Madfits*, but for *Soules joyfull feaſt*,
God ſent the *Holy Ghoſt* this *wondrous Gueſt*.

O won-

O Wondrous Gueſt, that vents forth *Abbaes Cry*
Within the *Heart, the will, and memorie!*
O wondrous Gueſt, the Heavens Harbinger,
That ſcornes not to become the Meſſenger
Betwixt our *Soules* and *God* to beare our Love,
And our weak *Faith* to ſtrengthen and improve!
That ſever'd Earth from *Chaos* medley Puddle,
And rays'd our Orbe out of the lumpiſh Huddle!
And though the *Earth* were heavy, hung it faire,
With ſtore of ſtuffe in the *looſe fleeting Aire*!
This is *that Prime and ever quickning Mover*
Of all the world, Angells and Mens approver;
That ſpirit, which through all *Gods Prophets* ſpoke,
Which taught the ſenſe of *Myſticks* to unlock;
Which clear'd *the Wits of ſimple Fiſhermen* (pen:
To preach thoſe *Newes*, which *Doctours* fayl'd to
'Which rul'd in every Age ſince Chriſts Aſcent
'The Church, and dayly yeelds Soule-nouriſh-
ment:
'Which at our feaſt Chriſts Body doeth convay
'Into our Hearts by his Spirituall way:
'Which ſent *the gift of Printing* now of late,
'*Old Babels* ſpelles and miſts to diſſipate;
'And by *the Word* to reſcue *Thralles* from death
'As he at firſt *the gift of Tongues* did breath:
'Which animates *the Saints* with courage rare
'In midſt of *Tortures Tyrants* to out dare:
'Which glads *the Lowly*, and the *Penitent*,

'And

'And thousands doth unite in *one Consent*
'*Of Christian Faith*, though sundred much in *place*,
'Tongues, rites, or forme, yet one in sacred race.
O Holy-ghost, how strange is *thy proceeding!*
Angells and mens capacities exceeding!
No pen can limne thy *Raptures* most profound,
No humane voice can thy hid *Graces* sound.
One thing I blunder out; *what thou conceal'st*
From carnall Clarkes, to Children thou reveal'st.
Then let my Soule, *O Lord*, be like these last,
Whilst others feast on *Peacocks*, let me fast,
Or tast no other *Food*, but what conduces
To praise thy Name without prophane abuses:
And let all them, who view these humble Lines,
Prove better'd in their thoughts with contrite signes,
If *the old man* they labour to deface,
And do their best *the new man* to imbrace,
Not like *our moderne Gulles*, who grow *Profane*,
Lest they be markt with brand of *Puritane*.

Let us *Gods Spirit* by these *Wonders* seeke;
These *Wonders* wrought *the first day of the Weeke*,
Our sevenths Light, now styled *The Lords day*,
Thrice hallowed and sanctifi'd for Ay;
For this rare Blisse to *Christian Soules* accrewes,
That *Christ his rising up* their hopes renewes,
To *Rise*, like him, ingrafted in *his stock*,

To

To quench their thirst with *him, the living Rock,*
To *bud a new,* as *Branches of his Vine,*
To feed on *Angells food,* his *word divine.*
He led the way to *Resurrections blisse,*
And us invites to follow him in this
High flight, without diverting towards Earth,
But with due care of *the new Spirits Birth,*
Our former resurrection in this Life,
To gaine *th'immortall prize* through strong *beliefe,*
With those *true joyes,* which did but *Monarchs* know,
They would foregoe their *Crownes* the same to ow;
A glimpse whereof for *understanding Soules*
Wee read by *John* reveal'd in *mystick scroules*
With those delights, wreathes, and immunities;
Which *God* allots to *Saints* in *Paradise*:
But for the *Temper, Place, Degrees, or Site*
No *Astrolabe,* nor Braine of *worldly wight*
Can apprehend *the height, Dimension, Rayes,*
Unlesse they fall on false *Poetick* wayes.

Yet *Paradise* some to *the Moone* confine,
And there to be *another World* define
Of moving Groves by Galilees late Glasse,
Where *Apuleius* found his *Golden Asse*:
Whence likewise came *Dame Errours Charmed Lamp.*

Which

Which kindled *Legends of th' Elisian Camp,*
And *Limboes field,* which *Royall James* (to hit
False Dreamers home) conceiv'd for *Hauking fit.*
Others more Sage in *Types* describe *that Place:*
A Starry Soile engirt with Crystall Glasse,
Or *Sea translucent with stones pretious rankes,*
Pearles, Amber, Beds of Corall on the Bankes.
These may, as *Tropes,* rowze up the drowzy mind,
'But to empale *Gods Mansions,* were to blind
'*The Artizans,* and to confound *the Sense,*
'If *curiously* they break to *Edens fence.*

'The azur'd *Spheare,* wherto my hopes are bound,
'Spirituall stands, above this massy Round:
'Of lively frame, not like our mortals Land,
'Or *Temples* built by carnall Creatures hand;
'A *Common-wealth* secur'd from fiendes alarmes,
'Wonne by our *Saviours bloud,* and Ghostly Armes,
Which long before he promis'd to prepare
For them that would through *Faith* his Foes outdare.
'There, in the midst of *Saints God* rear'd for them
'A Metropole, the New *Jerusalem,*
'Not of *Materialles* wrought in Earthly mould,
'But of *Celestiall stuffe* more bright then *Gold,*
'Then *Diamonds,* which *Liquids* may deface

'Or

'Or Canker-fretting *Time* the *Fabrick* raze.
The structure might be one with *Fixed Starres*,
Or like that *Lamp*, which *setting* stints our cares;
An Orbe so farre transcending *Edens site*,
As doeth *the Sunne the Moone*, *the Day the Night*;
Where *He*, *that made the Sunne*, more glorious spred
The New mans gifts then *Schoolemen* ever read:
'A Region of incomparable Light,
'*The Globe* or Seat whereof no *Humane sight*,
'Till *Glorified*, can pry into, nor *Art*
'By reason of the *Lustre* can impart,
No more then *Paul by Christ in spirit* brought
Up to *that Orbe*, of it could utter ought;
No more then we dare scan *the Trinity*,
Or *weak Eyes* see *the Sunnes resplendencie*.
Since puzled we in *Natures secrets be*:
What *Natures Lord* conceal'd, how can we see?
Nay, why should we presumptuously aspire
To peep into *Gods Ark*? or steale his *Fire*?
Old Scribes Prometheus voucht of *Grace* bereft
For robbing *Joves bright Fire* (a heynous theft)
Now more then this (least *Fancies* me deceive)
I blaze not of *that Orbe* what I conceive:
'Mansions of endlesse Joyes, and sweet Repose
'God made for Men and Angels; whom hee chose,
'For Men and Angels, who should side with *Christ*
'Against

'Against Hell-fiendes, the Beast, and Antichrist.
But whether in *our Zones chang'd*, or *refin'd*,
Or *Higher Orbes*, I leave it undefin'd.

'Let this suffice: no *object* represents
'There, more then *God* to *Soules departed hence*,
'Which honour'd *Christ*, nor can divert their Sight
'From fixing on his *Beames* their whole delight,
Chiefly, at that *Eternall Jubilee*,
When *Saints* shall from *Hell-squadrons* parted be.
'By his *great Light* through *Christ Saints* there shall shine
'So bright, that their *new shape* will turne *Divine*,
'Compacted of the purest Quintessence,
'Which Aire and Flame could work in Humane sence.
The Body, which on *Earth* so clog'd *the Soule*
Terrestriall, shall no more that *Guest* controule,
But mounted up in *Ovall Coach of Fire*,
Elias-like, doeth to *the Heavens* aspire,
'And, like *high Eagles wings*, both here and there
'Comports with *Christ the Manhead* up to beare;
'Of Motion swift, of Strength without compare,
'Like Seraphins all Love, of beauty rare,
'Leagu'd with the Soule in sympathizing frame,
'Of Qualities æthereall mixt with flame,

'Of

'Of glorious mould, not subject unto sinne,
'Disease, or griefe, as *the first man* hath been;
'Like *Cherubins all Light, compos'd of Light,*
Saints then shall raigne in a farre happier plight
Installd then *Chinaes King*, or *Tibers Priest*
With *triple Crownie*, which cannot long subsist,
For these at death leave Corpse and States behind:
As those beare *Bodies new*, like *Christs* refin'd,
With whom they reap more pleasures and content
Then Tongue can tell, Eares heare, or Fancies vent.
'No *Sexes Forme* shall then preoccupate
'The *Sense*, since *Fate* had *procreations date*
'Worne out, and cancell'd *Lust* in *Evaes Race*,
'Her *Choisest* blest with even blooming *Grace*.
'Because on Earth they trusted *God alone*,
'And lov'd his *Saints*, *he* made them with *Christ One*.
'Both *Young and Old*, though maimed, burnt, or drown'd,
'Shall flourish then alike with *Members sound*,
Of *Body span'd*, yet purg'd of *Drossy Masse*,
Perhaps, like *Christs* (which some would force to *Masse*)
With *Knowledge ripe of Goodnesse*, voyd of Ill,
From *Passions* free, and rectified in *Will*;

'Perhaps

'Perhaps at *the same Age*, when *Adam* fell,
'Or *Christ* Rose up triumphant over *Hell*.

There they shall sing and *prayse the Lord* alway;
Not having need at all to sue or *Pray*.
O how they move with mutuall *zealous fire*
To prayse *the Lord* for sparing in his Ire
Old *Jacobs Tribes*! for *chusing him* and *them*,
While he did *Esau* and his *Brood* contemne!
They see themselves cull'd from the *Gentiles* throng,
Though they deserv'd to sing their *howling Song*:
'For though *God* did all *future* things foresee,
'He did till then no *Reprobates* decree,
'But them reserv'd with *Divells* to partake,
'Till *Christ* judge them to *Tophets* burning Lake.
They know the state of all the *damned Crew*,
And thereupon their thankfull shoutes renew,
Ascribing *Prayse with Hymnes Angelicall*
To *Alpha* and *Omega*, *God in all*:
'Of one consent, one will, one yea and nay,
With the like *Musick*, and *Harmonious Lay*.

Such *Blisse* on the *eternall Sabbath day*
Crownes them, when *God* their *Bodies* shall array,
Who in *the Lambe* believ'd, and did their best
By doing Good to gaine his *Sabbaths Rest*.
As meaner *Men* made *Lords* weare *Habites new*,

So

So shall our *Bodies* then be chang'd anew,
The good invested with *perfections* rare:
The bad with *hideous shapes*, and *hellish Care.*
Then many, now which stalk with *Peacocks Plumes*,
With various Garbes, with *Licks*, and Baudes perfumes,
More ugly shall appeare then *Toades*, or *Bugges*,
Which *Children* scare from screaming for the *Dugges.*
'Nor will the *Good* then pitty the *Distrest*,
'Because *Gods love* had *Natures Foames* suppreſt.
Emboſom'd Couples, which on Earth embraſt,
The one shall be receiv'd, the other caſt:
'Where humble Saints shall surely be preferr'd,
And *Tenants* set above their *Lords* that err'd.

'*Our Saviour*, *Enoch*, and *Elias* led
'The way, to shew that *God the Quick and Dead*
'Can raise: that Mortalls have regain'd their Breath,
Yea, from their *Graves Saints roſe at Christs his Death.*
his *Doctrine* seemes to *Carnall Sadduces*
arce true, although they see in *Summer Trees*
nd *Corne* to sprout with other *vegetalles*;
ough they see yearly many *Animalls*,
Swallowes are, *Silkwormes*, and *Butterflies*,
vived when *the Sunne* doth hotter rise.

Then, ſince *Thoſe* Life by *the Sunnes heat* have wonne,
Why ſhould not *Men* by *Him* that made *the Sunne*?
Such *Sotts* have been, and ſuch (I feare) there are
Too many *Faithleſſe ones*, that never care
Here in this Life the certaine meanes to gaine
Of glorious *Shape* in time to come againe,
(Like *skittiſh Maydes*, who at the *fairy Game*
Do *Daunce*, untill their *Bellies* ſwell with ſhame.)
Nor how fares *Truth*, nor what a *Chriſtian* ailes;
Will they yet learne, untill *the Fiend* prevailes,
What ſhall become of *Body* or of *Soule*,
So they may *Feaſt* and *drinke* without controule.
The *Mirrours of the Moone* are trimm'd a new,
Whoſe Face *the foure Weekes* Terme had dimm'd the Hew.
See they not bred of *Putrefaction Flies*?
And *Barnacles* from *Wood* or *Pitch* to riſe?
To heare *the Birth of the Arabian Bird*
With *Golden wings* from *Aſhes Pile* they gird.
They ſee huge *Pompions* of ſmall ſeedes renew,
Yet they make doubt that men ſhall *Riſe* anew.
They ſee the *Salamander* in the *Flame*
Unſcorched lives, yet they are void of ſhame.
Some in our Time quite dead againe have liv'd
By *Miracle*; and ſome by *drinks* reviv'd:
Yea, when *the Bird* out of *the Cage* did roame,
The Soule reverted back into her home.

In heavy *sleepe* they feele *the Soule* to range,
And yet they doubt of the *Immortall* change.
But thou hast sent, *O bright Celestiall Light*,
Into our thoughts *a Guest* to teach us right.

'O sacred Faith, our Charter, Aarons Rod,
'Great wonder-worker betwixt Soules and God,
The chiefest Barre betwixt our Sinnes and Hell,
The *Quintessence* of Flowrs of sweetest smell.
'*Faith* conquers all, Mountaines of Sinnes removes,
'Makes *Lions Lambes*, and *Kites* more mild then *Doves*,
'And may be styl'd *the Gospells Golden Glosse*,
To know aright the meaning of *the Crosse*.
This is that *Rock* unseen with *Carnall Eyes*,
Whereon *our Church* stands firme, in spite of *Spies*
Late sent from *Hell Christs Building* to deface,
And with *false Newes* dispersst to darken *Grace*.
This is *our New mans* sure and constant *Rock*,
Whose sense from *Lambs old Reynard* seekes to lock.

This *pretious Gift* we gaine from *Grace* above,
It flyes away, if we prophane *Gods Love*
Slipsing it on *the Lords glorious day*
With worldly mist, false Fire, or Heathnish play,
The old Mans Tricks, his stale and stinking Leaven;

For if that Day we Rest not, we lose *Heaven*:
I meane from *Gaine*, *Lust*, and *unlawfull Playes*,
Or *Worke*, which might be done on other dayes
We must refrayne, and our owne *Carnall* wayes
Set farre behinde the course of *Sabbath dayes*,
Except *our Mother Church*, which holds *the Keyes*
To binde or loose, dispence with *Exercise*,
Or with some *harmles Joyes* at vacant howres
To *sweeten Cares*, and raise the vitall Powres,
Which might grow drowzie, sad, or droopin dry
For want of *Motion* and due *Symmetry*.
Provided that *the Soules chiefe faculties*
Be not betwitcht too much with vanities:
And that our *sportes*, or *Recreations* bee
From *Spleen*, or *Gall*, *Bibbing*, or *swearing* free:
That we rejoyce in presence of the Lord,
Like *Man* and *Wife*, of one minde and Accord.
Provided, that what *Money* we shall *Play*,
Or hap to *winne*, we count it lent away,
And so Conferre it to avoyd Abuse,
For mending wayes, *the Church*, or *Lazars use*:
But in this Point let *Saints* be circumspect,
Lest at their *Play the Serpent* them infect.
Provided still, we may *Advantage* winne
On that *set day* to put downe *Raigning Sinne*,
And glorify with mutuall one Accord,
And holy Hearts *our Sabbaths gracious Lord*

Who knowes that Man is full of Imperfections,
And by degrees must climbe to more Perfections.
So have I seene some *Children* from the *Dugges*
By leasure *wean'd*, then, terrify'd with *Bugges*
From screaming lowd, and afterwards with *Bells*
Appeas'd, like *Angry Bees*, untill their Yelles
They quite left off, ashamed of their Folly,
And grew in time more stayd, devout, and Holy.
So I have know'n, where men were most *Precise*,
In *Forraigne Partes*, that some did exercise
At *Buttes* with *Arrowes*, or with *Bullets* Play
Betweene the *Sermon While* on this *High day*.
The like Effects *our Elders* Tolerations
May bring to passe amidst our Profanations,
That when *our sweaty Hobs* have daunc'd their fill,
They and their *Marians* mount to *Sions Hill*;
Or else deferre their *Games* and *Alehouse Bowles*,
Till *sacred Liquour* hath bedew'd their Soules,
For then I hope *our New man* will extend
His quickning *Heat*, that their *Old man* will bend,
And stoope, like *Josephs Brethren*, overcome
With th'Awfull splendour of succeeding Doome,
That shall inflicted be on *Libertines*
For slighting *Prophets*, and their sacred lines,
For *their abuse of Christian Liberty*,
For causing scandall with Impiety;
Or keeping back *Gods Tythes*, and starving those,

'Who might *Soul-fed our Sabbaths Foes* oppose.

O would my words might pierce into the Flint,
And strike remorse with *Numbers* feeling dint
In them, who to support their Pride, ingrosse
The *Meanes*, whereby ensues *the Churches Losse*;
In them, that put no cautious difference
Betwixt *the Lords* and other *Dayes* in sence,
Good ends, and use, like those *who sometimes fed*
On the Lords Body, as on Common Bread.
But leaving these, like *Achans*, to themselves,
Or to be rankt among *the Fairy Elves*,
I hope *the Gospells Light*, which now shines bright
In *Brittaines Ile*, will so confound the Night
Of misty sinnes, that we shall shunne *the Rock*
Of Scandall, and be grafted in one stock,
As *Members* of our All-puissant Head,
Whose *Ten-fold Lawes* the greatest *States* must
dread,
And by their *Light* twixt Motion, Love, and Awe
Cause *Lesser Starres*, like *Charles his Waine*, to draw
That *Head* and *Parts* may joine in *unity*,
While *Charles his Name* renewes whole Charity.
Membra Caputque ligant Charites, quas Carolus ambit
Dum χαρις *intus* ολος *renovat Rex nomen & omen.*

Blest be that *Light*, which late in *Oxford* shone,
And there *Inspir'd* faire *Englands Royall Throne*:

'O

'Our Carriers, Carts, and Wayne-men to reſtraine,
'Who ſullied Sabbath dayes for greedy Gaine.
Bleſt be that *Act*, which ſerved for a *Charme*
Amidſt our *vowes*, to ſtay *Gods Thundring Arme*,
That ſcar'd from *Weſtminſter our Parliament*
With *Fiery dartes* and *Arrowes Peſtilent*.
No ſtrict *Edict* could ceaſe the Diſmall knells:
No Judges *Writ* could ſtay ſad *Londons* Bells.
'No *Golden Fee*, the Soule of Eloquence,
'Could further *Suits* againſt *the Peſtilence*.
Our Gallants then, (ſo for their *Out-ſide* ſtyl'd,)
Thence hurryed faſt away, like *Creatures* wilde.
The Courtiers fled, ſo did *Rich Londoners*;
The Coachmen fled: ſo did *the Waggoners*.
Both Sexes fled, yea, Men of all degrees;
Grave-diggers Gaine downe waigh'd the *Lawyers Fees*,
Though ſithence ſome complain'd of *Fees abate*:
For many weekely Graves but few of late.
Our *Faſhions*, *Beauties*, and *daub'd Jezabels*
Tooke then for *Fiends* the Noiſe of *Tolling Bells*.
Few ſtay'd behind, ſave *ſome* in hope of *Gaine*,
Or thoſe for *Chriſt* who ſhrunkt not to be ſlaine.
Nay they, who bragg'd of *Aromatick Pots*,
Cures for the *Poxe*, and ſoveraigne *Antidotes*
Againſt *the Plague*, then brookt not *London ſtreets*,
Leſt they might dunce *the winding of the Sheets*.

But now attend, a *Wonder great* I tell,
Which thousands can as yet remember well:
'Assoone as that *New Act* came published,
'The *Plague* abated, and few perished.
This *an Eye-witnesse* of their *Desolations*,
Their *Trades Decrease*, their Woes, and Lamentations,
In that *great Citty*, where the *Sickness* raign'd,
I then their *Guest* undaunted, not constrain'd,
Do testify for *our Preservers* prayse
And to reclaime them, who shall read these Layes,
With *Dalilaes* from dallying over-long,
Their sweetest sinnes, I meane, *Gods day* to wrong;
'*Gods day of Rest* his Wonders to display,
'*Gods day* for mans best part, *Soules Holy-day*;
On which *High day the Spirits Gate* stands ope,
And we may then for store of *Graces* hope.

Is't not absurd *New sweet Wine* to put in
Old Butts not first well *purified* within?
And is it not Profane to *Sacrifice*
To *God*, before the *Soule* be cleans'd of *Vice*?
How many wayes may we redeeme the Times,
If we apply our Willes thereto betimes?
The Mornings prime in *Prayer* to the Lord
We ought to Sacrifice, and to record
His *wondrous Acts* unto our *Families*,
Or Neighbours, whom with Charitable Ties

The

The Chaine of *Faith* hath linked in together,
As *Fellow Saints*. The *Noone-tide* we may either
In *sober Meales*, or in *Almes-giving* spend.
The *Afternoone* to gentle Walkes may tend,
There, more to prayse *the Flowers variety*,
Then *Salomon* in all his *Royalty*,
To suck the *Hilles*, or fragrant *Gardens* Aire;
'Or it may tend to make *the Soule* more faire,
'By reading *Scriptures*, or the *Martyrs* wrongs,
'Choise *Catechismes*, *Sermons*, or *sacred Songs*.
To shew us *zeale* against a *Graven Elfe*,
Moses broke the *Tables* of *God* himselfe.
The like pure *Flame* burnt in *Phinehes Soule*,
When he with *Steele* foule *Whoredome* did controule.
Do we contend in Lawfull Warres debate?
Or *in defence of our Religions state*?
Who in Old time more constantly did brook
Proud *Giants scornes*? Or with more Patience took
Their Flouts, which did at his good *Sermons* bark
Then *Noe*, whilst he built his famous *Ark*?
Who better did *Gods Chosen Souldiers* guide
Then *Abram*, *Josuah*, and the *valiant David*?
Who more resolv'd to fight in a good Cause
Then the brave *Maccabees* for *Moses Lawes*?
Would you observe *a Kings*, or *Judges Part*?
Their *lawfull Charge* grave *Moses* doeth impart;
As *Subjects Dammage* by their winkt at Bribes,

And

And *Tyrannies old Samuels Book* describes.
Would yee Rule well your selves? a House? or State?
These *Salomon* and *Sirach* moderate.
Ere *Sidrach, Misach,* and *Abednego*
Would Idolize, the Fire they undergo;
Nor could *the Lions Den,* nor *Medes decree,*
From *serving God* enforce good *Daniels Knee.*
Do we desire to see *a harmelesse Mask*
With *Daunces, Songs,* and *Shoutes*? Here is a Task
For our *New man* with *David* to consult
And *Judaes* Kings; whilst *Incest* doeth insult
On that great *Baptists Life* from *Jordan* led
To pay unto a *Frisking Mayd* his *Head.*
Comforts for Griefe wee feele in Davids Psalmes,
By *Jeremy,* by *Job,* or *Tobiths Almes.*

What *wonders* do *the Spirits Penmen* teach
Perform'd by *Saints* beyond *Dame Natures* reach?
Do we affect to drink most wholesome *Wine*?
Go we to *Cana,* or to *Christ the Vine,*
Where without charge both *White and Red* abound
To cheere sad Soules, while *Christ his Health* goes round.
Would wee see acted a rare *Convertite*?
Damascus shewes us *Paul Christs Favorite.*
Would we discerne *the Newman* in his strength?
The Gospell paints his *Portraiture* at length.

Would

Would we behold *She-paragons of Beauty*?
Or of that *Sexe* some others *False and Haughty*?
Sara, *Rebecca*, *Rachel*, *Debora*,
Miriam, and *she that nailed Sisera*:
So *Hanna*, *Ruth*, *Priscilla*, *Magdalen*,
And *Philips Nunnes* deserve a *Prophets Pen*.
So *Judith*, *Ester*, and *Susanna Chast*;
And *she within all Glorious*, *thats embrac't*
By Heavens King, *with Sunny Robes adorn'd*,
Maugre the plots of men by *Fiendes* suborn'd,
Whose prayse we find blaz'd in *the Canticles*,
Extended then, and since by *Oracles*.
So for her *Zeale*, with them I parallel
Christs Propheteſſe, *the Widow Phanuel*.
These *Female sparkes* invite my Soule a Guest,
And so *the Churches Type at the Lords Feast*
Sweet Mary blest in the Superlative
Cheeres me, with her whom *Zachary* did wive,
Who brought, like *Sara*, forth in *Ancient Age*
A Prophet to proclayme *Christs Pilgrimage*.
Th' Elect Lady, *Hulda the Propheteſſe*,
Lydia, and *Dorcas* make a *Holy Messe*.
Then, *Jezabel* I read, and *Babels Whore*,
Both rampant bent *the Church of God* to gore.
Last, *Athaliaes Fate* from *Bloudy snares*,
Saphiraes me from *Double dealing* scares;
As likewise do from *Gadding Dinaes Fall*,
Lots wife, and *Evaes Doome good Dames recall*.

These

These *Histories*, or such in *Holy writ*
Exemplified *this sacred* Day befit.
Good Bookes advance *the Newmans Sacrifice*,
But *Bad* to *Heathnish vice* soft Braines entice.
Therefore let us borne of *the Spirits seed*,
Immortall, scorne our *Christian Mindes* to feed
With *Tales*, *vaine Sports*, or fond *Lascivious Bookes*,
Which *Fiendes* suggest for *Soules* as *shining Hookes*.
Exploites belied on *Patrick*, *Arthur*, *Guy*,
The Peeres of Fraunce, or *Spaines bald knightly Fry*;
To the intent, that from *Gods word* the *Will*
Might be seduc'd, t' apprehend more Ill.

Arming our *Mindes*, let us our *Bodyes* too,
The Parcels of Christs Temple, not undoe
With *Drunken Healthes*, *the Divells Sacrifice*
In these last Times, nor yet *Apicius*-wise,
c With various kindes of *Gurmandizing Cheere*,
c Which dimmes with noysome *Fumes* the *Spirits* Cleere,
c And the *Five senses* so intoxicates
c That *Pulpits* blush to see such *Nodding Pates*.
How oft saw we some at this *Holy Tide*
More *Sensuall* bent then any day beside?
Some haunting more *the Taverne* then *the Church*?
Some on the Spoile, some living on the Lurch?
And some farre more to deck their *Out-side* bent,
Then by *Gods word* to feele *Soule-ravishment*?

Strutting

Strutting more oft to *Church* with *Painted Wings*,
Then to beare thence *Soule-wares* & sacred things?

Yet presse I not too peevishly *Precise*,
'But *Christians* may in comely modest wise
'Weare what they list, so that their *glittring Port*
'Cause no offence unto *the weaker sort*:
'So that their Pomp do not *Devotion* let,
'I care not how in Forraigne Robes they jet.
What *Hurrying Noise*? what March? and rumbling Coile,
As if they went unto a *Play*, or *Broile*,
Do *Gallants* keep wirh *Coaches in the Street*?
When they *at Church* should *Saints most humbly* greet?
Since *God allowes to the Domestick Beast*,
Which labour'd the sixe Dayes, our Sabbaths Rest:
How dare they then his *Creatures* put to Paine?
More to proclaime *their Pomp*, then *Peace* to gaine?
Such *Sabbath-breakers* (I do greatly feare)
Before the *Lambe* preferre proud *Lucifer*.
Yet for this Clause let not *the Courtly Eare*
Mistake my sence: for I do not averre,
But that in their *Caroach*, or their *Sedan*,
Without Disgust to the most *Puritan*,
The Aged, *Weak*, or *those of tender feet*
May use what Meanes they please in *Church* to meet,

When

When with lowd Threates *tempestuous Winds* do raigne,
Or When the *Cloudes* dissolve to dropping Raine;
So that their *Hearts* be voyd of swelling *Pride*,
And that their *Journey* be with *Christ* to side,
Who, when he did in greatest *Triumph* passe
On Earth as Man, rode on a *Simple Asse*.

Nor do I waigh such points so strict a way,
But *Fishers*, *Cookes*, and *Pothecaries* may
Labour, or save what would be cast away,
If on *the Eve* they toyle not for that Day.
But I could wish good *Christians* not to play
The Epicures on the Lords Sabbath Day,
Causing their *Cookes* to dresse more Choice of Meate
Then *Heliogabale* could digest to eat,
Whilst that *ten Quailes or Phesants in one Dish*
His *Pandars* sauc'd with *Pearle and Ambergriese*.

God graunt, that we more suting our *Vocation*
May ruminate with serious Meditation
This wholesome Feast, which I have plainely dresst,
And those New Rules, which I have now expresst
For *Boyling Braines* swelld up with Arrogance,
That they may stoup, and feele *the Spirits Traunce*,
To do *Gods Will*, to muse on *Heavenly Joyes*,

And

And not to clinche those Joyes through worldly
Toyes.
Lord, here we yeild thee thanks, though soyld
with Errours,
And round about beset with many Terrours,
For turning *Brittaines Iland from a Beast*
To be Baptiz'd, and of Baptiz'd the Best,
While she doeth firmely to thy Pledges stick,
To thy true *Seales*, and *Spirits Candlestick*.
Praysed be thou, who hast to us reveald
The Certaine Meanes, whereby we may be heal'd
Of *Natures* Spots, and those Contagious Evills
Heapt on us by *the World*, *the Flesh*, *and* Devills,
More in these *Latter Times* then heretofore,
When our *Great Tempter* lay enthralled more,
And of his Stings curb'd by *the Holy Ghost*,
Till *Babels Whore* perk'd up, and rul'd the rost.
Which sacred Meanes we humbly pray *thy Grace*
May still support us in our *New-mans* Race,
As we begunne so with more *Love* to burne,
Untill *thy Sonne Incarnate* shall returne
With Finall Doome *to judge the* Dead *and Quick*,
The Dead *in Faith*, *and the Church Catholick*.

A joyfull

A joyfull Hymne to be sung on the Lords Day, winding up the Sevenths Dayes Exercise.

REjoyce, *yee Saints*, hoyse up your highest Sayles,
And magnify with loud *Hosannaes* hayles
The Lord, that first saluted from *the Grave*
Fraile *Adams Sonnes*, and them their debts forgave.
Spread forth his *Sabbaths Palmes*, sing joyfull *Psalmes*,
Attend *his word*, and to the *Poore* give *Almes*.
How Amiable and Cordiall is *thy Word*
Above all Objects els, *O mighty Lord !*
How ravishing with Pleasures Manifold
Surmounting Musick, Pomp, or heapes of Gold,
Sounds in our Hearts *the Heavenly Bridgroomes voice*!
How sweetly ring those Peales of Hallowed Noise,
Thrice Holy sung by *Hoasts of Cherubins*?
Thrice answer'd by *Love Flaming Seraphins*?
'O Unity thrice blest in Trinity !

'O Trinity

'O Trinity thrice blest in Unity!
For the pursuit of which *Harmonious straine*,
Though fully we cannot as yet attaine
To that brave Pitch by reason of our *Fogges*,
Thy Grace yet drawes the will, and dries our Bogges.
So if we glaunce, as through a Glasse, a while
At their sweet Tunes, and in thy Laud Compile
Some zealous worke to testify our Love,
And ready will, which therewithall may move
Thy *Saints* on Earth to warble forth thy Prayse,
Thou art well pleas'd as with *the Widowes Mite*,
Who *Abrams deed* didst by a *Ramme* acquite.

Teach us, *O Christ*, to waigh th'effect and Cause
Of this *Dayes Rest*, like those whom at *Emaus*
Thou mad'st with *zeale* to burne *the selfe same day*,
When thou didst Rise and metst them by the way;
That we with Vowes, and *Sabbaths* true Delight
May think on thee without the least despite
Of Spleene, or Gall, which might prophane *the Time*,
And blacke our Soules with a Notorious Crime,
If we neglect our Duties and thy Call,
Now to appeare at this thy *Feastivall*.
Withdraw our mindes from *Natures* fond desires,
Or *Ruffling showes* which might put our *Fires*,

And make some justly call our *Day of Rest*
A Carnall Time, or *Saturnalian Feast.*
'Restraine *our Longing Fits from all excesse*
'*Of Meats and Drinke*, which might our *Wits* oppresse,
'And by their mounting *Fumes* up to *the Braine*,
'Thee to neglect *our Noblest Part* constraine,
'And cause us, *Nabal-like*, the *Sots* to play,
'When we to Thee our Thankfull vowes should pay;
For on this Day thy *Cabinet* stands ope,
And we on it for store of *Jewells* hope.

O let us not, like to that *Thorny Ground*,
Be choakt with worldly Cares, but *Fruitful* found,
And watchfull still, attending on *thy Word*
At this thy *Sabbaths Feast*, it to record,
And edify our Neighbours as our selves,
Before our Crimes link us with *frantick Elves*;
Or to Conclude, before thou do remove,
As *Sonne of Man*, in Person from *Above*,
To judge Mankinde, which shortly we expect,
And on the *seventh Day*, as some suspect.
Good Lord, by vertue of thy *Sabbaths Rest*,
According to thy will grant our Request;
That, as *thou didst with Body Glorified*
Rise up from Death, so we *Soule-purified*

May

May *Rise* from *Sinne*, and up to *Heav'n* ascend,
And not to *Hell*, like *damned Ghosts*, descend.
All Glory be to Thee, as heretofore,
In Persons three, one God for evermore.

Amen.

Another Hymne in our Redeemers Prayse.

LEt all that soil'd *the Precepts Ten*,
New Day-light crave through *Christ*. *Amen.*
And let all *Angells*, *Saints*, and *Men*
For ever blesse *Christs Name*, *Amen.*
Amen, *Amen* sound we, like Thunder,
That at our *Zeale* the World may wonder,
That at our Noise *the World* agast,
May turne to *Christ* now at the last,
To tune his Prayse with *Newer Tongues*,
And with *the Heart* more then the *Lunges*.
Let *Christ* be *Alpha* in our Songes,
And our *Omega*, as belonges
To *Catholickes of Christian stock*,
The Spirits seed, *Sheep of one Flock*.
Let all our Thoughts conspire in *One*,

To fixe our Faith on Christ alone,
And with *one voice* aloud to Sing:
'Christ is our Head, Judge, Saviour, King:
'The Prince of Angells, Gods Delight,
'The Crowne of Saints, Mens only Light;
'The Womans Seed, the Sonne of God,
'Which on the Head of Satan trod;
'The Lion borne of Judaes Ligne,
'The Root of Jesse, Mount Calvares Signe;
'The Glorious Starre of our New Birth,
Whence springs our Peace, and sweetest Mirth.

The second part.

BOth *First* and *Last*, as we begunne,
Let us applaud *our Makers Sonne*
With lowd *Hosannaes* every day,
Like *chirping Birds in Moneth of May*;
Like *Consorts Tune*, or *Ring of Bells*,
Let us shew how *our Love* excells,
And never cease *Christs Name* to ring,
Till we meet all as in one *Ring*,
Or *Circle round*: whence no *Disunion*
Shall ever part *our Hearts Communion*.
Like *Nightingales in Summers Bowre*,
Let us on *Christ* thinke every howre,
And never leave to blaze his *Story*,
Untill we meet this *Lord of Glory*,

This Lord of Lord, that cruſht *the ſting*
Of our great Foe : for which we ſing
All prayſe to him that conquerd Sinne,
And did for us the *Triumph* winne.

Amen.

The New-mans Song, of Thankeſgiving after the Receiving of the Communion.

VVE took this Day *Chriſts Fleſh and Blond*
Dreſt in the Forme of ſacred Food.
We fed on *Bread* ſurmounting Wealth,
We drank *Chriſts Wine* of Saving Health.
O Myſtick ſignes ! O Grace Divine
Transferred from the *Heavenly Vine*,
And *Living Bread* that came from *God*
To warme and change our Earthly Clod !
We took thoſe *Signes*, like Baskets rare,
But opening them moſt dainty Fare
We found to pleaſe our *Spirits* Taſt,
We found enough to break our Faſt.
We felt our *Soules* caſt in *New Mould*,
And changed from *the Creature Old*.
Love made us all of one conſent,

Faith wrought in us the *Lords* Intent:
To mind his Passion, Death, and Love,
Till He to Judge comes from Above.
By these *two Gifts* we grow to be
Christs Body from *disunion* free.
By them, like *Flours* bak't in one Loafe,
The Lord feedes us under our Roofe.
By them, like *Lines* we meet in one
Firme *Center*, in *Gods Truth* alone,
Gods Truth, that blest our *Christian spouse*
With happy *Lot*, like *Obeds House*
Blest for *the Ark*, while there it stayd,
When Others were by it dismayd.

The second part.

VVE yeeld thee Thanks, *most Gratious Lord*,
Who doest *Faiths Light* to us record;
That they, who at thy *Table* feed,
In spirit must Christs Passion heed.
O let us then with *Holy Traunce*
From *Carnall sense* our Thoughts advance.
Let *Christ* behold us in the *West*,
Like to those *Wise men of the East*,
Greeting his *Crosse* and his *Uprising*,
As they his *Birth* and *Manger* Prizing.
Let *Christ* our vowes of Thankes behold,
Our *Faith* more Pure then *Ophirs Gold*,

Our

Our *Hearts* more bruis'd then *Myrrhes Perfume,*
Our *Love* more ſweet then *Incenſe-fume.*
This good Adviſe we will ingroſſe
Within our Soules, and mount *the Croſſe.*
His Croſſe we feele. But now we heare
An Angell ſay, *He is not here.*
Chriſt, whom yee ſeek, is Riſen up
Having now made your Foes to ſtoup.
Untill *Doomeſday his Body none*
Shall ſee on Earth, for he is gone
To Heaven. There, behold your Chriſt
On Gods Right hand, a King, a Prieſt,
An Advocate without a Fee
Pleading to have *Faiths Houſehold* free.
Draw neere his *Throne,* and without doubt
The *Golden Scepter* he holds out.
He will extend his *Spirits Grace,*
Whilſt yee in *Spirit* ſeek his Face,
Not wreſting your *Soule-Feaſt* more reall
Then *Paul,* who termes it *Chriſts Memoriall.*
This *Traunce* ſtirres up true *Saints* to Joy
Like *Him,* who, though an *Embryon Boy,*
Within *the Wombe* ſeem'd to rejoice,
Soone as his *Damme* heard *Maries* voice.
The Babe did ſpring, and ſo do we
At our *Soule-feaſt* with Jubilee.
Unto *the Father, Sonne, and Holy Ghoſt*
Be Prayſe both here and throughout every coaſt,

As of Old time hath been, is now their due,
And ever shall in *Heaven* and *Earth* renew.
Let Heaven and Earth by Angells, Saints, and Men
To God rebound with Glories sound. Amen.

The New mans Song of Thanksgiving after our Ordinary Meales.

1.

THe *Lord be Blest*, who gave us Food
In season for the *Bodyes* Good.
Our God be prais'd for evermore,
Who our desires supply'd with store
Of *Meat* and *Drinke* more then would serve
For *Natures* use or we deserve.
No Need we feele, no want we know:
So doth *the Lord* his Giftes bestow.

2.

He never leaves his *Saints* in need,
But Carks for them, and for their Seed.

He

He leaves them not with *Beggers* ſhame
To ſtarve, if they call on his Name,
He taught them how *to bleſſe their Meate*,
By giving *Thankes* for what they Eate,
No Need we feele, *&c.*

3.

Unto his Flock, juſt *Abrams ſtock*,
He *Water* gave out of the *Rock*:
With *Manna* fill'd their Hungry Mawes:
And Cloyd with *Quayles* their longing Crawes
He Car'd for *Ravens* and their Breed,
And *Ravens* made *Elias* feed.
No need we feele *&c.*

4.

He *David* holpe in Baniſhment:
He *Daniel* made with *Pulſe* content:
He with *wilde Fruit* did *John* ſuſtaine,
And his *Elect* from Dearth maintaine.
He *Thouſands* in the *Deſert* fed
With a *few Fiſh* and *Loaves of Bread.*
No need we feele *&c.*

5.

One Day He ſends us ſtore of *Fleſh*;

Another

Another time *Fish salt* and *Flesh*,
And commonly *Bread*, *Ale*, and *Beere*,
Milke, *Fruite*, and *Wine*, our Hearts to cheere.
Yea, *Junckets* fetcht from *Sun-burnt Spaine*,
Which do too oft our Tables staine.
No need we feele &c.

6.

How Gratious is *Almighty God*
Unto vile Man, an Earthly Clod!
Thus to provide and Carke for him,
That oft himselfe filles to the Brimme
With more then serves for Nourishment,
For hungers sauce, or Soules content.
No need we feele &c.

7.

God graunt that we his Creatures use
Do Thankfull take without abuse,
Not loathing them as over-cloyd,
Nor them devouring over-joy'd;
That as of Need *Saints* toyle for Wealth,
So we Feast not for *Lust*, but *Health*.
No need we feele, no want we know,
So doth *the Lord* his Giftes bestow.

The

The New mans Triumph in Engliſh and Latine meaſures preſented to the Kings moſt excellent Majeſty.

VVHo *Chriſt his Birth, Life, Death, and Riſing up*
From *Death to Life* obſerves, He ſoone
ſhall ſtoup
And quaſh the plots of *Hells* black Darkned
Troup,
And likewiſe make the Outward man to droup
With all his falſe Deſignes, and fond Conceits
Sprung from the Fleſh, or from the Worlds De-
ceites;
For as the Morning ſpreades the Dawning Light:
So *Faith* by Teaching ſhines, and Daunts the
Might
Of that *Huge Whale*, which waites with *triple throat*
To ſwallow Soules, as Preyes of Chiefeſt Note.
So much *new Light* ſpreades by *the Goſpells ſound*,
They now prayſe *Chriſt*, who were in Fetters
bound;
And *Sinnes* keen Edge, wherewith the *Divell* was
wont

To

To boare our Hearts, turnes on the ſuddaine blunt;
And ſo remaines, unleſſe they grinde againe
Their *Augurs* on the Whetſtone of the Braine.
But how fares then our *Souldier* in that plight?
With *Davids ſling* he doth the *Monſter* ſmite;
Whether *the Fiend* within, or from without
Shootes Fire, he doth for *Chriſt* ſtand bravely out;
For at the *Broile his Inward Guardian ſprings,*
Baptiz'd, Fire-ſindg'd, and Grac'd with Burniſht wings
Of mounting zeale, who thus the *Triumph* ſings:
O happy wight, which hath eſcapt the ſtings
Of Mortall Jarres! who, though he underſtood
His Foes Allures, yet loath'd them and their brood!
O happy Soule, which dar'd with *Saints* to ſide
Againſt *Gods Foes, the Luciferian ſide*:
Whom with *Chriſts Merits* arm'd nor *ſwelling Tide,*
Nor *fiery Triall* could from *Chriſt* divide;
Whom neither *Charmes*, nor yet a thouſand *Braves*
Could terrify, nor yet the *rowling waves*:
But to ſafe Port with Joy ſhe brings *the Croſſe*
And *Chriſt his Ship*, which *Pirats* did ingroſſe,
Where ſhe with *Saints the Croſſe Triumphant* reares,
That *Croſſe*, which *Saints* on Earth have wonne with Teares,

Happy

Happy is he, who brooks a wrong-attaint,
For by *the Crosse* he lives a *Canon'd Saint*,
A Name indeed, which overtops so farre
The highest Spire, or *style of worldly Starre*,
As doth *Gods Grace* above mens sinnes abound,
Or *the Lambes Bloud* more then *our Merits* sound.
Thrice happy Man, I say, whom *Angells* greete;
And whom *Christs Will* made for that Honour meete!

So *Happy be the Best of Kings*, if these
Our New mans Songs to judge he gently please:
For with our *Crosse* there growes sweet *Inward Ease*
And with *Our Crowne of Thornes a wreath of Peace.*

The same in Latine Hexameter.

Novi Hominis Laurea Triumphalis.

Qui Natalitium, Vitam, Miracula, Mortem,
Et Christi Corpus Redivivum *mente revolvit*,
Ille tenebrosæ *reddet Molimina* Gentis
Irrita, *Conatus* Hominis veterisque *repellet*,
Seu de Carne fluant, *seu sint Phantasmata Mundi.*
Sicut enim radiis Primordia Mane *Diei*
Dilatat, *per opaca* Fides sic *sparsa coruscat*,

Tergemi-

Tergeminumque domat Monstrum, *Cetumque Tri-*
faucem,
Qui vorat omne pecus, Prædasque absorbet opimas.
Tantum Numen *inest* Fidei, *ut modo Carmine* Chri-
stum
Compede qui vincti quondam latuere salutant;
Quin & acuta, quibus terebrabat Pectora Dæmon,
Tela repentino fiunt obtusa reflexu;
Sic que hebetata manent, nisi devia forte voluntas
Illa super Cerebri renovet Terebrata molare.
Quomodo tum Miles *valet in discrimine tanto?*
Nempe studet monstrum Jaculis *superare* Davidis.
Seu vis Hostilis tonat, aut Civilis amictu
Fraudis in orbe furit, Christo *Constanter adhæret.*
Nam Novus *ex gemina* Genius *Baptismatis aura,*
Numinis afflatu, *Zeloque micantibus alis*
Nascitur, intus agit, victoris *& ille* Triumphum
Sic canit: O Fælix, *qui tot Certamina vidit*
Illæsus! qui vafra Hostis stratagemata novit!
Et tamen hæc spernit generoso pectore Miles!
O Fælix, *qui sacra* Dei Prædonibus *aufert,*
Ausus ad extremum Fidei *defendere causam*
Contra Luciferum Meritis innixus Jesu!
Non scloppi reboante sono, non Marte, nec arte,
Non Pugnis, non mille Minis, nec territus undis,
Donec in optati Navem ferat ostia Portus!
Et Crucis *abductæ renovata Piacula* Christo
Immolet, Ætherea Laudes resonante Caterva!

Fælix,

Fælix, *quem signat* Crux Ignea *Nomine* Sancti,
Nomine Pyramidas tanto exsuperante vel Astra,
Quanto Peccatis existit Gratia *major,*
Quanto Hominum Meritis Sanguis *præstantior*
Agni.
Ter Felix, *inquam, quem* Christi *summa Potestas*
Angelicos *inter* Cœtus *dignatur Honore.*

Sic quoque tu Fælix, *qui nostros imbibis Hymnos*
Judicio sensuque pio, Rex optime Regum:
Cum Cruce *nam crescit dulce Levamen. Amen* > *Eccho.*
Cum Spina *Sertum fulget O vale. Vale* > *Eccho.*

FINIS.